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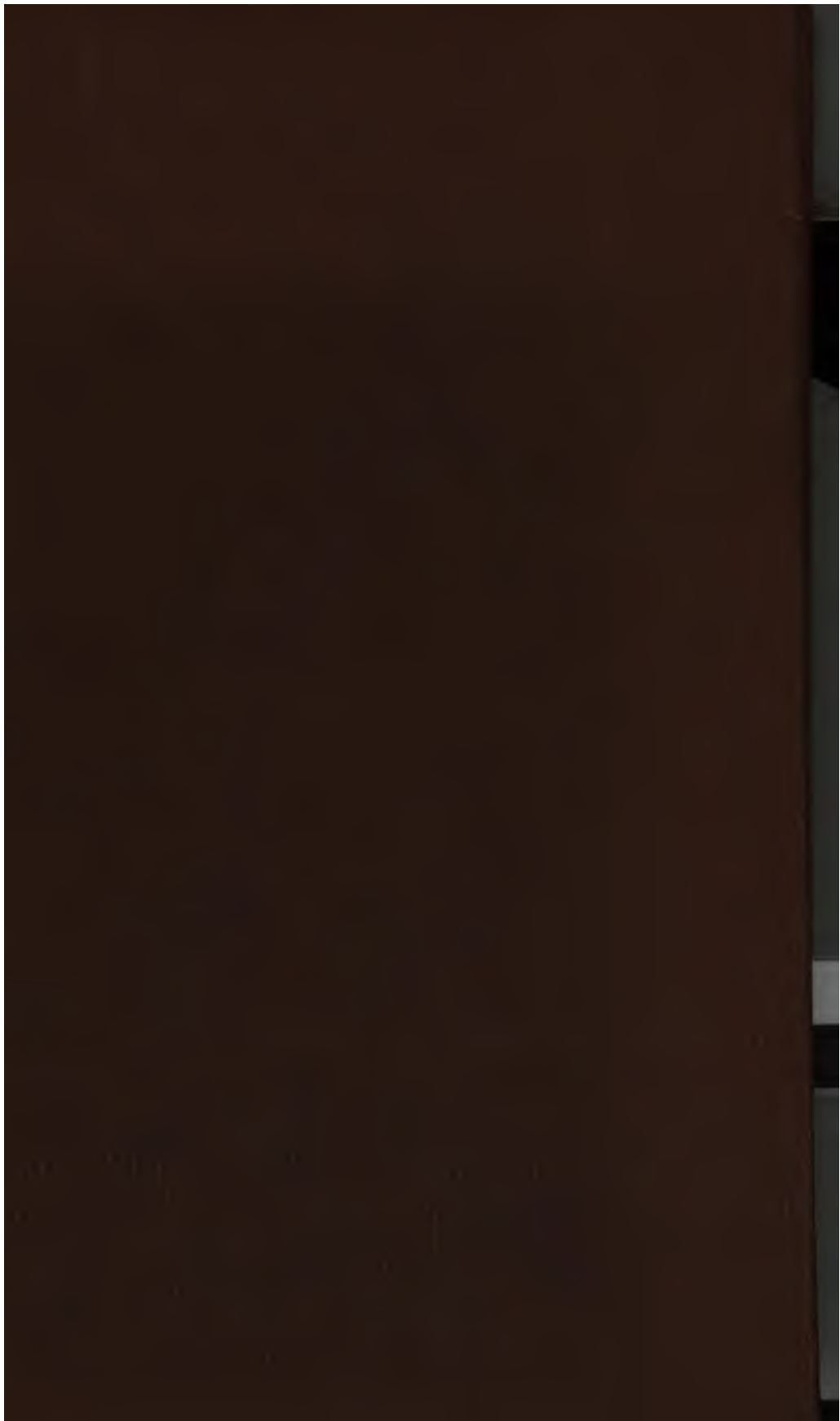
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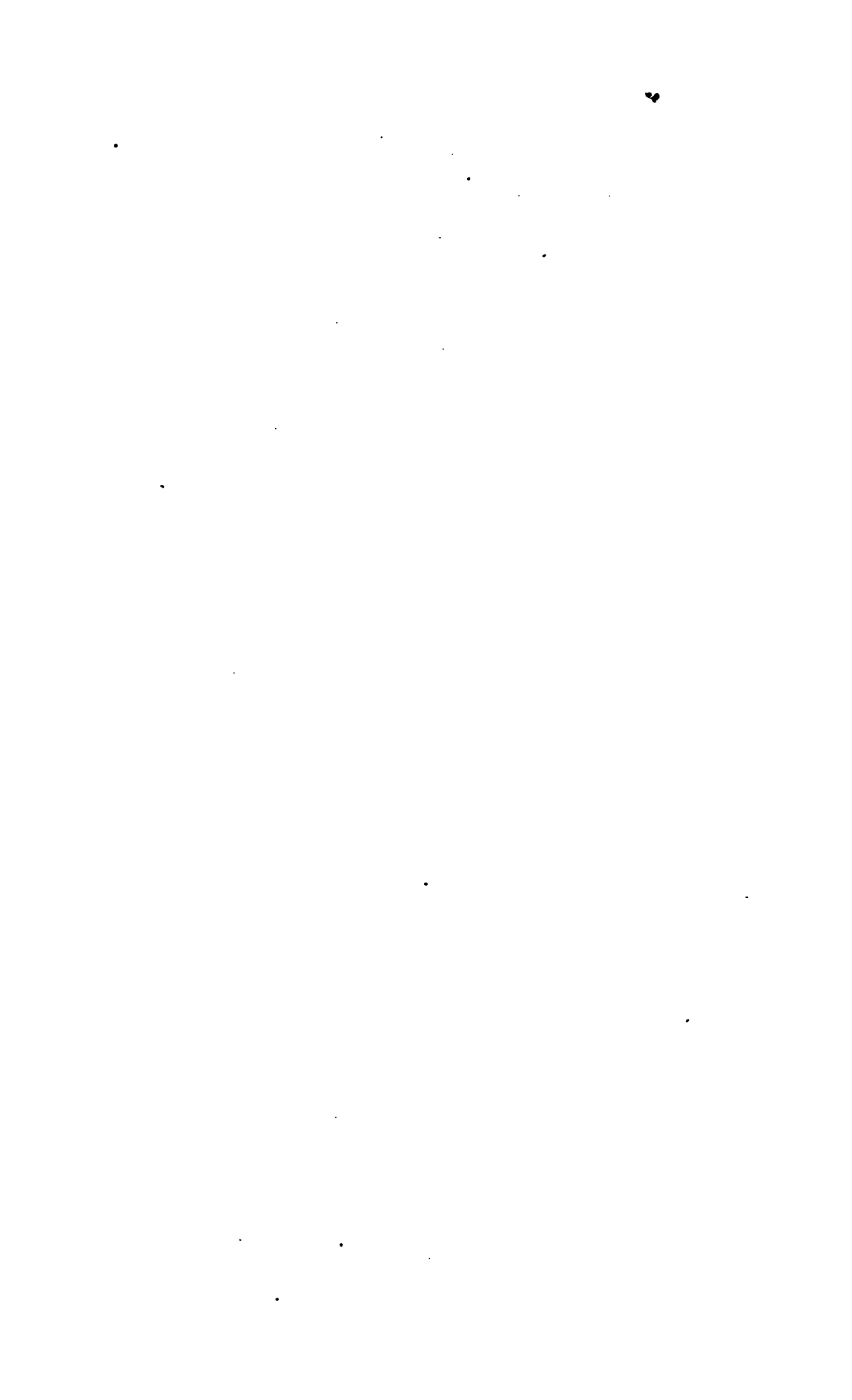
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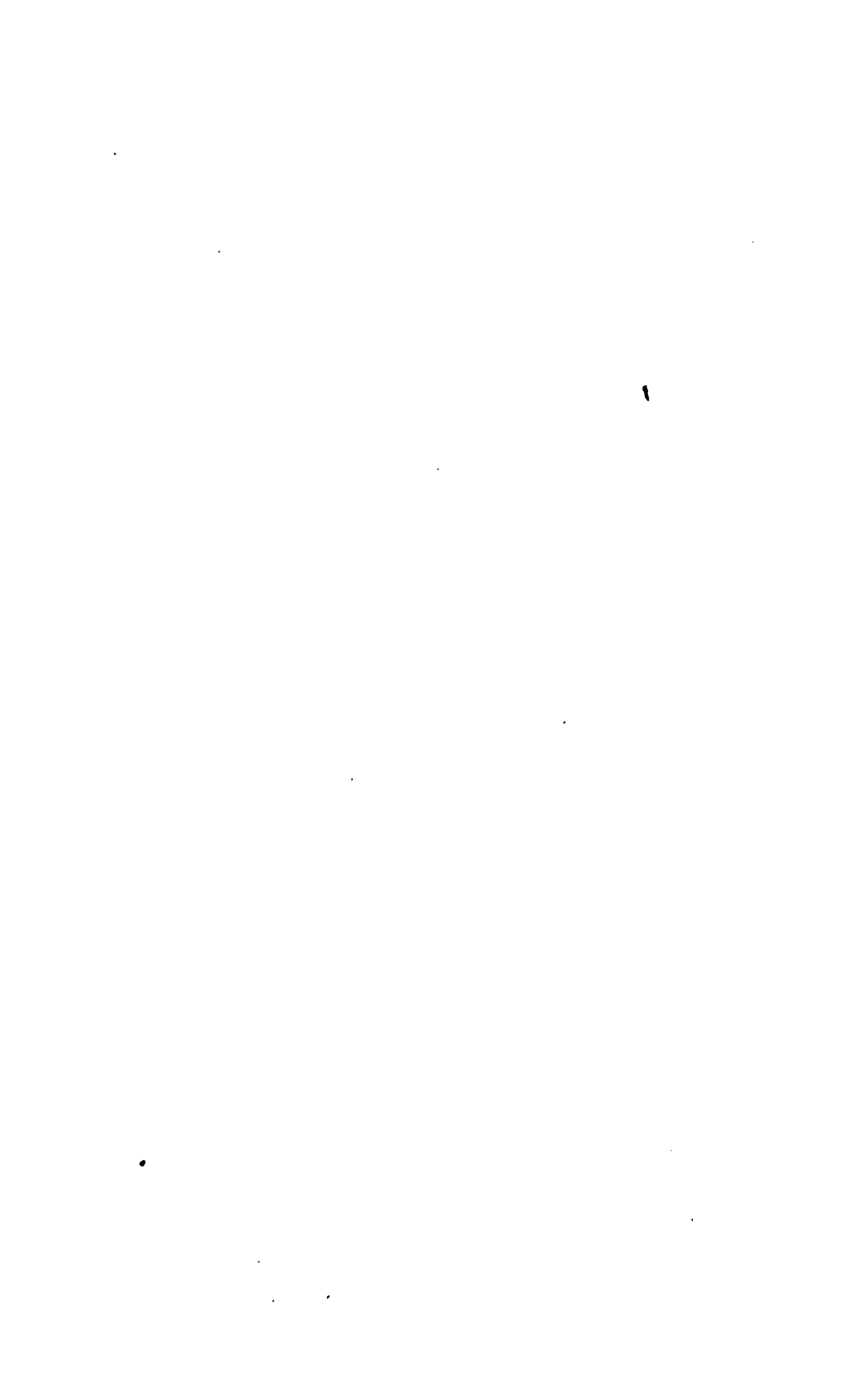
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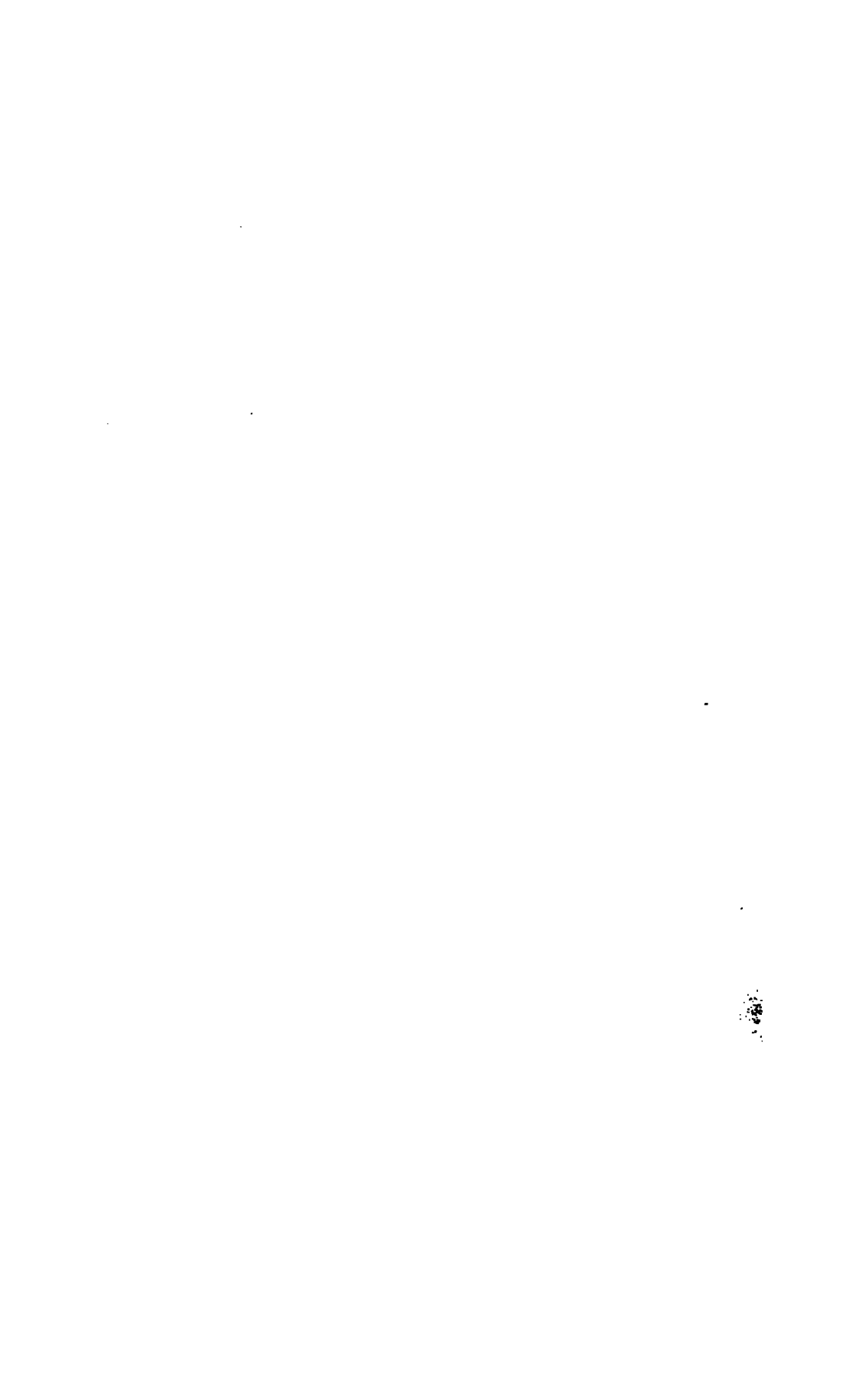
Received January 22, 1912











THE
INN-KEEPER'S ALBUM,

Arranged for Publication

BY

W. F. DEACON.

“ Shall I not take mine ease at mine Inn ?”

SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON:
THOMAS M'LEAN, HAYMARKET.

1823.

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**TO CHARLES MILLS, ESQUIRE,**

**AUTHOR OF**

**"THE HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES,"**

**AND**

**"TRAVELS OF THEODORE DUCAS,"**

**This Volume is Inscribed**

**BY HIS GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,**

**W. F. DEACON.**  
~~~~~



Contents.

	Page.
INTRODUCTION	ix
The Old Lady	1
Rosalie: A Welch Tale	8
The Fall of the Leaf	31
The Coachman	40
The Devil's Coach: A Yorkshire Legend	48
Character of the Common-place Man	72
Reading School revisited	83
The Landlord of The Windsor Castle	95
On Falling in Love	116
The Schoolmaster	120
The Ball Room	154
A Dull-day in London	164
The Midnight Murder	171
On the Religious and Moral propriety of being Drunk	189
The Village Girl	198
A Fishing Excursion among the Black Mountains	213
An Otter Hunt in the Cothy	229
Pike-Fishing in Talley Pools	243

	Page.
Twm John Catty : The Welch Rob Roy	258
Physic for the Critics ; or Poetical Anodynes from	
the Album	320
Llansaddon Church-yard	350
The Village of Llangadock : A Sketch from Nature	364
The Weird Assembly of Llyn-y-Van	382
The Adventures of Achilles : A Hyde Park	
Romance	401
L'Envoy	422

INTRODUCTION.



IN the winter of last year, a tall pale author-like young gentleman took up his abode at the Nanny-goat and Nine-pins, which is kept by my friend Mr. Zachary Odzooks, Publican of Llanwrda, South Wales. As he was exceedingly reserved, save when inspirited by an occasional evening comotation, I was enabled to glean but little satisfactory enlightenment on the subject of his birth, parentage, and education. One thing indeed somewhat assisted mine inquisitiveness, for inasmuch as he was given to rambling about the neighbourhood, and making divers enquiries touching the legends and domestic histories thereof, I opined that he must needs be a poet. But here again I was baffled, for on mentioning the circumstance to mine Inn-keeper, he informed me with tears in his eyes, that he had never known but one poet, who (tell it not in Gath) ran away from his domicile considerably in arrears, leaving only a threadbare coat as payment thereof. The stranger

then was evidently nothing of the sort, inasmuch as he was clad in comely garments and regularly discharged his reckonings; albeit they fructified with alarming foecundity.

As I am myself somewhat erudite by reason of being school-master of Llanwrda, (where I beg leave to say that I perfect boys* in book-keeping, arithmetic, and all polite accomplishments, on the consideration of one guinea per quarter, and one month's notice previous to the removal of any young gentleman,) I can take upon myself to asseverate that the stranger was learned, inasmuch as he knew how to conjugate verbs neuter and transitive, and had much to say touching the faculty or art of parsing. These, it is well known, are important points, and many an astute disputation have we held at the Nanny-goat and Nine-pins, where Mr. Zachary

* Vide my cards or certificates of tuition, which are left for approbation at the Red-lion, Llangadock; the Wood-cock and Walnut-shell, Talley; and at mine own Seminary at Llanwrda, three doors off the church-yard. I beg leave to add that the most respectable references can be given, and that the entrance money is five shillings.—N.B. Each young gentleman is expected to bring a knife and fork, and at least two shirts. No vacations allowed.

Odzooks was always the first to be edified and convinced. Of this edification however I am somewhat dubious, and for these manifest reasons. *Primo* (which means in the vernacular, *firstly*.) that our landlord was never enlightened until he had exceeded a little in his compositions ; and *secundo* (*secondly*.) that he was never convinced until he had nothing more left to say or to drink upon the occasion. But I pass over these nugatory reminiscences to enter upon matter less germane to mine introduction.

When the stranger and myself had spent a few evenings together, we became gradually more sociable, and it is beautiful to reflect upon the way in which our acquaintance ripened into an unreserved intimacy. In the course of one of our most erudite confabulations, I first discovered that he was (*horresco referens*) an author. I discovered also that he had been making the tour of Wales, after having completed an excursion through England for the purpose of inditing an account of its scattered legends, tales and verses. That he had moreover obtained a few poetical contributions from similarly-gifted young gentlemen, whom he had encountered in his travels ; all of which it was his intention to manufacture into one miscellaneous volume, to be entitled "The Album."

"But alas," as Mr. Damon Damnemall* would say, "what 'are the expectancies of man?" A few weeks had scarcely rolled over the stranger's head and my wig, when I observed that his physiognomy became somewhat elongated, that his coat displayed tokens of antiquity at the elbows, and that his evening jug of ale dwindled into a jugling or half jug. I observed likewise that he became more civil to the landlord, laughed at his worst jokes, and made divers novel enquiries after the health of my spouse and her eleven sucklings. All these manifold politenesses naturally betokened some discomfiture which might daily be expected to occur.

I was not deceived in my conjectures, for a couple of hungry rascally-looking fellows, yclept bailiffs, had discovered the stranger's abode, chased him from London, and destined him for Carmarthen Gaol. But here an astute question of priority arose. Mr. Odzooks swore that the remainder of his debt should be paid first,

* The Rev. Damon Damnemall, Field Preacher and Brandy Merchant, is a pastor of considerable influence in the neighbourhood of Llanwrda. To him I owe the miracle of my conversion, and by the blessed effects of his prayers, together with those of mine equally devout acquaintance, Rabshakeh Rattletext, "I am what I am."

While the catchpoles, tenacious of the honor of their employer who, as it appeareth, was a tailor in the metropolis, stoutly insisted on their own rights. The poor author meantime applied to me for assistance, but as from native modesty I have always felt an aversion to catchpoles, who remind me of spiders pouncing upon an unhappy blue-bottle, I declined interference. As for money, it was out of my power to lend it, for although on quarter day I am passing rich in the possession of ten pounds, the profits of mine academy; yet during the three previous months I have usually drank it out at the Nanny-goat and Nine-pins, save only a slight surplus for the domestic expenditure of my wife and the little ones. Thus situated, it was impossible for me to render any assistance, so that the stranger was incontinently hurried to the house of bondage, while his "Album" and two pair of kerseymere pantaloons were retained by Mr. Odzooks in part payment of the reckoning.

A few days after his departure I received an epistle, dated Carmarthen Gaol, wherein he besought me to undertake the editorship of his MSS., giving me at the same time a note of introduction to his literary acquaintance in London, inclosed in an epistolary ditto to his publisher. He apologized in an extremely pretty

manner for his rudeness, but offered me a decent proportion of the profits, provided that I made no alteration in the volume. On the receipt of this seductive promise, I incontinently communed with the Inn-keeper, who gratified at the prospect of payment besought me to undertake the task, hinting that in case of refusal he would draw me no more liquor upon credit. This decided me, for be it known that I am unfathomably deep in mine host's books, and should be somewhat loath to visit the author at Carmarthen; albeit I am much smitten with his good opinion of mine endowments.

But what was to be done with my school? The stranger was merely prevented from paying the requisite attention to his book, by reason of his absence from London, and I should be useless from a similar difficulty. The landlord soon settled this point. "When you come back," said he, "you will doubtless be rich in the mammon of unrighteousness. To make sure however, I will carry on business during your departure, as I suppose that flagellation liberally bestowed, is the principal duty of a pedagogue." Though not quite satisfied with this arrangement, I was yet convinced that mine host was a man of some talent in book-keeping, inasmuch as he had infinite facility of scoring bills, and was cunning in the art of dot and go one.

Quid opus est verbis, as the classic poet sweetly singeth, or to use mine own feeble translation "what occasion is there for a long story?" In a few days I had arranged my plans, received a half year's due in advance, and obtained an interview with Mr. M'Lean, bookseller and publisher, 26, Haymarket. I found him willing to risk the publication of what (by the law of possession) we resolved to intitule "The Inn-keeper's Album,"—*nam quod emas, possis dicere, jure tuum*.

By his means I am at present domiciliated in London, where my time is spent in correcting proof-sheets, (as folk cunning in such technicalities intitule them) and in listening to the edifying colloquies of those literary acquaintances to whom mine incarcerated friend has introduced me. To the kindest and most erudite of these new associates I have ventured to dedicate this volume, hoping that the sorry but grateful offering of the School-master of Llanwrda, may not prove unacceptable to the Historian of the Crusades.

The business of introduction being thus concluded, and my connection with the "Inn-keeper's Album" explained, nothing remains but to suffer the real author of the articles therein contained to stand forth and speak for himself. A few weeks will either unlock or

rivet the chains of his house of bondage, and a few weeks will also decide the fate of my editorship, which I trust will not be deemed unworthy of one who, by the blessing of the Lord, undertakes to perfect boys in book-keeping, arithmetic, and all polite accomplishments, on the consideration of one guinea per quarter, and one month's notice previous to the removal of any young gentleman.

W. F. DEACON,

(School-master of Llanwrda.)

Chelsea, Dec. 1st, 1822.

THE OLD LADY.

~~~~~  
" I had rather be a kitten and cry mew  
Than one of these same."

SHAKESPEARE.

~~~~~

IN my young days, when I was a fleet candidate for the brush, and cheered the hounds along thy classical hills, O ! Hogmagog ! I used frequently, on my return from hunting, to observe an old lady seated in her cottage garden at Trumpington, in the full enjoyment of the morning and evening sunshine. She appeared so mild and inoffensive in her manners, so cheerful and so unlike the moroseness which is inseparably connected with age, that my hat was involuntarily in my hand whenever I approached her. After some time, my bow terminated in a speech, which was soon afterwards exchanged for a ripper and more lasting acquaintance.

When last I saw her, she was about seventy years old; time had silvered her brow with the hoar frost of age, but left untouched the good-humoured smile of benevolence. In her manner too there was a certain air of freshness and vivacity, which diminished the reverence inspired by a first appearance, and converted respect into friendship. Her father, as I subsequently understood, was an officer who had been martyred at the massacre of Culloden, while heading his gallant regiment of Highlanders. She, of course, was of a Jacobinical tendency, if such it can be called, which embraces the whole human race in the common bonds of affection, and was well versed in the public and private history of 45. I can well remember entering into a long-winded discussion with her on the merits and demerits of the ill-fated Charles Stuart, when twilight cut short our argument. On this important occasion, however, I was invited to drink tea at her woodbine cottage, and hear her rejoinder, which she expected would be very convincing. Unfortunately I have forgotten this famous reply;—but I remember well that the tea was very good, and consequently I am bound in common gratitude to say the same of the argument.

But my poor friend has long been dead; a cold consigned her to the tomb, shortly after my depar-

ture from the village, and has deprived the neighbourhood of its most venerable patriarch. Even now, while I pay this tribute to her memory, her form rushes back upon my mind; the lapse of years is forgotten, the stream of time has ceased to flow, and I am again an idle sporting character, as in the year 18—.

The thoughts of this old lady has insensibly brought me to the subject of old ladies in general; and, without disparagement to the sex, (God bless them,) I shall contrive to say a "word or two before I go" concerning their peculiar characteristics.

An old lady, if genuine, in the common acceptance of the term, moves on the earth like a ghost that haunts the scene of departed happiness. In person she is precise even to affectation; and though she is often known to frown, none but her tea-table acquaintances have ever observed her go beyond a smile. Her ideas on the important topic of dress, are hypercritically chaste. She inveighs strongly against the short petticoats that were worn some time since, and as 'strongly recommends flounces and furbelows. She attacks, moreover, the huge bonnets of these degenerate days, and observes that the owners thereof appear looking through telescopes, hinting at the same time, that, "thank God! there were no such doings" in her days. High dresses she thinks becoming, but says that it

seems to be all "neck or nothing" with modern ladies; inasmuch as they display too liberal an allowance of neck, and too parsimonious an exhibition of common sense. To walking she has a decided objection, and is of opinion that an act of parliament should restrain a gentleman from squeezing a lady by the waist.

When she goes to the theatre, she seats herself with the party as near the stage as possible, and then begins a discourse on the deteriorated state of the modern drama. Her favourite performance is the *Diocesa*; and when mentioning it, she speaks very familiarly of its author, Sheridan, whom she calls that "strange creature." On quitting the boxes, she exhorts the party to muffle themselves well up in shawls, sets herself the example, by tucking up her neat lace gown, and then heads the procession to the coach in waiting. If the company disobey her injunctions, she directly begins a story of her good friend Mrs. Mac——, who was laid up for a month by not wearing a flannel night-cap when she left the theatre—and on reaching home discovers, to her infinite annoyance, that the audience are fast asleep.

If she is a great aunt, she sends her nephews, whom she calls boys, at the very infantine age of twenty, to see the new pantomime by way of a treat. She herself counts the three and sixpence into their hands, gives an additional sixpence for

buns or oranges, and praises her liberality for a month to come. Every Sunday she appears at church at the head of her family ; quarrels with the younger branches for not finding out their places in the prayer-book ; compels them to put slips of paper in the different parts to be referred to, till the book is swelled to the size of a dropsical alderman ; and desires them to remember the text, for she is making a collection.—In their younger days she persuades them to learn the catechism by heart, and, hearing that they have robbed orchards at school, pins the eighth commandment to their backs. In their announcement of the Midsummer and Christmas vacations, she desires them to write their holiday letters in double lines, observing, that nothing is so graceful as a legible hand.

When her little nieces come from school, she sets them to work a sampler, telling them by way of consolation that she had worked half a dozen before their age. If they object, she orders them to learn the collect before they go to bed, and threatens to complain to their school-mistress. In the second week of the vacation all her young relations are formally dosed round. "If they want physic," says she, in justification of her nostrums, "they cannot take it too soon ; and if they don't, it will prevent the necessity another time." Every night she obliges them to repeat one

of Watts's hymns, and observes, that to be sure Mr. Milton was a very fine poet, and that she has no fault to find with him, but that in her humble opinion, laying great stress on the word *humble*, Dr. Watts is prettier.

If she is the mother of divers daughters, she is most partial to the married one, who generally happens to be the youngest and prettiest. In her the old lady sees the reflection of what she once was herself, and tells every one how very like they are considered. At Christmas she is in her glory; the family then meet round the dinner table; and the mince pies, things not to be lightly praised, display her abilities as caterer. Stories of by-gone years are then renewed; the compliments that were paid her in youth serve as whet-stones to her age, and she is not unfrequently the most cheerful and active member of the circle.

All her notions are peculiar. She dislikes starched collars, Lord Byron, and Little's poems, and says that they inculcate a principle of dishonesty—the first, by their deceptive appearance, the other two by their writings. Pope is her favourite author. She thinks his Rape of the Lock the quintessence of perfection; and, in allusion to her own antiquated exterior, quotes triumphantly—

“ Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
 Charms strike the sight—but merit wins the soul.”

"This passage," says she, "is an elegant paraphrase of the old proverb, ' Handsome is as handsome does.' " The books in her library, which is nothing more than a couple of melancholy-looking shelves placed in her bed-room, are Blair's Sermons, Kitchener's Art of Cookery, the Spectator, an odd volume of Shakspeare, with the page turned down at Juliet's midnight interview with Romeo ; and a receipt-book with the two covers torn off. In her *sanctum sanctorum*, or bandbox, there are some of her earliest poetical specimens ; most of which begin with " Strike up, my muse."

She is sadly addicted to the vice of physicking, and persuades herself that she is dying whenever the rheumatism honours her with a visit. In the evening she sits down to her favourite two-penny whist ; and woe be to him who stakes his ill-fated pence against her. In conversation she is slow and pompous—hates music, except that of her own cat—and goes to sleep in the arm-chair while the young ones are romping about —* * * *

ROSALIE :

A Welch Tale.

~~~~~  
" When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
What art can wash her guilt away ?"

**GOLDSMITH.**

~~~~~

IN the heart of South Wales, and in the neighbourhood of the village of Llangadock, there is a beautiful common, known by the name of Carrick Southey. Encircled on every side by hills, some of which soar boldly, while others rise in gentlest elevations from the distance, it presents a picturesque union of sublimity and softness. The river Southey glides through it, and, arched by a wooden bridge of the simplest construction, enhances the inherent beauty

of the landscape. As I am an idle, good-for-nothing sort of gentleman, nature has been my sole deity :— the happiest moments of my youth have been spent in wandering; and even now, I can dream away many pleasant hours by the gurgling waters of the Southey. Sometimes, however, a few bitter recollections, which had better be forgotten, elicit the reluctant sigh; but when I see the gentle air of peace that reigns around me, my thoughts subside into contentment—the tranquillity of nature passes into my soul—and with satisfaction I reflect, that though happiness be dead, her image still exists.

In the centre of Carrick Southey, and contiguous to a meeting-house, whose fanaticism has vulgarized the whole neighbourhood, stands a little cottage environed by copse-wood. A few years ago it was the ornament of the landscape, but, like its once happy tenants, has now gone to decay. Still it is an interesting ruin, and, when viewed in connexion with my tale, arrests the sympathy of the inquisitive stranger.

By the decreasing light of a summer sun, a young English officer of Dragoons was pursuing his route of pleasure and romance along the wood-fringed banks of the Southey. The twilight surprised him in his excursion; and he had just attained the extreme

borders of a little copse, when a deep darkness stole over the scene. Ignorant of his road, he determined to push boldly onwards, and in a short time crossed the wooden bridge which I have mentioned in the opening description. On looking round the common to see if any lodging could be procured, he discerned a light glimmering faintly in the distance. He hastened towards it, and arrived at the cottage door, as the inhabitants were preparing their simple repast. On entering he was cordially received by the party, and consented to their proposal of joining the family circle; which consisted of a venerable-looking person and his son. A beautiful girl was stationed at the bottom of the table, and by her winning smiles and arch vivacity appeared to interest in no inconsiderable degree the little rustic assembly. The old man addressed her by the name of Rosalie De Voisin; and by the animation of his eyes when bent upon her person, it was evident that she was his favourite child. The young stranger, however, fatigued with the labours of the day, lent no particular attention to the company; but, having paid his parting devoirs, requested to be shown to his chamber.

On entering the breakfast-room the next morning, he perceived that it was empty; and concluding that his host and family had not yet left their

apartment, sauntered into the cottage garden till the hour of repast should arrive. While he remained absorbed in admiration of the mountain scenery that environed him, a light step passed beside him ; he turned, and discovered the features of Rosalie. She enquired with an air of grace and tenderness how he had spent the night, paid the passing salutations of the morning, and then paused in expectation of reply. Colonel Mortimer, however (for such was the name of the young stranger,) was too much struck with his fair companion to make any immediate answer. If he had before considered her pretty, she now assumed the appearance of loveliness. Her countenance, symmetrically speaking, was incorrect ; but the expression that flashed from under her light blue eyes, the smile that played round her lips, and the delicacy that sat on her feminine features, gave a tone of feeling to her face which the poet or the sculptor would vainly endeavour to rival. She was attired in the simple garb of a cottage girl ; a small mantle, thrown negligently over her shoulders, hung in graceful folds upon her person ; and her luxuriant tresses, partially concealed by a light straw bonnet, peeped out from beneath their covering. " I scarcely know," said Mortimer, when he had recovered from his surprise, " whom I have the

honour to address, but am desirous of declaring my gratitude for the kindness I have experienced. Hospitality is amiable even in a repulsive form ; but when recommended by grace and beauty, is irresistible." Unused to compliment, Rosalie could make no reply ; but, blushing as she accepted the proffered arm of her companion, moved on to a little arbour erected at the extremity of the garden. " Here," she exclaimed, in answer to the admiration evinced by the Colonel, " is my favourite summer residence. The jessamine and the honeysuckle that twine their tendrils around it were all planted by myself, and I watch them as I would any thing that I was associated with."—Her brother at this instant joined them, and they hastened to the cottage, where the old man awaited their arrival.

On the conclusion of the repast, Rosalie was persuaded to sing, and in a mellifluous tone warbled a beautiful Cambrian melody. The Englishman was enraptured : in the polished circles of the metropolis, he had seen every thing that bore the stamp of merit or of novelty ; but now the sweet voice of a pretty country girl exceeded all the science to which he had ever listened. He had often coldly argued on the beauty of professional performers, but now felt the sense of music in his heart. In the excess of enthusiasm, he bent over

the graceful form of Rosalie, and, when the song was concluded, ventured to ask how such proficiency had been attained. Her father, who was a widower, she observed in reply, was of noble French extraction; but, having been ruined by the revolution, left his native country to seek in the solitude of Wales, the happiness which was no longer to be realized in France.—But the seeds of her education were sown in Paris, among fashionable and accomplished nobility, while the retirement of Carrick Southey matured them. On almost every topic that the talents of Colonel Mortimer enabled him to discuss, he found in Rosalie, the warm admirer of genius; and his callous breast, which had so long resisted the smiles of female blandishment, was now bowing before the beauty of a simple cottager. He resolved, however, to struggle for the recovery of his freedom, and, after spending a few more days at Carrick Southey, continued his excursion to North Wales.

The ensuing week again saw him entering the cottage garden of De Voisin. His daughter met him at the door, and a glow of pleasure suffused her countenance as she recognized him. He was received with the same cordial welcome by the rest of the family, and before he retired to rest had settled the point with his own conscience, that he either was, or ought to be, most desperately in love.

Such was the way in which the hours were consumed ; and while every visit imprinted the remembrance of the Englishman on the susceptible heart of Rosalie, her beauty was as indelibly impressed on his imagination. De Voisin, meantime, unaccustomed for many years to the etiquette of society, discovered no cause for apprehension in the intercourse of the lovers, but permitted the one to continue his visits, and the other to receive them, until both felt an affection for each other which neither time nor absence could eradicate.

On calling one day at the cottage, he was surprised to find Rosalie in tears. She was leaning in a melancholy mood on her harp, and playing at intervals the song that had been so much admired by Mortimer. The tenderness of the lover instantly caught the alarm ; and he enquired with a look of anxious solicitude, what had happened to occasion her distress. She informed him that De Voisin, desirous of her future welfare, had determined on sending her to England, where her education might be completed. With these words, she held out her hand, as if to bid eternal farewell. " You are going, Colonel Mortimer," she exclaimed, " to the haunts of fashion, and in the bustle of other scenes will soon forget the Vale of Carrick Southey. The woods through which we have together roved, will then forego their attraction ; and Rosalie, forgotten by

all, will be as one who had never been." "Never," replied Mortimer with emotion, "there are ties, my sweet girl, so firmly entwined round the heart that it must break ere we can sever them. From this hour, then, let us vow a changeless affection; unshackled by the ties of matrimony, let us ridicule the heartless principles of the world; and when infirmity bows us to the tomb, let passion, sobered into friendship, soothe our declining passage to the grave. You speak not, love; and yet I die with emotion!—answer me, dearest girl; say, shall it indeed be so?" Rosalie could make no reply; overcome by intense feeling, she looked fondly in his face, and then sunk half fainting on his bosom. Respect was now absorbed in agitation. Mortimer clasped his victim in his arms, kissed her glowing cheek, and inhaled each sigh that heaved her palpitating bosom. "Leave me, for God's sake leave me," she said, gazing wildly round; "I am faint even to death; I doubt not your attachment, but every feeling of my soul commands me to quit your presence." Vain was the struggle; passion revelled in her eye, rioted in her blood, and unnerved every sense of reflection. Need the sequel be related? Love triumphed over opposition; and the poor girl, for yielding to an impulse, engrafted by nature herself, was branded, in the moral code of society, with degradation and contempt.

When modesty is once violated, self-respect ceases; and Rosalie was doomed to suffer. Her father marked the gradual change in her character with the greatest solicitude; and as he saw the lustre fading in her eye, the rose withering in her cheek, he confided his cares to Mortimer, and mistook the compunctions of remorse for the excess of sensibility. But the time was now approaching, when he should return to his duties as an officer. A war with the Continent was daily expected; and the fire of patriotism, which had so long lain dormant, was roused with its wonted energy. He accordingly endeavoured, but in vain, to procure a secret interview with his mistress, and, after promising a speedy return, hastened to resume his long-neglected military pursuits.

After the departure of Mortimer, Rosalie relinquished each favourite occupation with a sigh. The scenery which had before delighted, now became insipid, and, disgusted with every memorial of her past guilt, she cheerfully accepted the proposal of visiting England. The parting was affecting in the extreme; and the warm-hearted girl, as she clung to the neck of her father, imprinted a thousand kisses on his cheek. "Farewell!" she sobbed out; "and should we never meet again, let every thing that reminds you of Rosalie be precious in your sight. I feel a presentiment, indeed, that this

separation is doomed to be eternal, and that the vale of Carrick Southey will never more greet my eyes." On concluding, she caught the hand of her brother, who accompanied her, and stepped hastily into the vehicle. As the scenes she loved faded in distance, her sense of desolation increased; and when she could no longer behold the mountains which she had so often ascended with Mortimer, she sunk into a despondency, which continued till her arrival at the house of Madame S. her relation.

Having seen his sister comfortably settled at Reading, Eugene returned to Carrick Southey, to cheer the drooping spirits of his father. Rosalie, meantime, attracted by the gaiety of the town, and the diversity of objects that surrounded her, seemed restored to a new existence. She even affected a cheerfulness foreign to her nature, and, feeding her mind with the hope of speedy intelligence from Mortimer, indulged in the pleasing idea of their union. Sometimes, however, when a thought of her disgrace and its probable consequences rushed over her mind, remorse would drive her to despair.

Her relation, too devoted to the gaieties of society, was but an indifferent companion; and she would often retire to weep in secret, while her cousin was attracting the notice of crowded assem-

blies. As the novelty of the scene wore off, the dejection of Rosalie increased ; and Madame S. perceiving that she was of little service, either as friend or associate, soon betrayed symptoms of dissatisfaction, that ultimately subsided into indifference. Again, therefore, she had recourse to her books and harp ; and while warbling the plaintive airs of childhood, her mind resumed its native elasticity.

Man may feel the sentiment of love in the full vigour of its inspiration ; but it is woman only that can receive it in all its delicate characteristics, and die the victim of her affection, while modesty enjoins concealment. Such was the case with Rosalie ; in every thought, every action, every pulse of her frame, she felt the power of that passion which was entwined with life ; but still preserved an appearance of apathy, that amounted almost to contentment. But her studious endeavours to conceal the anguish that now embittered her existence, proved of little avail ; for her strength gradually diminished, and the hectic flush of decline overspread her countenance. Weeks and months thus rolled on, and still found her the victim of an incurable melancholy. It was evident to all that she was dying ; but so progressive was her decay, and so linked with sweetness was the malady which

consigned her to the tomb, that she appeared to sink into the embraces of death, like an infant hushed to repose on the bosom of its parent.

As she was playing one evening on her harp, Madame S. abruptly entered the apartment. "I am come," she said, "to hurry you off to the assembly-rooms: my husband is elsewhere engaged, and you know that I cannot go alone." Rosalie soon found that all expostulation was vain, when it had been previously determined that she should go; and, though painful to her feelings, accompanied her lovely cousin to the ball. Her beauty immediately procured her partners, and the admirers of her graceful movements formed a complete circle round her. While paying slight attention to the compliments that were lavished on her person, the name of Mortimer was indistinctly pronounced. With the utmost anxiety she listened to the mention of that unfortunate name, and the following conversation ensued between two officers at her elbow. "'Tis a foolish business, Ned; and 'faith I don't know how Mortimer will rid himself of the incumbrance. I did not, however, hear the amour from himself; for his confidential lacquey discovered and acquainted me with the circumstance. He is now with the army on the Continent, completely moped to death with the remembrance of the girl he seduced. Did you ever see her?"—"No," replied the other, "but

I have heard," fixing his penetrating eyes on Rosalie, "that she was not unlike this lady." "If so," was the reply, "I should be inclined to plead guilty myself; but how will his intended relish such a libertine husband?" "Husband! What, is he married then?"

"Married!" exclaimed Rosalie, in a tone of voice that alarmed the company—"gracious heaven! is he married?" and, with a countenance of unutterable anguish, sunk senseless on the floor. Her cousin hastened to her assistance; every restorative was administered without success; and the insensible girl was conveyed home. On recovering from her delirium, she found herself surrounded by Madame S. and her domestics; and when made acquainted with the circumstances of her indisposition, she besought them to seek no explanation, as the secret must be guarded with existence. The agitation of her mind, with the knowledge of her approaching confinement, produced a renewal of delirium, which lasted for a considerable period; and when the fever had somewhat abated, the unhappy girl was delivered of a son. No father's blessing, no mother's caresses, welcomed in the birth of the little one; it was conceived in disgrace, heralded by ignominy, and viewed with detestation and contempt.

The intelligence was speedily disseminated through the family; and Monsieur S., more tena-

cious of his own character than apprehensive for his invalid, attacked her, as she lay helpless and weeping in her bed, with bitterest imprecations. Her disgrace hurt his peace—not so much for the effect it produced on the sufferer, as for the ignominy with which it sullied her relations. Attentive therefore to his own considerations, he strictly enjoined his family to conceal the transaction, and was with difficulty prevented from turning Rosalie, weak and unprotected, into the street. The only domestic, meantime, that was allowed to assist the poor victim in her illness, was an elderly woman, in whose countenance the traces of habitual cunning were discernible, and who daily assailed her with the most cruel reproaches.

She was roused one morning from sleep by the unexpected entrance of Monsieur S. and his wife. "Woman!" he exclaimed, with a look of infuriated passion, "you have destroyed the offspring of your disgrace; the child has been missing since yesterday, and you are suspected by the whole household." "I am innocent, indeed I am innocent," replied Rosalie; "O Edward, dearest Edward! by the happy days we have spent together, by the close link of affinity which binds us to each other, I entreat you to restore my child; though it is the herald of my ignominy, I can never survive its death." "I disbelieve your assertions," answered

her brutal relative, "and the circumstance of your innocence or guilt remains yet to be proved :—follow me, Emma," he continued to his wife, who remained lingering at the door; "you shall have no connexion with guilt, while I can prevent it." With these words he seized Madame S. by the arm, and, pushing her rudely to the door, closed the apartment. A renewed indisposition was the consequence of this unexpected accusation; and though one source of uneasiness was removed in the absence of the old woman who had hitherto attended her, she was frequently heard by the other domestics, in the intervals of delirium, to acknowledge herself the destroyer of her child. Such attestations of guilt perpetually recurring to the weak imagination of the servants, appeared a confession of the fact; and they no longer hesitated in branding her as the murderer. Rosalie, however, endured their reproaches with resignation; she felt that she had not long to live, and wished to die in charity with all.

When enabled to leave her room, the story had obtained considerable circulation; and reaching the ears of justice, it was deemed expedient that the circumstances attending the loss of the child should be legally investigated; and so powerful was each statement of the domestics, that the mother was incarcerated for the wilful murder of her son. In

this state of utter desolation, without one friend to succour, or one heart to lament her end, the unhappy girl beguiled the hours of misery by an affecting appeal to her seducer.

“I mean not, Mortimer, to upbraid you with my ruin: this letter, the last you will ever receive, is merely intended to convey my forgiveness; and to request that, from respect to my memory, you will make every exertion to recover our lost child. Should he ever be found, be kind to him when I am gone, for he has now no protector but yourself; and should his pretty smiles recall the image of Rosalie in her happier days of innocence, teach him sometimes to lisp her name, and dwell on her memory with fondness.

“Show him the haunts I loved; and, when warmed with filial piety, he climbs a parent’s knee, pray that he may be happier than his mother. My father too, be a son to his old age, and amid the woods of Carrick Southey talk sometimes to him of his child. But tell him not to weep—tell him that we are separated to be again united, in a land ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’ For myself, I am dying, Mortimer; but you! oh, may you be happy, when the heart that loved you is cold, and when all that remains of Rosalie is the memory of her sufferings! But I can say no more: the prison-clock has just tolled the hour of midnight; and as to-morrow is appointed for my trial,

I must offer up my last orisons to my Maker, in whose presence I am so shortly to appear. Farewell!

“ROSALIE.”

“From my Dungeon, Reading.”

The next morning the heavy clank of chains, and the unusual bustle of the prison, announced the removal of the culprits for trial. The sound struck like a death-knell on the agonized frame of the captive, and hardly could she collect her senses by devout aspirations to her God. In an instant or two the door of the cell grated slowly on its hinges, and the jailor entered, leading in a man completely muffled in appearance. On the departure of the turnkey, the stranger threw off his disguise, and discovered himself to be her father. The interview was solemn and affecting: no reproaches escaped the parent, no sighs responded from the overcharged heart of the daughter; but they remained clasped in each other's arms until the officer on duty re-entered the dungeon. “I am come to lead you to your trial,” he exclaimed; “the other prisoners have been condemned, and it is now your turn to be examined.” With difficulty he was enabled to tear the child from the embraces of the parent. “Come, come,” he continued, dashing a starting tear from his eye, “it is useless to cry, my poor girl; if you are innocent, the fact will soon appear; and it will then be time enough to

tell your story." A long fit of insensibility succeeded this removal; and when somewhat restored, Rosalie discovered herself leaning on her father in a public court of justice. When the indictment was read, a shudder of horror pervaded the assembly; but when they saw the meek sufferer bowing like a lily to the violence of the tempest, a thorough conviction of her innocence escaped them. The trial meantime proceeded; and the sudden loss of the child, the repeated acknowledgement of the prisoner, and the unequivocal testimony of the domestics, were more or less commented on according to the facts necessary to be proved. When the examination of witnesses on either side was concluded, Rosalie was asked by the judge what she had to urge in her defence. The audience earnestly awaited her reply; and hoped some plea would be adduced, that might tend to mitigate the severity of punishment. She looked up but for an instant, and in a low tone, with her hand pressed convulsively to her heart, repeated her innocence of the crime. Such tacit disavowal was by no means considered as conclusive; and the judge arrayed himself in the awful insignia of justice to award the punishment of death. An intense horror pervaded the court at this instant; all hearts, all eyes, were kindly fixed on the wretched culprit; and the convulsive sobbings of the few who

were unable to repress their sympathy, alone interrupted the general silence.

At this instant a loud noise was heard at the further end of the hall, the crowd divided on each side, and a woman appeared bearing in her arms an infant apparently a month old. "Can you forgive me, Madam?" she exclaimed, turning to Rosalie, who recognized the attendant who had so often insulted her distress: "I have been guilty; but if any expiation can atone, I here willingly offer it." Then turning to the judge, she continued—"Mademoiselle Voisin, my lord, is innocent: this is the child supposed to have been murdered, but which, at the express desire of Monsieur S. I ventured to conceal. But since that hour I have never known happiness; nor shall I be at ease till due punishment is awarded for my transgression."

She ceased, the court rung with acclamations—the cry of "She is innocent, she is innocent," resounded through the hall, and scarcely could the officers of justice restrain the joyful ebullitions of the populace. "Rosalie," exclaimed De Voisin, when his transports had in some degree abated, "look up, my child; you are innocent: bless then your father with one smile, and we shall yet be happy." Rosalie did look up, and with an expression of ineffable tenderness pressed

her clay-cold lips to the hand of her parent, and then making a last, a dying effort to embrace the infant, who stretched out his little arms towards her, bowed her fair head, and sunk broken-hearted on the bosom of her parent. The old man said nothing; his soul was full to bursting; he raised his tearless eyes to heaven, and was borne senseless from the hall. Unable to endure the presence of England after the catastrophe of his daughter, he abruptly quitted the kingdom, and, accompanied by her infant, retired once more to his favourite cottage at Carrick Southey.

Mortimer in the mean time, distracted with remorse, but unconscious of the death of his victim, took the earliest opportunity of removing from the scene of war to the more peaceful habitation of his beloved. It was on a fine evening in July that he reached the cottage, where he had passed so many days of happiness. It was empty, the neat garden, which had so often attracted his admiration, was overrun with weeds, and every thing bore the stamp of decay. Amazed at the desolation that reigned around him, he moved instinctively towards the arbour, the scene at once of happiness and guilt.

An old man was seated at the entrance, gazing intently on the beautiful portrait of Rosalie that graced the interior of the room. The harp that she once loved was placed by the window, and the

breeze as it sighed among the chords gave a melancholy expression to the moment. The remembrance of the past pressed upon the overcharged feelings of the Englishman, and he gave vent to his affliction in tears. He looked around him :—here stood the little wooden bridge which he had so often crossed with Rosalie; there was the primrose bank on which they had seated themselves in the long summer twilight; and in the distance rose the dark blue hills from which she loved to gaze on the surrounding landscape.

As he surveyed these mute memorials of vanished happiness, a sigh, the herald of a broken heart, escaped him. De Voisin turned round at the noise, and to his amazement beheld the author of his misery standing beside him. “ Away, wretched man,” he exclaimed; “ this is no sanctuary for guilt: yet stay; for my daughter’s sake, I forgive you, and may your last end be peaceful as hers! Poor girl! did she deserve her death from you?—Could no hand be found, but the one that had been fed at her board, and cherished in her smile, to consign her to the tomb? But she is now dead; and her last moments were spent in prayer for you. See to what wretchedness you have reduced me: the child who should have smoothed my passage to the grave is gone before, and, like a buoy tossed upon the wave, I am alone and helpless in my age. I

have little to add : this letter was given to me by my Rosalie, that I might present it to you when an opportunity occurred." Mortimer hastily seized the letter, and, wild with the violence of contending emotions, rushed from the offended parent of his victim. He had not been long absent, when the report of a pistol was heard. Guided by the sound, De Voisin hastened to the spot, and discovered Mortimer stretched dead upon the ground, with the fatal writing in his hand.

I was but a boy when these circumstance occurred, but the remembrance is indelibly imprinted on my memory. The story was told to me by an old Welch herdsman, who was well acquainted with the parties. But years have rolled on, and the memory of Rosalie is fading from the minds of the villagers. You may sometimes meet with an old cottager, who knew her when she was young, and who still speaks of her with fondness. But these instances are rare, and in a short time she will be entirely forgotten.

When last I was in the neighbourhood of Carrick Southey, I paid a visit to the cottage of Rosalie. It was overgrown with nightshade, and afforded a melancholy epitome of despair. I paused—an utter stillness reigned around, save where the raven screamed his death-song. I entered the room where she had once lived. I saw the harp which

was once here, and it was mouldering in silent decay. The spider had woven his web among the chords, and the whole scene spoke of gloomy desertion. The sun was sinking, as I turned my steps to the spot where the guilty Mortimer reposed. It was in a little nook at the extremity of the cottage garden, unnoticed by epitaph or elegy. A wild rose was blooming on the sod, and a few withered leaves of a hanging cypress were strewn upon his grave. Never had I thought of the perfect wretchedness of vice till I looked on the narrow spot that enclosed the remains of the seducer of Rosalie De Voisin.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

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"The summer days are over,  
Have past away and gone;  
And tranquilly and thoughtfully  
The autumn hurries on."

ANON.

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THE most melancholy period of the year is hastening to its final consummation. The old age of the seasons is at hand, and every gale that sweeps the atmosphere is laden with destruction. The summer sun, that we admired in our morning and evening rambles, now gradually veils himself in mist, and withdraws from our gaze, to set in other worlds. If we venture into the fields, we are no longer welcomed by the sweet choristers of spring, the humming bee, and chirping grasshopper: they have all gone to sleep away the frosts of winter, and wake to a more genial period. The wind speaks no longer of health and animation; the spirit of gloom sits heavily on its wings, and its voice, as it whistles over the stubble, breathes the language of days that are past, pleasant yet mournful to the soul."

The mind of man appears in some degree to take its tone of action from the revolving seasons. In spring, it is sanguine and replete with joyous anticipations ; in summer, it becomes more calm, in the conscious possession of happiness ; in autumn, it flags with the flagging season, is filled with mistrust, sullenness, and fog ; and in winter, lingers out the day in a sort of moody, meditative spirit. It is in this intimate connexion of mind with the vicissitudes of the year, that the generality of our disorders originate. On insanity in particular the gloom of autumn has a most pernicious tendency ; the newspapers too are usually filled at this period with melancholy instances of suicide ; and the deaths obtain an alarming majority over the births and marriages. I know one person of deserved literary reputation, who, to use his own language, dozes away winter in a state of actual torpor, and wakes at the approach of spring to the reality of life and sun-shine. Nor is he a solitary instance of such peculiar sensitiveness ; for the generality of men appear to possess two minds, the respective concomitants of summer and winter. The one, in connexion with its season, is amiable, healthy, and sanguine ; the other, morose, inactive, and thoughtful. Many people will prove themselves enviable acquaintances amid the corresponding cheerfulness of summer, who in winter will disgust

us with their moody fretfulness ; many an invalid in the plenitude of temporary health, will forget in the one season that he ever ailed in the other ; and I have heard of a physician who passes the summer in ridiculing the nervous peculiarities of his patients ; and the winter in standing every morning before breakfast in the shape and likeness of a tea-pot.

But with all these natural disadvantages, autumn is not devoid of interest. If it be the most melancholy period of the year, it is also the season that from external causes disposes the mind most strongly to reflection. The daily fall of the leaf, the desolate sterility of the fields, and the absence of all that constitutes the cheerfulness of scenery, impress themselves on the reflecting mind, with an indescribable sympathy of feeling. We connect the falling honours of the year with our own relative situation, and, by observing the vicissitudes of the season, are induced to dwell with thoughtful attention on the vicissitudes of our own life. Rousseau affirms, that the sight of a withering autumnal rose first awoke him to a sense of his own mortality ; and history tells us, that when Pelopidas paid a visit to the hero of Mantinea, he found him seated in his garden, watching with intense interest, a solitary yellow leaf that hung lingering on a decayed poplar. " If any

thing," said Epaminondas, on observing the astonishment of his friend, "could give me a just conception of my own insignificance, it would be the more spectacle before me. I have read many sage discourses; but none that pointed so directly to the heart as the homily of this withered leaf." And this homily, which centuries ago spoke to the soul of the noblest warrior of his day, still appeals to the moralist of the passing hour. The aspect of nature may vary—the principle is eternally the same. Rocks, seas, and mountains may change their form and station; but the vicissitudes of the seasons are immutable. Heaviness still shrouds the brow of autumn, as when Horace deprecated its effects—an early twilight still ushers in the hour of darkness, and the yellow leaf still dangles from the tree, as when amid the woods of Attica the warrior was transformed into the moralist. But not only to the moralist, to the poet also, and to the painter, autumn is peculiarly acceptable. It is the period of the year when the mind is most adapted to receive, and the poetry of nature to yield, inspiration. Gray was so fully convinced of its effect on the intellect, that he usually chose autumn as the season of composition, and amid the shades of Maidenly church-yard his immortal elegy was suggested, improved, and concluded. Imagination

can scarcely refrain from picturing him seated on the green sward, under an old yew which still bears his initials, without experiencing a sublime elevation of the soul. Marius in tears amid the ruins of Carthage, was not a more striking spectacle than Gray musing amid the tombs of the dead. In analyzing their characters, our English bard will rise higher from the comparison. The one, with the misanthropy of a despot, wept his own fall, mingled with a transient regret for the decay of the "Ocean-Queen"—but the other sighed for the sufferings of his fellow-men, and gilt the gloomy portals of the tomb with the rays of his own sweet philosophy.

With the kindred sensibility of the poet, the painter selects autumn as affording the fullest scope for the pencil. The varied harmony of its foliage—the diversified tints of the clouds—the richness of the hawthorn blossoms—and the melancholy that pervades the general aspect of nature, present a combination of beauties that the eye vainly seeks at any other period of the year. The night landscape too is peculiarly effective ; nor is there any scenic attraction equal to the full majesty of the harvest-moon, when in skirting the dark edge of the clouds she throws athwart the sky the ever-shifting hues of sublimity and softness. I remember the delight

with which in my school days I used to wander amid the ruins of Reading Abbey with a young friend, who is fast rising in celebrity as an artist. When the zenith moon streamed in a broad sheet of light through the ivied windows, the effect was indescribable ; and, as W—— has since remarked, first inspired him with a love of nature, which now serves to elicit the highest beauties of his art.

But although Autumn may be considered the perquisite of the poet and the painter, it is not to them alone that perception of its beauties is confined. If the intellectual classes enjoy it for its mental associations, the more commonplace portion of society admire it for its natural attractions. In England, it is the season of the harvest, in France, of the vintage. The agriculturists of both countries are then busily engaged, and the fields resound with the shouts of the labourers, or the harsh grating of the heavily-laden waggons. In the beautiful region of Provence, in particular, it is the most interesting period of the year. Groups of country girls and sun-burnt peasants are seen scattered in busy confusion among the vineyards ; some dancing to the simple tunes of the province, others culling the juicy grape, while they beguile their exertions with a song. In our own country too the season of harvest is

the season of rustic jollity ; and when the duty of the day is over, the young villagers dance away their labours on the green, while the elders enjoy their ale and village scandal at the neatly-sanded parlour of the ale-house. On the conclusion of the festival, a most magnificent junketing ensues, the barn is fitted up as a supper-room, and roast beef and home-brewed ale elevate the spirits of the promiscuous assemblage.

But while thus lingering with fondness on the external advantages of autumn, let me not forget the domestic comforts that he holds out. In the lonely cottage, wherein this sketch is written, they are more particularly felt, for beyond the boundary of a small plantation, in which the "last rose of summer" has but lately withered, the landscape is wildly desolate. Mountains towering in chaotic confusion above mountains, sterile moors deprived of even the stunted clothing in which summer had robed them, are the sole objects that greet the wandering eye. Autumn here reigns in all his native repulsiveness ; and though he assume the aspect of grandeur, it is the grandeur of savage desolation. External nature then presents little or no attraction, and artifice must supply the deficiency. Be it so : happiness is independent of time and situation ; and when it draws its

“little all” from within, heeds not the interruption from without. • Now while the twilight creeps lagging along the firmament—the parlour shutters are closed—the slumbering fire is renewed—and the legends of the country drawled out over a luxurious sofa. The wind howls against the casement, and the comforts of an autumnal fire-side are felt with renewed satisfaction. But, hark! the clock strikes eight: the village chimes are ringing out their last evening peal; and the tea, ushered in by the appropriate ceremony of candles, makes glad the heart within us. A page of Byron, Rousseau, or Scott, is read and the opinions of the party are canvassed. But one cannot always read—and, as the juniors of our circle insist that reading by candle-light is injurious, we must adopt other amusements. Epitaph-writing and verse-capping then shall go in lieu of books; and when these weary by repetition, the evening shall be concluded by the adventures of the greatest and oldest traveller of the party.

And such are the delights of autumn, when nature fails in amusement, art holds out her resources, and this intimate connexion affords entertainment for every revolving season. Spring breathes of love and beauty, Summer continues the delusion, Autumn reminds us that joy is oft linked

with sorrow, and Winter shouts aloud from his palace of storms, that "man was made to mourn." Art then, where nature is deficient, holds out her protecting hand. Spring and Summer, that need not her assistance, she leaves to their own delights; but Autumn and Winter, that throw themselves as it were on her bounty, she renders delightful by the association of thought and intellect.

THE COACHMAN :

A Sketch.

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The Coachman's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from right to left, from left to right ;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The distant vehicle, the dexterous Jehu  
Keeps his own side, and gives the passer-by  
A nod of gratulation or contempt.

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THERE is something in the nature of a Stage-coachman, that smacks, like his own whip, of conscious importance. He is the elect of the road on which he travels, the illustrious, imitated of thousands. Talk of the King indeed ! the King even, on his own high-way, is but "cakes and gingerbread" to the Jehu. For him John Boots whistles welcome—not so much through the goodness of his disposition, as through his teeth—and the publican waxes honest in his gin ; for him, Betsey the pretty bar-maid displays the symmetry of a well-turned ankle, and the landlady speaks volumes in a squint.

Survey him as he bowls along the road, fenced in coats numerous as the seven bull-hides of Ajax. Listen to the untutored melody of his voice, as he preaches the word of exhortation to his tits, and enforces his doctrine with the whip. Hark! already he is entering a village—the horn sounds—the leaders rattle along the street, and out rush the neighbourhood to bid him welcome. Observe his importance—to some he gives a grim nod, to others a smile of recognition, but thrice happy is he who is honored with “Go it, Jemmy.” Beatiſied James! thou haſt lived eternity in a moment. “Felix, heu, nimium felix, tua ſi bona nôris!”

In the nature of his vocation the Coachman bears no indinct reſemblance to the Poet. The one gives the rein to his horſes, the other to his imagination; and when either run wild, the conſequences are equally hazardous. The poet drives his ſteed along the high road to Parnassus; the coachman, more terreſtrial in his calling, rattles them along the king’s high-way. The poet is the child of feeling, ditto the coachman. The one feels what he writes, the other what he drives—the one gets drunk with inſpiration, the other with gin—and finally, the one gives ſpur to his Pegasus, the other to his leaders.

Independently of theſe poetical aſſociations, our hero is illuſtrious from his connexion with clafſical

lore. Pelops was a coachman, and has been immortalized, for his ability to drive at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, by the first of Grecian bards. The history of his ivory arm is nothing more than a metaphorical illustration of the merits of his whip-hand. He fractured it, in driving for a wager against King Ænomaus, a brother whip; but it was so well set by Æsculapius, the first surgeon and accoucheur of his day, that popular ignorance, unable to account for the cure, ascribed it to Ceres. Hippolytus, the amiable Greek dandy, Hippolytus, with whom Diana herself was detected in a faux pas, was another notorious coachman and kept the most fashionable curricule of his day. I might quote divers other instances which, as Valpy's Grammar expresses it, "a familiarity with the best writers will easily suggest" but there would be no end to my essay, for in good sooth "hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise," when I attempt to enumerate the charioteers whom in my school-days I have been taught to reverence.

But in addition to such classical advantages, the coachman is celebrated for the morality with which his name is associated. "All the world's a stage," says Shakspeare; and Time may be considered as the Jehu who rattles it along the high-road of life to eternity. To reflective minds this association will appear obvious, and in his more serious mo-

ments, the philosopher will love to consider a journey to Bath, as a type of his journey to eternity. And now that I am on the subject of eternity, let me shed a tear for thee who hast already finished thy course, illustrious Hell-fire Dick, or, if too familiarly I invoke thy shade, Pandæmonium Richard. Thou wert the Shakespeare of coachmen, the Lucifer or leading star of Cambridge. Grateful was the hour when, as the college bells rung for evening prayers, I encountered thy sainted form in stables of which Augæas might be vain. Triumphant was the moment when under thy superintending kindness I bowled along the course to Newmarket, and symphonious the voice of thy whip, as it smacked sweet music along the gay-decked Trumpington road. But thou art gone, sulphureous Richard, where Numa and Ancus have gone before thee, while melancholy remembrance can alone exclaim "Virgilium vidi."

"My Muse turn from him, turn we to survey" another instance of the importance of the coachman, in the tender affections with which his vocation is connected. He is the winged Mercury of love, the Cupid of Valentine's day, the legal conveyancer of reciprocal esteem from friend to friend. He alone can "speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul," at the sensible pace of eight miles an hour, (including stoppages,) and bring the

travelled husband to the anticipative optics of his wife. Sweet to behold him, in a calm summer evening, bowling along the village, enshrined like Ixion in a cloud—of dust, with a crew of breechless urchins screaming welcome as he passes. A smile is on the face of the hamlet, and even the school-master doffs his hat at his approach. The maid-servant rushes out in hope of a packet from her lover, and the barber with the weekly newspaper, tossed down to him from the box, flies pregnant with greatness, to be delivered at the village ale-house.

With respect to his accomplishments, the coachman is deservedly illustrious. If his conversation has not the copious elegance of Coleridge, it has all the easy copiousness of nature, with expletive beauties more peculiarly its own. It is at once nervous, flowing, and anecdotal, enforced with energetic anathemas and garnished with technical obscurities. In music he is no mean proficient; his school, as Lord Byron said of Christabel, is “wild and singularly original and beautiful,” and not unfrequently contrives to “snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.” Some, however, prefer the Italian, others the Irish, others the English—but I prefer the *whip* school of music; for, like the instrument from which its name is derived, it is *striking*, flexible, and melodious; and I can imagine

nothing more truly touching, than to hear a coachman, as he trundles along the road, "warble his native wood notes wild" to the pathetic tune of the Lass of Richmond Hill, or the more impassioned canzonet of Sally in our Alley.

The mention of music reminds me of that most musical of all modern whips, the late Isaac Walton—the Mæcenas of coachmen—the Braham of the Bath-road.—Sticklers for symmetry might perhaps assert that he was stout, inasmuch as he measured five foot four in height, and four foot five in breadth. His proportion, however, was correct; and though his body resembled a beer-barrel, and peradventure had been as often tapped, it was supported by legs of adequate rotundity, which, from the pleasing originality of their shape, might deceive the most cunning anatomist. In creating this goodly personage, nature seemed to have overlooked the trifling appendage of a neck, which was a subject of waggery to his friends, who used often to assert that honest Isaac could never be hung according to law, inasmuch as he had no neck to be hung by. For myself, I am not fond of repeating such idle tittle-tattle, and shall therefore close my description of his person by saying, that when set in motion, he gave no faint idea of a buttock of beef upon castors.

In his public capacity he was well known to

every tavern-keeper from London to Bath, and thrice fortunate was the ostler, on whom he turned the light of his countenance. On the road he was an epitome of regularity, and was never known to pass a town or village without suffering his stomach to take toll at the first public-house. Thus fortified he would manfully journey on, enlivening each mile by some witty anecdote or humorous ditty, of which last article he had an incalculable collection, and of such an accommodating nature that one tune would actually suit them all. This tune generally lasted a fortnight, and was then laid aside on half-pay. By strange ill-luck, however, I happened to be usually on the road when it was high in favour with Isaac's lungs, and it is only on the authority of other travellers that I mention the apocryphal fact of its dismissal.

It was a pleasant thing to hear this man "of intolerable entrails" warble the air "Old King Cole;" for there was a vocal abruptness about him, that with the boldness of original genius o'erleaped both time and tune. His ditties were mostly of a humorous cast, and one principal merit attending them was, that, unlike the negligent minstrelsy of the modern stage, they were never sung so badly as to be called for a second time. Pity it is that such accomplishments should ever be lost to the world; but "all flesh is grass," saith the Preacher, and

our coachman was doomed to be a melancholy instance of this biblical truth. He was suffocated in attempting to force a laugh at one of his own jokes, a necessity imposed upon his muscles by the serious demeanour of his hearers. His death clouded the countenance of every ostler from London to Bath; and many a publican, as he cast a rueful glance at his well-filled beer-barrels, thought with a sigh of the thirsty bowels of poor Isaac.

Peace be with thee, thou fat child of Bacchus, and unmolested be the sod that enwraps thee!—The pretty bar-maid, bedecked in summer top-knots and neat russet shawl, shall long stand listening on tip-toe to the smack of thy whip, that never-failing herald of a kiss. Long shall the land-lady sigh for thy pleasant speeches, and the traveller for his wonted anodyne. But to those who knew thee, all further panegyric is useless; and to those who did not, the sole melancholy duty (and a sacred one it is) remains of purchasing this tribute to thy memory, and strongly recommending it to the attention of men of science and of taste.

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THE DEVIL'S COACH:

*A Yorkshire Legend.**

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"A dream, the veriest shadow of a dream,  
With all its incoherent imagings."

ANON.

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EVERY one must have heard of the headless Coachman and his phantom tits. He tools them along the streets of Beverley at night-fall, and pulls up at the door of graceless invalids, when he thinks that they have occasion for a conveyance into the other world. What has become of his pericranium heaven only knows, nor indeed is it my business to enquire. Generally speaking, however, it

* The outline of this singular legend is well known to the good folks in the West Riding of Yorkshire, more particularly in the neighbourhood of Beverley. They believe that all naughty people are carried away in the Devil's Coach; which may be one reason why the young ladies are so outrageously virtuous in the North.

is a piece of furniture more ornamental than useful : politicians do well enough without heads ; physicians enact cures, lawyers argue very convincingly without them ; ladies, as most of us know, despise them altogether : and surely apparitions may claim an act of dispensation. The story goes, that this spectre whip was a coachman on the high North road, whose head was cut off by an irritable Yorkshire Baronet ; that on his decease, he was appointed driver of the Devil's coach ; and that whenever a libertine was on the eve of death, this coach and coachman were seen rattling along the streets of Beverley, to take up the soul of the departed. That, moreover, voices were heard in the air, accompanied by the deep bass tones of a thunder-clap, and that yells proceeded from the inside passengers, which is extremely natural, seeing that as the roads are rough, and the coach does not go upon springs, the jostling of so many dry bones must produce much inconvenience. But it is my duty to tell a plain tale :—so a truce to further explanations.

Once upon a time then, there dwelt in the good town of Beverley, a certain Cambridge student, by name Wharton. He was, if I may believe report, a learned, though a desperate character ; for no vice was too daring, no virtue too impregnable, for his assaults. He never even by chance stumbled on

a good action ; never went to church on Sundays ; never paid his debts ; but when a tailor sued for money, would throw him out of the window, observing, by way of consolation, that as he formed only the ninth part of a man, the pain received from his bruise would of course be proportionably diminished. Now it happened that among the multiplicity of his other amours, this young man fell desperately in love with the daughter of a coachman at Beverley. He met her, it seems, as she was tripping along Westwood Common, and, being struck with her beautiful simplicity, resolved to attempt her seduction. With this view he proffered all that wealth could procure, or fashion devise, to ensnare her better reason. He succeeded to his wish ; for where is the feminine phenomenon who can resist the seductive qualities of a handsome young man, or the bewitching attractions of a diamond ring ? Our virgin, at least, was no philosopher ; so homeward she went, casting ever and anon a glance of girlish vanity at her new present, and exclaiming, as she placed it at night in her bed-chamber, " Well ! he has given me a kiss, but he shall never do any thing more ; no ! I would rather die first." Whether she kept her word, remains to be told in the sequel.

After some little discreet manœuvrings, young Wharton discovered her abode. She was peeping

out of the window as he passed by, and, with a beautifully blended air of simplicity and innocence, kissed her hand in token of recognition. Was this meant as a proof of complaisance, or of mere civility? in good sooth, I cannot say; I profess not to understand the freaks of womanhood; so my readers must form their own conjectures. One thing however is certain, that a few evenings afterwards she was detected walking arm in arm with him down North-Bar-street; a circumstance which gave infinite offence to the elect of the neighbourhood. Though dangerous to her repose, the prepossession of this poor girl had at least the merit of sincerity; her appearance too was well calculated to inspire passion, and in her manner there was a certain air of rustic artlessness, which lent an inexpressible charm to her person. A gang of virulent old spinsters, however, who sat in council upon the merits of her countenance, gave out that she was but so so; which convinced men of discernment that she was really beautiful.

Gentle reader! my tale now begins to be pathetic, for the ruin of innocence is the text on which justice compels me to enlarge. Miss Louisa Shirley (I abhor familiarity) had been but a short time acquainted with Wharton, when one unlucky evening a footman in a gold-laced hat slipped into her hand a note, requesting her to meet him on the

ensuing Sunday, as he had business of importance to communicate. She perused and re-perused the letter, dispatched an answer in the affirmative, and then sat down to consider. "He will perhaps kiss me," said she; "but, after all, what is there in a kiss? I kiss Papa every night before I go to bed, and he does not think the worse of me for it." She ascertained at length, that there was no harm in being kissed, that it was a proof of exceeding friendship, and in short that she could not well dispense with it. Having settled this point to her satisfaction, she went to bed.

Sunday at last arrived, the Minster bells had just tolled for evening service, and a few scattered individuals were seen trooping along Westwood Common, to the parish-church of Saint Mary. The eight o'clock chimes had just finished as Louisa, punctual to her appointment, observed Wharton stealing towards her. A wordless recognition ensued, and they hastened in silence to a most wicked tuft of trees at the extremity of Westwood. I say wicked, for, notwithstanding the laudable exertions of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, this spot, to the scandal of all Beverley, is the scene of nightly, and even hourly iniquities. On approaching it, they seated themselves upon a reclining bank of moss, while the west wind among the trees above them murmured voluptuous music

to their souls. The hour—the scene—were sacred to love, for the last rays of the setting sun had but now mellowed into twilight, and a grey dimness overspread the landscape.

Wharton first addressed his companion, who, clad in the light garb of summer, inclined her sweet form towards him. Heaven only knows what he said, though, from the heightening bloom on her cheek, I suspect that among other misdemeanors he accused her of being a pretty girl. He appealed, in short, to her vanity with all the glozing softness of an accomplished libertine; he spoke to her in the language most dear to a woman's heart; and—but it positively makes me blush to recapitulate at any further length his atrocious and triumphant machinations.

There is no wisdom below the waistcoat, said a late eminent lawyer, and Miss S—— was doomed to verify this uncomfortable truth. Having gained his point, Wharton deserted his victim, and quitted Beverley for the gayer scenes of the metropolis. As for Louisa, every hour of the day was consumed in unavailing regret, blended with a tender sentiment for her seducer, whom yet she could not resolve to abhor. Her friends observed her melancholy, but, unconscious of the cause, attempted to offer consolation. Vain hope! is there aught can heal a broken heart? I say this from experience;

I was once in love myself, and shoals of acquaintances physicked me with condolences. One assured me that passion was a general epidemic, and that I should think myself lucky in escaping with life. Another recommended a strong dose of salts as a preventive ; but one in particular was so earnest with his consolations, that I was under the afflicting necessity of declining his acquaintance.

But to resume : six months had now elapsed, and not even the eye of a father could overlook the disgrace of his child. The report was soon noised throughout Beverley, and the virulent old crones were observed to look exceeding wise upon the occasion. "Aye," said one, "I thought how it would be." "Thank God," exclaimed another, the very epitome of ugliness, "I was never accused of such misconduct." "Bless me," continued a third, "I shall faint at the sight of such a creature." Poor Louisa, in the mean time, was dying : if she ever ventured out, she was greeted with sneers ; malice exaggerated her fault, envy gloated over her sufferings. We easily forgive crime ; but female virtue is such an unpardonable offence, that the ladies can never overlook it.

It is spring : it is that beautiful season of the year when nature laughs aloud in the frolicsome good-humor of youth. The west wind is abroad among the woods, and the stream sings sweetly as

it flows. But there is one, whose sunken form and jaded spirits have done with the pleasures of this earth. Seated at the casement of her cottage, she looks abroad upon the landscape. An old man is stationed by her side, and a baby slumbering on her knee smiles cheerfully in its mother's face. "Poor child," exclaimed Louisa, "a few more days and there will be none to cherish your helpless infancy." She turned towards the old man as she said this, and, putting the baby into his arms, burst into tears. "Dear father," she resumed, "you will be kind to him when I am gone, and when all that remains is the memory of my sorrows and my shame. Sweet little boy! see how the ringlets curl upon his chubby face; indeed, father, indeed you must love him, he looks so like your Louisa." "I will," he replied, "I will love him for your sake, and he shall be unto me as another child." "Then heaven's mercy is accomplished, and the victim may die in peace. Father, father," she exclaimed, "where are you? my senses grow dim, I see—I feel you not." The old man caught her hand, a faint smile passed across her countenance as she bent her sinking form towards him, and one feeble fluttering sigh told that her gentle spirit had passed away.

Unconscious of her death, Wharton continued his residence in the metropolis, where every species

of dissipation in turn allured his pursuit. But health, spirit, honor, all gradually sunk under such excesses, till, satiated with pleasure, he resolved to return to his native Beverley. He reached it in a most pitiable condition, the slave of passion—the victim of remorse. As for Louisa, he seemed to have entirely forgotten her, except indeed when the sight of the little mossy bank of Westwood recalled a few past iniquities.

As he was seated one evening in his drawing-room, in a state of that bitter sensitiveness which in its poignancy is akin to madness, the servant introduced a person by the name of Timothy Shirley. The long-forgotten sound struck like a death-knell to the soul of the seducer, and with difficulty he contrived to articulate “Louisa.” “She is gone,” replied the old man, “to her long home, but in her last moments besought me to forgive you.” “Sweetest, sweetest girl, and did she indeed remember me? was Wharton beloved even in the hour of death? Oh God, what a wretch then am I!” “She forgave you,” resumed Shirley, “and I too forgive you, on her account; but I claim redress for my own sufferings. Look, young man, at these grey hairs, silvered before their time; and then pardon, if you can, a father’s revenge.” The soul of Wharton was stung even to phrenzy, his eyes glared with a savage delirium, and grasping his victim by the throat,

"Revenge!" he shouted, "yes, you shall have it; revenge and freedom, in a word. Go then! father of the girl I loved, and in a better world pray for the soul of the murderer." Inflamed—maddened with the violence of contending emotions, he tightened his grasp, while the poor old man sunk senseless and dying at his feet. "You have robbed me of my daughter," he feebly exclaimed, "but my spirit shall haunt the murderer. Farewell! we shall meet again." With these words he expired.

I pass by the trial, and subsequent acquittal of Wharton under the plea of insanity; for in good sooth I dislike having any thing to do with law, either in the way of fiction or reality. Children should never play with edge-tools. But I cannot so easily prætermitt his sullen contrition, or the fact that he gave up billiards, sold his horses, portioned off his mistresses, and took, like an ascetic hermit, to his beads and his prayer-book. His penitence, indeed, was wondrously edifying, and scarcely less marvellous than the fact which I am about to relate.

He was awakened one night from dreams of horror, by a sulphureous radiance, that illumined his whole chamber. As the light grew more and more vivid, he discovered a phantom standing with an air of easy assurance by his bed-side, with his hands thrust into a visionary pair of leather breeches.

"In the name of goodness, who are you?" said Wharton. "Meaning me, Sir," replied the apparition, in the homely dialect of his county; "I was once Sam Boots, ostler at the Pig and Tinder-box; but having had a slight accident with the gallews, was rewarded for my martyrdom by the place of book-keeper to Pluto. I am sent here by one Shirley, to say, that since his murder he has been appointed driver of the Devil's coach, which leaves Beverley at twelve o'clock at night, and reaches the Styx at the first crowing of the cock." "Shirley!" exclaimed the paralyzed Wharton. "Aye, Shirley," repeated the phantom: "perhaps you are surprised to hear of him below; but he was none of the best of us, and must answer for himself as well as others. He desires me to add, that he promised to meet you again, and that there is one outside place vacant on the box, to be kept expressly for you." "God of heaven! is my death then so near?" "Yes," returned the sprite, "in three days from this time, when the Minster clock is on the hour of twelve, a clay-cold corpse will be all that remains of Wharton." "Eternal Providence!" resumed the libertine, "am I so soon to be cut off, when life is yet young, and my crimes are yet unrepented?" "Lord bless us," returned the hobgoblin, "it is nothing when one's used to it; for my own part, I have been dead and damned these five years." With this consoling

assurance, he vanished in a clap of thunder from the apartment.

The next morning, about half a dozen thin spinsters were seen gossiping together in the front of Wharton's house. Many thick heads were shaken on the occasion, and great was the wagging of tongues. Among other worthies, the Parson of St. Mary's was summoned to the bed-side of the invalid : but, as he was a very orthodox minister, he averred that it was highly probable that the patient would be damned, unless he presented him to the next living that was in his gift. The physician too, under whose management our hero's case became really dangerous, talked much of the healing quality of fees, while both agreed in offering consolation. Alas ! what can console a man, who, by a long course of carnality, has paid for an outside place on the Devil's coach ?

The fatal day at last arrived, and, confined by nervous indisposition to his room, poor Wharton was in a state of the gloomiest despondency. An old woman, the best nurse in the world for an invalid, sate on each side of his bed, revolving with blanched countenance the probable catastrophe of the night. As evening drew on, his dejection increased, and he was scarcely roused from melancholy by the abrupt entrance of one of his fashionable London friends. "Why, Wharton," said

the Corinthian, "what's all this I hear about your dream of the death-coach and the book-keeper?" "Tis no dream, Jack: I am going to the Devil; and that cursed four-in-hand, about which we used to laugh so incredulously, is sent to convey me to Tophet." "Phoo nonsense," resumed his friend, "are you fool enough to believe so nonsensical a legend?" "Nonsensical!" shrieked both the old gentlewomen at once; "hear the blasphemous young man, he calls the Devil's coach nonsensical, when our two husbands, who, God rest them, are dead and gone, were carried away in it themselves." With these words, they raised such a clatter about the ears of Wharton and his friend, that both were fain to apologise. "Well, well," resumed the Dandy, "if you are really going to take an airing, I will thank you to remember me to our old friend Whitaker, for you may depend on it that he is there." "I am in no humor to joke," said Wharton with a melancholy smile; "for the hour of death is near, and we meet for the last time on earth. Adieu, Jack," he continued, holding out his wasted hand, "we have spent many pleasant hours together, cherish the memory of them for my sake, and when the wine-cup goes round, be the name of Wharton the toast that memory pledges to the past." As he said these words he motioned his companion from the room; who, struck with such

apparent weakness, quitted the house in a state of mind veering very doubtfully between ridicule and regret.

It was evening—nine, ten, eleven—half past eleven o'clock struck, the nurses had retired for the night, and every coach that rattled along the streets was mistaken for the Acherontic four-in-hand. As the awful hour approached, the night became unusually tempestuous; the blue lightning streamed through the closed window-shutters, and the thunder echoed in rattling peals along the sky. At this instant the deep-toned Minster clock struck the hour of twelve, and the eyes of the invalid grew dim with a death-like slumber. 'Tis done—the room shook as with an earthquake, and the rumbling sound of a distant vehicle was heard clattering along the stony pavement. The whole machine was picturesquely fearful: the wheels were composed of the bones of dead men; the box-seat was fashioned out of skulls, the thickest that could be procured; and the martingales, traces, and horse-collars, were manufactured from the dried skin of a parricide. As for the headless driver, he was closely muffled in a box-coat, formed of grave-clothes; while the book-keeper, who, being duly rigged out in a new pair of phantasmagorical leathers, appeared the most sociable of this devilish assembly, shouted aloud, "Any passenger for the

Devil's coach? Ten minutes behind time already." As he said this, the ghost of the libertine appeared, and with an air of cool impudence took possession of the box-seat. The usual quantity of yells were then heard to which the thunder very accommodately joined chorus, while the vehicle bowled away in a whirlwind, and the streets of Beverley smelt of sulphur for a week afterwards.

On quitting North-Bar-street, the coach dashed along the Norfolk coast, whisked across the Channel, made a short cut through France, and then rattled into Spain, where they watered horses among the ruins of the Inquisition. At a quarter before one they reached the interior of Africa, when the book-keeper renewed his civilities, and gave the name and quality of the inside passengers. "Our concern," said he, "being, as you may observe, a light post-coach, is licensed to carry four inside and eight out. Of these four, three are lawyers, and the other a publisher of some note in his day. But he was a sad fellow: he started, I am told, a Review, sweated the authors in his employ, and gave little or nothing but thanks in return. For this wickedness, he was deemed by our proprietor Pluto worthy of an inside place in his coach, where he now is, much to his astonishment and discomfiture; inasmuch as he fleeced his customers only six days

in the week, and duly went to church on the seventh."

In the course of such desultory chit-chat, they reached the Abyssinian mountains of the moon, where human foot has never yet penetrated. Here they paused for an instant to make preparations for their descent to Avernus ; which leads me to doubt the accuracy of the old proverb, "*facilis descensus Avernus*." On the summit of the loftiest peak, honored by the natives with the musical epithet of *Fanjondingdangobomely*, is a volcano which belches forth flames by way of emetic. Into the midst of its crater they vanished, the coachman using the salutary precaution of the drag-chain, for on quitting Africa the road to Avernus is replete with danger.*

And now, devout reader, pardon me if I reveal the mysteries of another world. Fain would I pause on the threshold of the grave ; but this veracious

* This is not the most orthodox road to the Devil, for *Ulysses* and *Æneas* each chose the hazardous and circuitous entrance on the right hand of the Sybill's cave. But times and roads are altered for the better since their days, the dangers and delays of travelling no longer exist ; steam-packets and patent coaches facilitate our progress through this world, while Newgate and the Bible Society expedite our conveyance to the next. "Lord ! how this world improves as we grow older !"

tale must be completed, or at No. 26, Haymarket, there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, the Publisher mourning for his copy-right, because it is not. To proceed: on quitting the Abyssinian mountains the coach rattled along a paved archway, strewn with gold, and bordered on each side by hedges that flashed a thousand colors on the eye. Here, as our laurels in England, grew the diamond, topaz, and sapphire trees, the emerald with its mild radiance, and the ruby with its blood-red dyes.* Mountains of gold and jewelry reared their glittering summits in every direction; while shoals of fiends, fledged and unfledged, croaked like bullfrogs a discordant welcome. As they proceeded, the mighty rushing of the fiery Phlegethon, or the duller Styx, forced this exclamation from the bookseller, "Would that I had given Mr. D—— twelve, instead of eight guineas per sheet." Let living Publishers, ere it is too late, take warning by this awful catastrophe.

After slapping along an avenue obscured by the sulphureous mists of the Phlegethon, the view was suddenly expanded, and the splendor became too

* Let none admire

That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.

MILTON, *Par. Lost.*

brilliant for earthly optics. A vast valley, inundated with oceans of living flame, first struck upon the eye, while in its centre stood the palace of Pluto, with huge burnished walls composed of fire petrified to substance but still retaining its wonted heat. On the summit was the clock of eternity, whose sullen tones rung through the infernal vaults, and was answered by the shrieks of the sufferers. At the extremity of the vale appeared the Elysian fields, where Spring bloomed in immortal youth, and the balmy spices of Sabæa floated on the wings of an interesting assortment of zephyrs. Here the great and good of all nations received the fulness of eternal felicity. Unbreached demigods sung psalms to unpetticoated virgins, or danced picturesque minuets to the music of the gurgling rills.

On the right hand of this Asphodelian paradise, the dark coal-pits of Tartarus burst in distance upon the view. Three old gentlewomen, dressed in mob caps manufactured from snake-skins, were stationed on its brink, whom the book-keeper pointed out to Wharton as the *Parcæ* or Fates. A little beyond them stood another feminine triumvirate holding scourges in their hands, which they unsparingly applied to the rear of the wicked, in order to quicken their descent into Tartarus. The

names of these vinegar-faced spinsters were Alecto, Megara, and Tisiphone ; and it was their province to give all new visitors a sufficing specimen of Acherontic hospitality. The libertine observed them with awe, and as the coach drew near to the Styx beyond which lay the black gulfs of Tartarus, received the full gaze of their dead demon-lighted eyes. Besides this comfortable recognition his prospect was otherwise alarming ; and the scenes of torture that surrounded him were but ill-calculated to remove terror. On one side rose a mountain, up whose steep declivities the footpad Sisyphus was compelled to roll a huge stone, which rebounded into the road below and broke his head with the most uncereemonious expedition. On the other side stood Tantalus playing at bob-cherry with some fruit that eluded his skill, and stooping to drink of water that flowed away as he advanced. Ixion, too, was busy with his spinning-wheel, and the four dozen and one daughters of Danaus, essayed in vain to replenish their perforated washing-tub.

As the coach approached the Styx where the ferryman Charon stood ready with his boat, the driver unharnessed his leaders, and then applying the double thong to the flank of his shaft-horses, rattled them in bang-up style to the bank-side,

while the book-keeper thus addressed the defunct libertine. "Do you see yon flaming rock on the off side of the Styx, where an austere-looking spirit is standing, with a book in his hand?" "Yes." "That, Sir, is Minos, the High Steward of Avernus; or, in diplomatic language, the Secretary for the Home department. He keeps a sort of debtor and creditor account of the vices and virtues of the numerous candidates for admission, and according as either preponderate, their torments are softened or increased."

With these words they reached the Styx, whose black sluggish waves dimmed by pestilential vapours rolled a putrid tide along the valley, until it joined the Phlegethon, where ignited by the burning waves, it sent forth a sulphureous spray that no mortal breath might respire. Here the headless Jehu drew up his tits, and introducing his murderer with a most hideous cachinnation recommended him, through the medium of Charon, to the especial notice of Pluto. "All this comes of squeezing coachmen by the throat, and towzling young women behind the bushes," exclaimed the facetious book-keeper; a reminiscence by no means consolatory to the libertine. They had now crossed the river, paid their halfpenny, accepted their passport, and it was Wharton's turn to receive the aggregate

amount of his good and evil deeds. A certificate was accordingly drawn up, when the balance in favour of Pluto was discovered to be unusually fearful.

"How comes it," said the unabashed libertine, as he was hurried, exceedingly against his inclination, towards the purgatory Tartarus, "that I see so few publishers' names in the account-book of Minos?" "There are all that ever lived," replied the book-keeper. "The lawyers, I see, are pretty numerous." "Aye, that might be expected," returned his companion, "indeed, our coal-pits are overstocked with them already." "But are there no Cambridge men here?" resumed Wharton; "Masters or fellows of Colleges, I mean: they are very devils upon earth, and methinks there should be good pickings for Pluto among some of them. There was old Dr. Tuck-turtle, in particular—" "My good fellow," exclaimed the book-keeper, "let us have no long stories for they are worse than a ducking in the Phlegethon; as for your Cambridge men, we have abundance of them, and this very night I start for Catherine Hall, to tell the ——, that an inside place will be vacant in three days. There is no occasion for him to be made a skeleton, he is all bones already."

They had now reached the borders of Tartarus,

and, for the first time, the spirit of Wharton was struck with terror. The waves lashed themselves against the adamantine gulf which bound them, and high over each billow writhed a fleshless, yet living skeleton, swathed in a shroud of burning lava. A thousand yells burst from the anguished victims; the clock of eternity rung out its solemn peal; and a voice that mortal man might never hear, echoed from the dense abyss: "The murderer is welcome to his home." At this instant, the scene grew dark with mist, and the three furies approached, to hurl the soul of the libertine to its receptacle of torment; when ——

"Well, and what then?" methinks I hear my readers exclaim. Why then he started, and awoke. The fact is, that ever since the murder of Shirley, his imagination had been partially deranged, and connecting his vision, the probable effect of fever medicines, with the wild legend of the Devil's coach, had produced the pantomimic jumble I have just concluded. The singular association of his dream with the classical Avernus of the ancients, appears to have been the effect of a University education; and as for his introductory interview with the book-keeper, it was occasioned by the remembrance of the book-keeper of the York stage; who was principal evidence during the trial, and

attended to identify him as the lover of Louisa. But I am somewhat premature in my disclosure, and must continue my narrative methodically.

On waking from this frightful trance, he exclaimed to the physician, who was standing by his bed-side, "Here come the furies; Help! help! Styx, Charon, Minos, Book-keeper, Publishers, for God's sake assist me, or I am lost." "Who are all these gentlemen he is talking of," said the astonished pharmacopolist to the nurse on his right hand. "Oh! some of his London friends, I'll warrant me, and a precious pack they are, howsomdever——" "He is mad," interrupted the physician, "stark mad, behold I will plebotomize him." With these words, he applied the lancet, and the fever being somewhat abated, Wharton was gradually persuaded that he had been suffering under the effects of a distempered imagination. In a short time he recovered, much to the discomfiture of the good folks of Beverley, who were thereby disappointed in the veracity of the Devil's coach. The old women however, who are always the best judges in these matters, swore point blank that he was carried away, and that Wharton was an impostor who had been sent to deceive them. This opinion was signed by such respectable authorities, that I scarcely knew what

to think about it myself, until the young man made affidavit with the mayor that to the best of his knowledge, he was himself; and that if he had been carried off in the Devil's coach, it was pretty evident that he was brought back again. "True, I never thought of that," said his enlightened worship, "and it certainly is one great argument in your favour."

But old ladies would as soon give up their snuff as their superstition; and our poor persecuted Wharton, being every where received as an impostor, quitted his native town for ever. He has since retrieved his character; the errors of youth are amended; his classical studies resumed; and he has again become the delight and the ornament of his friends. Still, however, a shudder passes across him whenever he thinks of the Devil's coach, and let no one wonder at his timidity; for a man who has been once drenched with the sulphureous waves of Tartarus, will be in no hurry for a second warm-bath.

CHARACTER

or

The Common-place Man.

~~~~~  
" Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."—POPE.  
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THERE is a class of persons, indigenous to England, which appears to have escaped the notice of our subtlest philosophers. Although they have consumed much ink, paper, and patience in their analysis of the nature of genius, and have been equally voluminous in accounting for the causes of ignorance, they have wholly neglected a character which steers midway between the two, and is not inaptly denominated common-place. "A nice young man" is the term usually applied to folks of this description, for they seldom offend by their sarcasm, or delight by their genius, and an indifferent good humor is the sole satisfaction de-

rived from their society. But inasmuch as they are removed from intellect, they are finished adepts at the small-talk of the day. The current of fashion is their element, they swim on the surface of public opinion, and follow every winding of the stream. Orthodoxy is their passport to the ball-room; and the golden calf of the hour is the idol of their reverence. In displaying the merits of an opera dancer they are always on the side of power, they vote with the majority on matters of dress, and their judgment on literature is given as the world decides. With the real merits of a book, they have no communion, for the "outward and visible sign" is the surest test of its "inward and spiritual grace." Compliments flow from them as honey from the lips of Nestor, with voluble lubricity of utterance; and it is impossible to resist their arguments on the best mode of peeling oranges, dressing the hair, or plastering the face. A lady of ton has usually a list of these animals on half-pay, who are ready at a moment's warning to take a vacant seat, eat up the good things of the table, and laugh at those of their hostess. In return for such discreet behaviour, they are admitted to the honor of tea and scandal, in a family way; vouchsafed a bow from the carriage window, and allowed to be seen in familiar conversation with their illus-

trious patroness. There is a numerous class of such common-place characters, the hangers-on, as it were, of society, who are discarded and resumed with as much indifference as the coat that immortalizes their tailor. The lawyer, the clergyman, the soldier, and the merchant, are all occasionally baptized by the same appropriate epithet. Our business at present is with the merchant, the "nice young man" of the middling circles, the Adonis of city fashion and romance.—

He is a youth who hits the exact level of mediocrity, and never for an instant sinks below, or rises above the surface. Like the tragedy of Cato, he is an elegant petrification of feeling, and makes a bow, hands a chair, or says a smart thing, with the same faultless insipidity. His very face is a title-page of ignorance, and presents a vast surface unruffled by the lines and furrows of intellect. Nothing can be more happily characteristic; he looks like a card of invitation to a party, in the vapid inanity of which he lives, moves, and has his being. In relating an anecdote, he does it with systematic stupidity, and professes an orthodox horror of people who are addicted to embellishment. If this was the aversion of principle it might be pardoned, but it is a bitter consciousness of inferiority which induces him to despise all those

who from native genius, or from a felicitous mode of expression, can gild even common-place occurrences with the flowers of wit and fancy.

At the time specified by established usance, our nice young gentleman is metamorphosed into a lover, and scribbles valentines on gilt-edged paper, with the lines written in large text, and the sentences liberally stopped with commas and notes of admiration, being the only notes of admiration in the whole piece. As for the composition, it is symbolically replete with darts, flames, and nonsense, and pours forth vows of attachment with unintelligible vehemence of intellect. Is it in the heart of woman to resist so fascinating a billet-doux?

As in love, so in religion, his feelings are always on the popular side of the question. He believes in the literal construction of the Scriptures, and is of opinion that the book of Apocrypha is doubtful, because it is so called in the title-page. His ideas of Satan are drawn from the picture pamphlets of the nursery; and he has fearful imaginings about the length of his tail, and quality of his brimstone. Lately, however, he has begun to doubt whether Apollyon actually has a tail; but in his more contemplative moments shrinks from such apostacy, as being little better than a suggestion of the

evil one. The principle of his devotion consists in manfully wrestling with a sleepy sermon, and his charity, in giving away a useless shilling at the chancel. He would never miss church on Sundays, if he could be assured of fine weather; but clothes are expensive articles, and you may always bear a sermon, when you are not so confident of a new suit. This is unanswerable logic.

In the sublime and beautiful, his taste is singularly discriminative; for he is of opinion that there is nothing more beautiful in taste than a venison-pie, or more sublime in character than the Lord Mayor at the head of a turtle feast. Still, however, he can feel a sense of the picturesque, in a Sunday walk to Hyde-park; and glow with romantic apprehensions, as he comes home late at night along Hounslow-heath. Nor is Hampstead utterly neglected; for, after all, says our young gentleman, its ponds are exceeding pretty, but not sufficiently round.

His reading, according to his own account, is very extensive, for he has regularly perused the *Observer* for the three last years, and is critically skilled in the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He is also a profound scholar, inasmuch as he has deeply studied Smollett's Novels, and slept over Blair's Lectures. In politics he is equally acute;

for who can doubt the statistics of one who has read the leading article in the Morning Post for six weeks running? In the late war with Russia, however, his political reading was sadly hampered, for the tall Muscovite words rose in the columns of the newspapers, like an army advancing in columns against his intellect, and compelled him to skip over the names of many a Russian general, town, and village, who figured in polysyllables as long as the petitions for reform, which have been lately presented to the House of Commons.

I should be ashamed of myself, were I to omit the mention of his taste in painting, which is principally founded on the shilling catalogue of the Exhibitions, and the floating opinions of the connoisseurs. He is optically exact in the breadth and length of the miniatures, nor is his skill in the names of the artists contemptible; but he is much shocked at the indecencies of the statues, and observes that Venus should never be without the feminine accompaniment of a flannel petticoat. Hercules, he says, would look well in a frock coat; nor would Apollo be disfigured by the addition of a well-curled periwig.

As a sportsman, he ranks in the first class; a station conferred on him from his Easter achievements at Epping. On this immortal Monday,

he starts, well fenced in leather breeches, from Cheapside ; but mounting on the wrong side of his hunter, salutes the gutter with headlong speed, disdainful of attitude. On reaching the forest, his Rozinante, alarmed at the multitudinous tally-ho, takes an unusual fancy to gate-leaping. Away goes our Nimrod—hat on one side—gloves on the other—himself picturesquely independent of both. On the first of September, he commences his shooting excursions. The slaughter of cats is marvellous, and many an old country woman, hotly peppered *a posteriori*, is reminded of her latter end. On the first day, he bags a cock, two hens, and a sucking-pig ; but, taking desperate aim at a rook, shoots the wig off his grandfather's head, and concludes by the murder of a scarecrow.

I have sundry marvels to relate, touching his fashionable information. He regularly reads every new novel, and makes a point of digesting the contents of the circulating libraries in every watering-place that he visits. Bad, good, or indifferent, it is all the same ; one must read, and though, as the poet says, “ a little learning is a dangerous thing,” it is still a fashionable requisite. With the Scotch novels he is particularly taken, and is of opinion, that *Ivanhoe* is exceeding pretty, and that the conflagration of Front de Beuf's castle, would burn

well at Sadler's Wells. With the author, he professes to be unacquainted, but be he who he may, man, woman, or thing, he must be a prodigy of learning. But what puzzles him cruelly, is the great novelist's description of scenery; for how can beauty exist in the highlands, when they are at least five hundred miles distant from Eastcheap?

His poetical *canons* are equally singular; he has himself been a rhymester in his day, and once indited some *thundering* stanzas to his first love, in which he compared her bloom to the tints of a winter cabbage. The damsel, however, disliked the allusion, and was only reconciled in consequence of hearing him assert, "that poets succeed better in fiction than in truth."

On the drama he is profoundly acute: Pizzaro he conceives to be catching, but is dissatisfied with the want of genius in the last pantomime. Of the capabilities of Mr. Liston's face, he can detail wonders, and always sits in the pit, when Lubin Log is the hero of the night. The imitations of that funny fellow, Yates, he dubs vastly like; and his songs teem with poetry; Shakspeare too, is prodigious fine, but then he is familiar and coarse at times; for instance, Lear had no right to ask any one to unbutton his waistcoat, or tell the storm to "rumble its belly full, and spit;" wonders how

the dramatist could be so indelicate. With respect to the modern alterations of the tragedy, they are very fine ; and so delighted is he with the storm, that he actually encores it, in order that he may have the most for his money.

He is a great observer of fasts and feasts, and once cut a friend, for inviting him to a Christmas dinner without the customary accompaniment of a plum pudding. Occasionally, however, he doubts whether it is correct to kiss a girl under the missel-toe, when the Vestal manners of the day refuse to sanction such effrontery. But twelfth-cake still maintains its ground, in despite of the courtly contempt for its appurtenances ; and the twenty-ninth of September is a privileged day, because, as it comes only once a year, he may eat to suffocation of its symbol, a Michaelmas goose. On the first of April, he most sacredly makes fools of his family, and by day break, they are awakened by the sound of robbers, to be jeered for their timidity at breakfast. His sisters too receive letters from imaginary lovers ; and the postman confirms his epistolary prowess in many an extra ramble.

And such is the character, and such are the pursuits of the nice young man of modern day. Whether merchant, lawyer, or soldier, the ruling principles are the same, though the mode of action

may vary. I have selected the city beau for my description, because the common-place character is more indigenous to the counting-house, than to the camp, or the courts of law. This is easily accounted for; the education of the one is usually homely; of the other respectable, and as the mind strengthens by cultivation but weakens by neglect, the merchant has few opportunities of enlarging his stock of ideas, though he may enlarge his stock of goods, or of correcting the inherent weaknesses of nature. To such a character the world is a huge counting-house where the cleverest member is the best hand at a bargain. In vain for him nature unfolds her stores; the ocean gale is only viewed as the wind that wafts his ships to port, and despite of its sublime associations, the tempest is a nuisance, inasmuch as it wrecks a cargo. To the beauty of external nature, he is constitutionally blind; his loveliest prospect is from the window that overlooks the counting-house; his finest eminence is the site of Ludgate Hill; his most picturesque declivities, the vale of Holborn. In society he is a cypher which married to its kindred unit, begets in quantity what it wants in quality; and in every respect he is one of those insignificant individuals, the fact of whose existence we might forget, if their appearance did not bring it to our mind.

Thus he jogs along the beaten track of life, verging neither to the right or left of the high-way. The poet lingers to call flowers on the road, and the philosopher to smooth its roughness; but the common-place man carries for nothing but his meals and his hour of repose. When his journey is over, he resigns himself quietly to his last sleep, while a ten-pound marble records his virtues, and his generosity encircles the fingers of his immediate friends and executors.

READING SCHOOL REVISITED.

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" Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

VIRGIL.

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ON referring a few months since to an odd volume, entitled, "A topographical account of Reading and its Abbey," it suddenly struck me, that I had suffered many eventful years to elapse without ~~once~~ paying a visit to the scene of my school-days. This reflection was accompanied by no ordinary visitations of conscience; to appease which, I dispatched a hasty luncheon, packed up a few shirts, and feeling, with Sempronius, that "conspiracies no sooner should be formed than executed," hurried off incontinently to the White Horse Cellar.

I reached Reading at a late hour, when the bells of Saint Laurence were chiming their last evening peal; and after a lengthened but interesting chit-

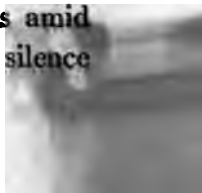
chat with mine host of the George retired to rest, in expectation of being awoke betimes by that chanticleer of ill omen, the school bell.— Although I am not by nature superstitious, yet the very sound of a bell, by recalling the accursed music which used to summon me to punishment, arouses the most sensitive apprehensions; and without forfeiting any pretensions to reason, I may perhaps be permitted to observe, that if ghost ever haunted the scenes of the living, the voice of old Aristarchus the pedagogue assuredly animates the tintinnabulary lungs of modern academies.

Despite however of such awkward reminiscences, the morning sun-shine brought with it unusual buoyancy, mellowed by a shade of reflection which even in the hour of cheerfulness a generous spirit freely offers up at the shrine of departed pleasure. The Abbey, that favorite resort of my childhood, was the first spot to which fancy instinctively allured me, while every step I traced was on ground hallowed by the recollections of the past. Here flowed the dyke which I had so often crossed to escape from the vigilance of ushers; there stood the three posts which marked the boundaries of the play-ground, and to the right in the distance, towered the deep firs of Caversham grove, relieved

by its white chalk-hills which melted away in the mild blue of ether.

As I hastened on my route, the dawning beauties of the day increased the interest of the scene. The sun still lagged in the East, and streamed in a golden light through the ivy-tangled windows of the Abbey; while from the Thames that flowed beneath my feet, rose the silver mist of night. The adjacent meadows sparkled with a thousand burnished hues; large drops of vapor hung half melted on the beard of the thistle, and the distant murmurs of the stirring town, the rumbling of a solitary waggon through the streets, or the careless whistle of the sauntering ploughman, announced that the morning duties were commenced. Often when a boy had I witnessed this graceful spectacle, but the reflections it inspired were then tinged with the happy coloring of youth. When I beheld the sun breaking away from the East amid a delicate variety of clouds, now shrouded in mist, and now climbing triumphant the clear blue vault of heaven, I thought of him only as the herald of a holiday. But the effect was now different; time had thrown over my mind the sober hues of reflection, and the summer sun on which I now gazed seemed at best but an index to the faded volume of the past.

On reaching the Abbey, I seated myself on what had once been a high crowned window, for the situation commanded a well-known prospect. On one side of me rose the venerable school-room with its play-ground in front, and a few stragglers commencing their morning amusements ; and to the left of the ruins, flowed the Thames in gentlest undulations, through the well-known " King's Meadows." As I reclined in all the lazy luxury of contemplation against a projecting buttress, the recollection of past glories rushed full upon my mind. Amid these deserted ruins, I internally exclaimed, the strains of merriment were once heard ; from these time-worn portals gay ladies, and flaunting minstrels issued in pride of ephemeral greatness ; here gallantry once celebrated the praises of love, and devotion offered up incense at the altar of its God. How are the mighty fallen ! The lady and her lover—the minstrel and his choir—the abbot—the friar and the nun, have all gone to slumber in the dark night of the tomb, and centuries have elapsed since the very worm their conqueror has mouldered into dust. But time still remains to tell the tale of other days ; he shouts aloud in every echo of the gale, he creeps amid every ruin of the Abbey, and mocks the silence



of night with the hollow sound of laughter and derision.

The foot of time has indeed trod heavily along these broken arches, presenting in each track an impressive lesson to mortality. To render this homily more striking, a charity school has lately been erected among the ruins, and the contrast which it thus affords to its situation is singular. Melancholy and cheerfulness, youth and age, the cradle and the coffin, are here harmoniously combined, while the billows of active life beat against the very doors of the charnel-house.

I was roused from meditation, by distant bursts of merriment, and on turning towards the playground beheld it teeming with its school tenants. One group of idle urchins were lounging by the cottage of the tart-woman, whom I shall presently have occasion to describe, while others were busied in discussing the propriety of a cricket-match. Here stood some boys listening to the adventures of a wandering mendicant, and there hockey, or foot-ball, or some equally dignified amusement, held undisputed possession of the ground. The countenances of all gave undeniable token of a holiday, and I resolved to take this opportunity of visiting the school-room, which I found in a state of such intellectual dishabille, that I actually

began to doubt whether it had ever been invaded with a broom. A classical halo of dust arrayed it in a garb of learned nebulousness, and a few books, "the lacerated sheep of another's flock," reposed in Mufti fashion upon the floor. Upon the white-washed walls, scraps of Latin verses blended with a miscellaneous assortment of nick-names, caricatures, and initials, seemed the unmolested accumulation of ages. At the head of the room, to the right of the pontiff's desk, towered the good old seats allotted to the first class. I recognized them with enthusiasm ; but what was my consternation, on discovering that sacrilege had been busy in my absence. Not a trace of their antiquated finery was discernible ; no classical sculpturings, no venerable black seas of ink betokened the mischievous genius of the past ; all was vexatiously neat, and even elegant. The library at least will repay my disappointment, I exclaimed, and hurried towards this reverend repository of dust and learning. Thanks to the obscurity of their idiom, the good old fathers still slumbered on the shelf as when with ruthless hand I last invaded their repose. Pindar slept in unmolested retirement, Virgil was in a similar state of torpor, and Homer, like eternity without beginning or end, stood shivering in the chill of solitude. Unfortunate gentlemen !

they little thought that youth would maul the intellect which age had delighted to honor ; or dust envelop the works which royalty had cased in gold.

Having concluded my researches in the school-room, I approached the play-ground to pay the old tart-woman of the Forbury a visit. When last I struggled against the temptation of her sweetnesses she was well-stricken in years, but her quick grey eye as sharp as the needle with which she worked, seemed to promise a lengthened life. In person she was small but spare, unusually neat in dress, and even aspiring on Sundays to the carnal vanity of a hood. It was a pleasant thing to see her, in the long summer twilight, seated at the well-scored door of her cottage in busy conference with a listless group of school boys. As her stories usually kept pace with the number of her audience, and recorded the fame of those youngsters who had left their juvenile iniquities behind them, they proved peculiarly acceptable to their descendants. But the rebellion, the great school rebellion, this was the theme of our good lady's daily eloquence, and formed the epoch from which her time was generally computed. After the fashion of her stories, her ideas were all cast in the mould of singularity. She was of opinion that nothing was so becoming

to a young man as a sweet tooth, and that strict payments constituted nine-tenths of education. In pharmacy she was well versed, for her cakes had cured many a head-ache, and, strange to tell, her irresistible gingerbread nuts, had lightened as many hearts as purses. Of her literary acquirements I am unable to speak with precision, but can affirm as a fact that she has put more good things into the pages of the classical school-books, than their authors had genius to conceive. Fraught with these imposing recollections, it was not without interest that I entered her abode. But the cheerfulness that once characterized it was no more; the vine had crept through the lattice, and the busy spinning-wheel was silent. Amazed at such unexpected stillness, I hastily catechized some boys, who with an evil eye to the grapes were loitering near the garden, and was told that the poor lady had died a few weeks since of sheer old age, with the story of the rebellion in her mouth.

The day was on the wane when I quitted the cottage of the tart-woman, and lost "in endless maze of thought" I slowly retraced my steps to the church-yard of St. Laurence, which skirts the Forbury play-ground. I entered with indescribable interest, for, since last I wandered amid its tombs infancy had dawned into youth, youth ripened

into age, and age "fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf," had dropt its withered foliage upon the grave. But the scene, unchanged by time or circumstance, still retained its former placid character; the yew was the same as when I last saw it, and the sun still lit up with melancholy splendor the storied windows of St. Laurence. The only visible alteration appeared in the church-yard, where the graves were surprisingly augmented. On sauntering among them with that listless curiosity which sometimes animates the living towards the dead, I perceived, inscribed on plain slabs of marble, the names of many of those school friends who in the early spring of youth have so often stood with me to contemplate the beauty of that landscape in whose bosom they now repose. Insensibly I recalled the days when they "were young and proud," when the evening bell, which now sounded their dirge, rocked them to early slumber, and the shrill lark, which now unheeded sung, awoke them to their studies and their sports. Then came by the solemn hour of their dissolution; the weakness of the waning voice; the glazing of the dim eye; the last fond adieu of parents or of friends, the death-bed, the shroud, the coffin, and the bell, and above all, the awful restoration of dust to dust. Fancy then hurried me on to the contemplation of

that hour, when the tear of affection should cease to flow, and when the sole memorial of the dead should linger on the records of the marble.

The mere anticipation of such neglect is enough to depress the most buoyant spirits ; but it was not so much the buried as the living that elicited the melancholy of the moment. The one, I mentally exclaimed, are far removed from the scene of envy or of esteem ; while the others still live though not to the friends of former times. Like travellers they have tarried at their inn, communed awhile with its inmates, professed esteem, passed away with the dawn, and in the bustle of other pursuits forgotten alike their protestations and their associates. But until experience has blunted the soul, it is painful to see these truths evinced in the friends of childhood ; it is painful to see the hearty smile exchanged for the stiff courtesy, and the candor of youth deadened into the reserve of experience. It was not so in the spring time of existence, no mechanical world had then the power of forbidding the smile to rise, or the tear to flow, for like Adam in the garden of Eden, we were happy in the absence of experience. But even in the height of enjoyment we felt that we were not formed to live alone, and resolved to supply the vacuum in our hearts by the society of a friend. When once the

treasure was secured, we sought not the aid of prudence to sanction, or of reason to confirm our choice, for our heart was satisfied and we imagined that it could never vary. Weak-minded enthusiasts! in an evil hour we quitted our friend to enter the world, and that separation though temporary to the eye, was eternal to the heart.

Farewell then to the friendships of infancy! too bright too pure for existence they are the unsophisticated children of the heart. Formed in a moment of confidence, they expire with the cause that created them, for when reserve commences, affection terminates. Engaged in after years too much with ourselves to bestow a thought upon our friend, our attention is solely occupied in bustling through the crowd that every where retards our progress. Though we see him whom we once loved jammed and trodden down beneath our feet, we cast a look of indifference behind us. Perhaps at that moment, a thought of past times darkens our brow; we look up; the crowd thickens; the dangers increase; we sigh out, "Poor fellow," and then pass on, leaving him unheeded to perish or escape. Such is the disposition of our nature; the affections of the heart, like streams flowing on towards the sea, roll awhile in different channels, but are finally absorbed in the exhaustless ocean of self.

The evening bells of St. Laurence now warned me from my church-yard reveries. The sun had already set, and the play-ground was deserted. Not a sound was heard, where all was lately so cheerful, but the drony hum of the cock-chaffer, or the distant hootings of the night-owl. With regret I quitted the neighbourhood, although assured at the same time, that I had revisited scenes which, from the frailty of existence, from disinclination, or other preventives, I might never again have an opportunity of beholding.

THE LANDLORD
OF
The Windsor Castle.

~~~~~  
"so we'll live—  
And chat, and sing, and tell old tales."

SHAKESPEARE.

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AT a trifling distance from Windsor stands the village of Datchet, situated on the banks of the Thames, and crossed by a long arched bridge of recent erection. In its immediate neighbourhood are the dark groves of Ditton, and far to the right in the distance towers the venerable spire of Eton College, from the midst of an amphitheatre of wood. The picturesque appearance of the landscape, is enhanced by a small tavern erected on the Windsor side of the bridge, to equip funnies and sailing boats for the gratification of the surrounding gentry. A few years since, the rage for these aquatic excursions had reached their zenith, and the landlord of the Windsor Castle had in consequence attained the full plenitude of his power. He was

a gentleman of no light consideration, inasmuch as he weighed three hundred and sixty pounds, and was the accredited clerk of the parish. His real name was Patrick O'Doyle, but an inveterate fondness of heraldry which he contrived to acquire in the service of a professed antiquarian, had procured him the nick-name of the genealogist. If a stranger ever appeared in the village, his lynx eye was sure to scrutinize his heraldic appendages, and every iota connected with his descent and birth-right. The coachmen too, he knew them all, father, mother, great aunts, and great uncles even unto the third and fourth generation. Accordingly they never failed to water horses at his inn, where a genuine glass of Yorkshire stingo gave bibulous token that the genealogy of his beer-barrels was at least coeval with his own. In person he was somewhat quadrangular, with a roguish leer of eye, and goodly extent of mouth. A dashing brace of whiskers fringed the borders of each cheek, and then making a circumbendibus towards his chin spread into an uncultivated acre of bush.

Every evening it was his pride to be seen sauntering at the door of his ale-house, in busy confabulation with the youngest and prettiest girls of the village. There was one in particular to whom his attentions were invariably grateful, the late

Miss Susan L——, a young lady whose countenance, according to report, was a complete alphabet of expression. "Give me a kiss," was written in legible characters on the rosy tablet of her lips, and "for shame, you naughty man," twinkled in parenthesis between her eye-brows. Nor was this physiognomical language deficient in the necessary punctuation. Notes of admiration and interrogation lined both dimples of her cheek when she suspected our genealogist of love or infidelity, and a full stop shone in her eye when he pressed her too rudely before strangers.

To this nymph the whole village looked up with awe, as to the future mistress of the Windsor Castle. Despite of her intimacy with the landlord, no one ventured aught to her prejudice. The barber, who on other occasions was a wight of inconceivable loquacity, on this subject was discreetly silent, well knowing that if he gave vent to gossip, the numerous glasses of ale which he would otherwise coax from the landlady elect, when her lord's head was turned another way, would vanish like the Barmecide's dinner into thin air. The apothecary too, who I have reason to suppose knew more about the matter than he chose to communicate, had many pleasant anticipations touching a snug seat by the inn fire-side, which he was loth to lose for

the pleasure of retailing apocryphal scandal. But notwithstanding this general taciturnity, a few malicious anecdotes were circulated through the village by an old lady who it seems had once taken a fancy to our landlord, and who asserted, that he was one night detected on his knees before Miss Susan, to the infinite discomfiture of the parish curate, who was entering the apartment with a similar declaration of love. But these family secrets are beneath the dignity of a sage historian; and as the virgin who gave rise to them is since gathered unto her fathers, I should be loth to rip up old grievances, to the neglect of my tale, and the scandal of its hero.

Well then, to proceed; it came to pass, that one evening, the Eton and Windsor coach licensed to carry six inside and twelve out, set down the authorized number at the door of the Castle. They were cockneys from the classical neighbourhood of Eastcheap, who, freed from the toils of the counter, were going up the river to Eton with the sensible intention, as the landlord termed it, of supping at his domicile on their return. It was a sad evening for such an excursion. Large masses of clouds were seen floating loosely along the grey horizon, and anon clubbing together as if in full divan on the subject of brewing a storm; and those

good-for-nothing jades, the moor hens, appeared to take a spiteful satisfaction in screaming its announcement. The more rational part of the community endeavoured to persuade their companions to postpone the treat, but as our landlord was of opinion that the weather would clear up, a division took place, and the demurrers were left in a fearful minority.

From the moment of their departure, all was confusion at the Castle. Boots was dispatched on a victualling embassy to Windsor; waiters, chambermaids, scullions, each had their apportioned duties, nor was the fat cook excepted. Night meanwhile drew on, the sun had long since set behind a wild canopy of clouds, and the shadows of the neighbouring woods deepened along the surface of the Thames. At this instant the faint shouts of the returning party were heard, and in an instant all was ready for their accommodation.

Fain would I descant on the abundance of fish, flesh, and fowl that graced the supper-room. Fain would I laud the incomparable virtues of spruce beer, and do justice to the well-sorted marriage of a beef-steak with oyster sauce. But themes like these are as much beyond the compass of my intellect as my pocket. Suffice to say, that when supper was concluded, the spirits of the company

had reached an enviable state of exhilaration. The landlord too was called in to contribute his share to the mirth and punch of the evening, and dubbed *nem. con.* vice-president of the cockneys. When the glass had circulated with tolerable freedom, the news of the neighbourhood was canvassed, and one person happened unfortunately to mention the arrival of Lord L—— in the village. The two eyes of our genealogist flashed oblique fire at the intelligence. Here was an opportunity of displaying his learning! could it be passed over? undoubtedly not. “Lord L——, gentlemen,” he exclaimed, crossing his legs with unusual importance, “do you know who Lord L—— is?” “No,” said one of the party. “I believe,” added another, “that he is the member for Windsor.” “Lord L——,” continued Boniface, “is the son of his Grace the Duke of B——, who was the son of Douglas surnamed of Hamilton, third son of Robert of Dalkeith; in virtue of which relationship he bears four quarterings on his arms, as thus, the first, a boar passant argent between three roses argent, the arms of the houses of York and Lancaster; the second, a lion rampant, to show—.” “We will not trouble you further,” said one of the party. “We are convinced of your knowledge,” hiccuped another; an opinion which the whole

assembly cheerfully agreed to take for granted. By this time the conversation became general, and a fresh bowl of punch was ordered, the landlord expressly declaring, that there was not a headache in a hogshead of it. It soon however, shared the fate of the other, and on a sudden he appeared to remember that there had been as yet neither song nor sentiment. This was a master stroke of policy, inasmuch as it procured an accession of punch, taxed however by a song from Boniface, who prided himself not a little on the goodly compass of his lungs. Would that I could say as much for their melody; but strict justice compels me to assert, that let the tune go which way it will, like Matthews, he was always "at home." He married for instance, "Love has eyes" to "Ally Croaker," and even terminated, "Will you come to the bower" with the "Jolly young Waterman."

With these drawbacks upon his science, the party soon received a surfeit, and as almost every topic had by this time been discussed, it only remained to wind up the evening's entertainment with a few ghost stories. The night was well suited to such subjects. It was dark and stormy, just the season in short that a goblin would select to visit his old acquaintance. It is in times like these, when the spirits take their tone of action from the hour, that

the mind is most alive to superstition. Every one had some pertinent tale of horror to recount. One citizen had met in Billingsgate with the spectre of a defunct oyster-wench, who carried her head in a fish-basket. Another, on rambling at night through Gracechurch-street, had been accosted by the phantom of a well-known coachman, with "any gentleman for Camberwell?" "after which speech," continued the spokesman, "he vanished into the breeches pocket of an ostler, who was standing hard-by." Another had been scared on Hounslow heath by the sudden apparition of a post-boy, bearing two coats.—

"Of arms," said the genealogist, "as thus, the first a lion rampant sable, between three fleurs de luce azure, the second—" "No such thing, Mr. Landlord," said the orator, nettled at his interruption, "but two coats of good linsey-woolsey, made, manufactured, and retailed by Messieurs Tims and Sons, Cateaton-street, Cheapside, to whom I have the honor of being agent; and if any of you gentlemen should want a neat parcel of goods—fine Irish linens—India silks, bombazines, or bombazettes, shall be happy to accommodate you on the cheapest terms poss——."

"Did you ever hear," said a thin cockney, when the hosier had handed round his cards of address,

“of the famous Stamford ghost? It created no little interest at the time, and is even now unexplained. As we are in the humour for story-telling, I will relate it;” and accordingly, without further consent, he commenced the whole business, which, at the hazard of being considered too prolix, I shall here beg leave to detail in form. It seems, that on or about the year 1803 an alarm was spread throughout Stamford, that a certain house was haunted; but whether by the phantom of an old woman, a mouse, or a bailiff, was not correctly ascertained. The parson of the parish was summoned, as usual, to exorcise it, but suspecting that the sprite was a female, he very discreetly resolved to commune with her in private. But apparitions, like bad tenants, are difficult subjects to dislodge, and the village was kept in constant uproar. Even the Mayor of Exeter was summoned to attend, a warrant was issued against the goblin, and the whole town, armed with powers both spiritual and temporal, sallied forth to the haunted domicile. On their entrance they were annoyed by the sound of a hornpipe danced by invisible feet; and the mayor, who by the bye is not one of the light weights, was doubled up by a cross-buttock. One of the fattest gentlemen in the room immediately remonstrated with the apparition on his rudeness,

but was answered by a blow, which caused him to turn a sympathetic somerset with the mayor. What was to be done? words were evidently of no use; so recourse was had to an old woman, who, being duly strapped down to the haunted bed, was thumped with much discretion.

The business was now becoming awful for the hobgoblin, whoever he might be, had evidently never been used to good company, as his vapulative propensities betokened. From the circumstance of his exceeding vulgarity it was suspected that he was the ghost of a Cambridge mathematician, who had died in consequence of a fall from the Pons Asinorum of Euclid. This opinion was however scouted, and the parson, who is a profound scholar, suggested that he might possibly be a linguist. With this view, he catechized him in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, (to the great edification of the aldermen and constables in attendance,) and requested him to answer by certain knocks against the wall. The phantom however, who to his other devilish qualities added that of sulkiness, responded only by a couple of levellers applied to the scone of the ecclesiastic, which, by the hollow sound it produced, was uncharitably pronounced to be empty. Night after night thus rolled on and still no discovery was made. Even one hundred pounds was offered by way of reward to

any one who would undertake to unravel it, "which leads me," added the spokesman, "to conclude, that the hobgoblin was at least a thoroughbred one, inasmuch as he has since constantly eluded pursuit."

"It certainly is a horrid story," said the landlord, "but nothing to what I have seen." "Do pray tell us then," exclaimed several of the company, drawing themselves still closer to each other. The genealogist continued: "I was coming home late one night through Ditton park, when on reaching the last stile that leads to the great gates, I fancied that I could hear a trampling of horses' hoofs behind me. I looked round, and there sure enough was a hobgoblin galloping along on a coal-black charger. I hurried on, and when we reached the park-gates, the horseman leaped over the iron railings, cleared the bridge in the twinkling of a bed-post, and vanished over a six-barred gate, with the reins in one hand and his tail in the other." The landlord ceased, and even a pedestrian phantom would have been enough to terrify a less superstitious set than our nervous cockneys; how much more then must their feelings have been discomposed by the idea of a galloping goblin, spurred and booted, with his tail for a horsewhip! "But have you no idea," said one of the most horror-struck, "who this ghost was?" "Why yes, gentlemen," replied him of

the Castle, "the tradition of our village (the punch is almost out) relates, that many, many years ago, a foreigner in disguise came to reside at Datchet, and the first thing he did, was to fall in love with the niece of Lord L——, and the next, to fall into the park pond for despair of the aforesaid damsel. Since which time, as my grandmother has often told me, (shall I order a fresh bowl, gentlemen?) his ghost has been seen to jump out of the water at midnight, gallop to the spot where he first saw the maid, and where he puts on his boots for a ride, and then hurry back to the grave at the earliest crowing of the cock.—"

The wind still blustered without; but as the spirits of the company who had engaged beds at Windsor, were by this time well fortified with cordials, the conversation was broken up, and a general resolution advanced to sally forth. This proposition was carried unanimously, and our genealogist, gratified by the length and prompt payment of his bill, volunteered his services in escorting them part of the way. Their route lay near Ditton park, which, lit by the indistinct glimmerings of the moon, seemed frowning in shadowy grandeur. After crossing a bridge that is thrown over an artificial river, the party separated and the landlord prepared to return.

At each step he retraced his courage began to fail him, while he thought of the galloping goblin, and passed by the spot where he usually put on his boots. At this instant a loud thunder-clap shook the very heavens, and the publican made sure that it was a signal for the sprite to mount. The blast howled along the lawn, and as ever and anon the moon peeped forth from amid a dark mass of clouds, the undulating pines and gaunt shadowy elm-trees looked like a row of ghosts standing rank and file upon the road.

The great gates of the park now appeared in sight, but our luckless wight had scarcely ventured a few paces towards them, when distant shouts arrested his attention. The sound lengthened as it advanced, and the quick echo of approaching footsteps was distinctly heard. "Heaven and earth, who or what can it be!" thought Boniface. His conjectures then wandered over every probable personage, and at last settled in the consoling assurance that the sound was produced by the clattering of the ghost's jack-boots, who was come to maul him for the wilful exposure of his pranks. Horrid idea! For a set-too with man his fists and punch had prepared him; but a turn-up with a spectre, to whom twelve stone weight was no object, was a job more unexpected than welcome. He paused to

listen: the cold sweat streamed down his face. "Our father," he began, "defend us from all temptations," and "from galloping goblins" he would have added, but fear overcame religion, and he fell senseless on the ground, floored by horror and two bowls of punch.

It is now high time to relieve the reader of his curiosity. The fact is, that on the evening of this adventure a dinner had been given at Ditton park by the sons of its owner, who were young and lively members of the University. As usual, the party was kept up till a late hour, when the gowmsmen, flushed with wine sallied out for a "spree." As they hastened on, roaring Bacchanalian pæans, one of them happened to stumble over something that resembled a human form. He called immediately to another, and the carcase of the genealogist was forthwith conveyed into the hall, when it was discovered, from the strong odor that exhaled from his mouth, that the patient was dead drunk.

A curious whim at this instant entered into the prolific imagination of the Cantabs. As the London waggon was about to start from an ale-house hard-by, it was resolved that our inebriated publican should be packed up in the huge family plate chest, with holes bored for ventilation, and this direction nailed to the box, "Hatchett's old White Horse

Cellar, to be left till called for." The joke, assisted by the facetious servility of the domestics was put into immediate execution, and the waggon started for the metropolis.

On waking from his trance, the genealogist turned round as well as his domicile would permit, and took a survey of the premises he inhabited. His disordered fancy which had not yet recovered the effects of the punch, naturally connected his present situation with the goblin foreigner, and, aided by the harsh grating of the waggon wheels, informed him that he was sure enough in the infernal regions. Visions of past iniquities then flitted across his soul. Overcharged customers, wine which forgetful of the seventh commandment had committed adultery with water, and punch innocent of spirits. Miss Susan too—the interesting defunct Miss Susan appeared before his startled imagination in a chemise lined with blue taffety, the identical dress which she wore when, suffocated by an overwhelming torrent of punch and passion, she gave up the ghost in his protecting arms. Her image now knocked hard at the well-cased chambers of his pericranium, accusing him of being in league with the punch-bowl to destroy her. "I am damped," she said, or seemed to say; while the heavily creaking waggon wheels, as they clattered along the

streets of Brentford, appeared to reverberate a sympathetic "Amen." Palsied with affright, the genealogist wist not what to do until it luckily occurred to him that his lungs had often astounded the visitors at the Castle, and he instantly resolved to ascertain whether such admiration was well founded.—

"George," said the driver, who was an Irishman, to his assistant, "by St. Patrick I believe that the waggon is bewitched this morning, for I have heard such a noise from that huge chest in the corner, that St. Vitus, himself must be hidden among the boxes." At this instant the trial of the publican's lungs arrested his attention. "There," said the panic-struck waggoner, "by the powers, man, he's at it again tuning up for an Irish jig, and the devil a box shall I have left. Who are you?" he continued. "The galloping goblin," returned the publican, whose ideas could dwell on nothing else. "Did'nt I tell you so?" replied the waggoner; "it's St. Vitus himself, and we shall have all the Dutch cheeses arranging themselves for a country dance."

After some such further symptoms of fear, the driver proceeded to break open the chest, and the genealogist raised himself from his imprisonment. He was at all times a singular figure but never

more so than on the present occasion. His little fat cheeks were crimsoned with every variety of color that insulted dignity assumes, and his wig independent of shape and grace, hung down with pleasing irregularity of curls upon his almost denuded occiput. When the apprehensions of the trio had abated, enquiry relative to his incarceration followed in due course. To this no satisfactory reply could be made. The landlord was still possessed with the idea of his having been nefariously kidnapped by the galloping goblin, for in what other manner could he account for his extraordinary imprisonment? With renewed horror therefore he gave the story of the ghost, of their former encounter, of the mention of him at the inn; and the subsequent retaliation of the phantom. Much virtuous feeling was elicited on this occasion, and all three were forthwith seized with the most confirmed symptoms of piety.

It was now day-break, the gloom had vanished from the sky, and the fresh dew glistened on the bright blades of meadow grass. The sweetness of the morning communicated its tranquillizing influence to the perturbed spirits of our genealogist, and he had just contrived to regain his usual phlegm, when the waggon rattled along the stoney pavement of Piccadilly. On reaching the White

THE LANDLORD OF THE

Cellar, the publican was dunned for his fare, he very naturally refused, insisting at the time, that the debt was contracted by the piping goblin, who must himself have booked directed him to London. "All I can say is, a," exclaimed the waggoner, "that the ghost is gentleman, to run in debt with a poor man, who s a wife and eleven children to support. However, if he won't pay, you must—"

After some further rhetoric, assisted by an occasional peg in the ribs with which the landlord endeavoured to impress his argument on the haunches of the waggoner as being more vulnerable than his pericranium, the money was paid, and, the lord of the Castle was "sent empty away," damning all refractory goblins, and weeping lustily for the defection of his silver.

As he strolled down the Strand meditating on his past adventure, he happened by the quick pressure of the passing crowd to be hurried into the auction rooms to the east of Temple Bar. On his first entrance he looked wistfully around, but by degrees his mind resumed its native elasticity, and he began to take considerable interest in the sale. Among other commodities, the purchase of some meadow land in the neighbourhood of Datchet was announced, which a random

exclamation from Boniface procured to be knocked down to him.

While he was endeavouring to expostulate, to declare his perfect innocence of the etiquette of an auction-room, and indeed to hustle off the bargain as well as he could ; his attention was arrested by the appearance of an elegant stranger, who had but just entered the sale room, and was advancing with eagerness towards him. " Sir," said the gentleman, " I understand that you have bought the meadow on the banks of the Thames." " I have, Sir : so at least they told me ; but——" " If you have no particular desire to retain the field, I should feel obliged by your allowing me to buy it. I have just purchased an estate in the neighbourhood of Datchet, which belonged to Lord L——".

" What," said the genealogist, " Lord L—— who bears four quarterings on his arms, as thus, the first, a boar passant argent between three roses argent, the second"— " Why really, Sir," continued the stranger with a good-humoured smile, " I have taken no degree in the Heralds' College : but, however, to return to our subject, allow me to say a few words more respecting the purchase. I have a great desire to become the owner of this meadow which lies so convenient to my estate ; and if you will accept five hundred pounds in exchange, it shall

be paid to you immediately." The manufacturer of punch, with all his eccentricities, was a shrewd fellow; he considered that as he came to London at the instigation of the devil, so there could be no harm in returning by the same conveyance. The bargain was accordingly struck, the sum deducted for the original purchase, and the landlord went whistling back to Datchet, impressed with unwonted respect for the galloping goblin, his coal-black charger, and his jack boots.

He has since enlarged his inn, increased his stock of pleasure-boats, and rendered himself, in more senses than one, the weightiest man in the village. Every evening he seats himself, as usual, by the door of his domicile; where the inquisitive traveller may descry him buried beneath a shapeless pyramid of clothes, with the broken stump of a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and a goodly tankard by his side. The young girls still flock round him with their wonted eagerness, and insist upon his relating to each comer the story of the phantom horseman. To this he very good-humoredly concedes, preserving at the same time a most discreet taciturnity touching the purchase and subsequent exchange of the meadow. To all customers at the Castle, and they are by no means unfrequent, he renders himself a welcome com-

panion, amusing them by his genealogical eccentricities, and enforcing each anecdote with his customary and convincing dig in the hams. His punch too is as good as ever, and the parish curate as he smacks his lips in lickerish anticipation of the nightly jorum, has been often heard to exclaim, (but always within hearing of the landlord,) that there is not so sober, so chaste, so exemplary, or so rising a character, as honest Patrick O'Doyle. He then finishes the first bumper to their better acquaintance.

ON FALLING IN LOVE.



Come, rest in this bosom my own stricken deer,
Tho' the herd have fled from thee thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thine own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy, and thro' darkness, thro' terror and shame;
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thine angel in moments of bliss,
Still thine angel I'll be thro' the terrors of this;
Thro' the furnace unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, or save thee, or perish there too.

MOORE.



THIS is the true language of love, of that passion
which reduces the peer and the peasant, the Stoic
and the Epicurean, to one common level. By love,
I understand an undivided affection for one female,
harmonizing with, yet apart from, the minor sensi-

bilities of the heart, hallowing by its sweet presence the grossness of instinct, and shedding a softened hue over every object that it embraces, as the sun beautifies the deformities of nature.

"There is no life on earth," says Ben Jonson, "but being in love." It is the golden chain let down from heaven to link us to the Godhead. It strengthens the arm of the toil-worn cottager, converts his couch of straw into a bed of down, wakes him with the lark, sings him to sleep with the nightingale, and refreshes him in the hour of repose with sweet glimpses of future happiness. Love, *properly* speaking—is the heir-loom of youth an estate entailed upon minority, to be resigned when the owner has reached the years of discretion. It is the romance of life, when the blood runs riot in the veins, and the imagination is peopled with chimeras. It is the ignis-fatuus of the senses, that lures them to the Slough of Despond. It is like the small-pox, for a man never has it a second time.

I was once in love myself—not soberly attached, but downright mad. My friends feared for my senses, as well they might; and even now there are times when the recollections of the past, though linked with folly, are almost enough to unman me. The girl I loved was graceful in

mind and person, and was adored with the disinterested fervor of that passion, which once dead can never be revived. She was all to me—wherever she moved, music floated on the gale, flowers sprung up beneath her feet. Her looks, her words, her smiles, those sweet episodes in the history of affection, were each noted down in the tablets of memory, “unmixed with baser matter.” Those scenes are gone: — lives, but no more for me; she is wiser, I am older, and so the matter rests between us. But can I ever forget the past? No! in the hour of gloom, when remembrance is most alive, “there comes a voice that awakens my soul, it is the voice of years that are gone, they roll before me with all their might.” The form of — — — treads once more the moon-lit sands, once more a golden radiance hangs over the vista of the future, music lingers on each breeze, and the rainbow of promise on each cloud.*

We seldom find love connected with learning; a circumstance which may speak volumes either in its disparagement or praise. There may be two reasons assigned for this. The one is, that know-

* Poets, they say, succeed better in fiction than in truth: the reader may, if he pleases, extend the same privilege to the writer of this Essay.

ledge, though it sharpens the intellect, deadens the more sensitive faculties of the soul, and has the same effect upon love, that mathematics have upon poetry. The other consists in its giving too abstracted a notion of woman, which reality is sure to disappoint. I remember a young man, of high intellectual attainments, telling me that he would never marry till he could meet either with Milton's Eve, or Virgil's Dido. The great Sir Isaac Newton among other sublime discoveries, once attempted the experimental philosophy of love : but, like many other literary characters, his theory of woman was too abstracted, and he found her the most difficult problem he ever solved. His biographers indeed, relate that he lost the affections of his betrothed, by applying her taper fingers to the profane purpose of a tobacco-stopper.

Rousseau, on the contrary, was a glorious exception among literary men, that learning may sometimes co-exist with intensest passion. Madame de Warrennes was La Nouvelle Héloïse, the goddess of his idolatry. Amid the glooms of a morbid temperament, her form was ever present, and shone the rainbow of promise, to which his mind turned for consolation. He heard her voice breathing in every whisper of the gale, her spirit haunted the mountains, mingled with the mellow twilight, and

[illegible]

The commercial agencies in London are in

part produced this utter degradation of sentiment. By referring every thing to riches as to a first cause, they have thrown into the back-ground the finer and more susceptible feelings. They have cast down the altars of Love, and erected a statue to Mammon on the ruins. The times are no more when merry England was the garden of chivalry, and passion was the instinct of the heart. The times are no more when Shakspeare's Juliet was both felt and understood, or when Calantha in the Broken Heart found an echo in the applauding soul of woman. The times are no more, when youths and maidens met beneath the broad beechen tree, when the lover played his madrigals beneath the moon-lit casement of his fair, without dread of censure or of blame. We have become a factitious nation of artifice and cant. Commerce has impoverished our sensibilities, and Love, whose high-priest is Henry Hase, esq., has but one temple erected to his honor—in the Bank, which is fed with oblations from the three per cents. We have lost, besides, our golden simplicity; like some old stock-broker, we are too knowing to be taken in, and pay too many taxes to be able to pay proper attention to the blind god. “When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.” A mournful truism, which bids fair to condemn modern agriculturists to perpetual celibacy.

In alluding, then, to the passion of love in the subsequent pages of this Essay, let me be understood to mean love as it exists in the world, not either as it should be, or as it has been. In this sense I would say that fools are the finest possible admirers. They have plenty of time for sentiment, sufficient mind to pen a love-letter, and sufficient passion to give zest to their pursuit. A sensible man will always be a bungler at an amour; for he has moments of reason, and one second of reflection is long enough to sign the death-warrant of love. It is a job that must not be half done: *aut Caesar, aut nullus*, is the necessary motto. I would despise a lover who, during the intervals of infatuation, had the least "compunctious visitings" of common-sense. It should be a Midsummer madness of the soul, an overpowering sensibility, like that which plumped Mr. Gibbon on his knees before the Duchess of Devonshire.

An elegant French novelist has endeavoured to prove, that love is little less than a crime; in short, that reason is the only instinct that should incline us to the softer sex. This is odd enough; was her husband satisfied with the mind of his wife when he espoused her? were her children the offsprings of intellect? I should think not. Had she been content with asserting, that love, divested of reason, was injurious to the best interests of society,

she would have found many to countenance her argument : but when she decidedly maintains, that in order to promote happiness, the bow of Love must be broken, the folly of the position is self-evident.

Plato, I believe, was the original founder of this theory, the prime advocate of what is technically termed Platonic affection. He first advised us to neglect the person for the mind, forgetful of the adage, that "friendship with woman is sister to love." For my own part, I see no wit in this spiritual communion of sexes. I am less poetical in my notions, and being "a plain blunt man," like to jog on in the old way. A little mind is certainly a pleasant side-dish to the entertainment, but we cannot always stuff ourselves with intellect. I remember hearing of a young lady, who said to a romantic Collegian, "My dear F——, you know that we can never be more than friends to each other, let us then enjoy the innocent happiness of a Platonic affection." The young man wisely took the hint, a rational correspondence commenced, and terminated in a matrimonial trip to Gretna-Green.

I am always suspicious of these Platonic amours. They go sadly against the grain, and are the by-ways from which vice sallies forth on the unsuspecting traveller. A libertine, under their convenient

shelter, steals into the confidence of his victim. He boldly declares a Platonic attachment, until the misguided lady finds, too late, that Plato has less to do with the business than Cupid.

Oh ! Plato ! Plato !—you have paved the way,
 With your confounded phantasies, to more
 Immoral conduct from the fancied sway
 Your system feigns o'er the controlless core
 Of human hearts, than all the long array
 Of poets or romancers—you're a bore,
 A charlatan—a coxcomb, and have been
 At best no better than a go-between.

But to return to our subject. The romance and all the enthusiasm consequent on love, may be excused in youth, but when experienced in riper years deserves ridicule. A man after he has laid aside his school-books, has other things to do than to fall in love with a woman. He cannot always be learned on the merits of a waltz step, or descant with critical acumen on the orthodox brevity of a petticoat. He has nature to read—the Universe to study. Of late years I have never been an impassioned admirer of the fair sex. I take them as nature intended they should be taken, and love them with a reservation on this side reason. In youth however when I first encountered beauty, my fancy tenanted it with a disposition equally faultless.

This was the exuberance of romance ; I soon found that the outward and visible sign was no test of the inward and spiritual grace, so, like Rasselas, in pursuit of happiness, I gave up my researches in despair. Indeed the education of our modern females is of itself sufficient to prevent any awkward propensity to love. They are taught to consider themselves as bargains to be purchased by the highest bidder ; and as the needle turns towards the pole, their thoughts turn towards a husband. Some go by ship-loads to India on the delicate speculation of matrimony, some aim at conquest in the church, others in the theatre, and all in the gay vortex of fashion.

But notwithstanding these drawbacks on our sensibility, there is one class of persons who claim a right to fall in love, as the exclusive privilege of their high calling. To them women are all in all ; they are the subjects on which they exercise their genius, as a barber dresses a well-made wig upon a block. With them a lady is ever young and beautiful ; for there is no such thing as a grey hair in the poet's love-book, or a snub-nose in the vocabulary of his rhymes. The uglier the object of his affection, the more genius he displays in tricking her out to the best advantage. "Poets," says Mr. Hazlitt, "make a goddess of any dowdy.

As Don Quixote said, in answer to the matter-of-fact remonstrances of Sancho, that Dulcinea del Toboso answered the purpose of signalizing his valor, just as well as the fairest princess under the sky; so any of the fair sex will do just as well as another. They take some awkward thing and dress her up in fine words, as children dress up a wooden doll in fine clothes. Perhaps a fine head of hair, a taper waist, or some other circumstance strikes them, and they make the rest out according to their fancies."

For my own part, if I ever fall in love again it shall be with an old woman. I am partial to such antiquated gentlefolks; I could write sonnets on my grandmother, and apostrophize the beauty of my great-aunts. The personal attractions of a young lady may be pleasant to her husband or her lover; but to me, who (thank God) am neither the one nor the other it is immaterial. With an old woman the case is different. Divested of the pruriency of sense, I view her through the pleasing medium of the imagination. I associate her with the past. I talk to her as to a beauty of by-gone years. I consider her as the Venus de Medicis of her century, the Madame de Maintenon of her time. I recall the days when her brow, now silvered with the hoar-frost of age, was ruddy with

youth and comeliness, when dimples graced the cheek now usurped by furrows, and love shone triumphant in the eye which now is lustreless and wan. She reminds me of some fair vision of *Eld*, until absorbed in imagination I forget that she is an antique, and see her in my "mind's eye" as she was seen twenty years since, the delight of her friends, the admiration of society.

But while thus enlarging on the prolific subject of "falling in love," I think it but right to offer a preventive for the benefit of those who, from constitution or habit, are ever afflicted with the heart-ache. The recipe I would propose is simple, and was successfully administered to a friend of mine in the most desperate extremities of the case. When I found that his fits of melancholy were the most violent, I took him with me to Doctors' Commons, where the sight of a licence calmed him with miraculous expedition. In the evening, when he complained of a palpitation of the heart, I administered two ounces of common sense, as a soft emulsion, beaten up with a sarcasm from *Don Juan*. Finding however that his disorder was still dangerous, I called in further aid, and it was resolved, by way of a kill-or-cure anodyne, that he should be married. The shock was electric—his disorder left him—and he has never since been in

love, but has often told me with tears in his eyes, that the remedy was worse than the disease. In all cases of similar danger, I would recommend a large dose of matrimony as an infallible preventive.

But a truce to this rhapsody; midnight has caught me at my study, and instead of falling in love I ought rather to be falling asleep. Should a lady condescend to peruse these straggling lucubrations, let her gentle heart forgive my rudeness, and attribute it to folly, insanity, ignorance, to any thing, in short, but disrespect. Indeed, when an author rambles on heedlessly through a desultory egotistical essay, he is too apt to stray from the right track, as a traveller in a strange country entangles himself amongst briars. But should she feel offended at the inadvertent sarcasms I have ventured upon her sex, let her remember that a general rule is never without its exception, and she is one that I fully resolved to make.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

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"Hic, hæc, hoc,  
Lay him on the block."

OLD SCHOOL SONG.

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THE village of Carisbroke is one of the most picturesque spots in the Isle of Wight. Bounded by a range of hills on the one side, and the dark blue waters of the Medina on the other, it seems totally secluded from the world. A little stream flows through it, and gives a romantic wildness to the neighbourhood, the effect of which is enhanced by the ruins of Carisbroke Castle, frowning in awful magnificence upon the landscape. On quitting the village to the right, the eye of the passing stranger is perhaps directed to a little pathway intersected by heath-broom, and winding round the brow of the slope on which these celebrated ruins are situated. Here on an autumnal evening, when the last

traces of day are saddening into twilight, and the wood-pigeon is cooing her farewell, the whole scene assumes the most luxuriant appearance. From the declivity of the hill the spire of the village church is seen peeping forth from its dusky coverlid of brushwood, and beyond, in the faintness of distance, appear the light craft gliding like shadows along the ocean.

About a mile from this sequestered hamlet, in a copse environed by nut-trees, stands an old-fashioned ruin, on the front of which was once inscribed, in gilt characters, the academical notice—

SEMINARY FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

It was kept by one Laurence Crabtree, who, from the moroseness of his temper, was appropriately nick-named "Old Surly." He had once been a tailor in the village, but having accumulated a sufficiency in the exercise of his vocation, determined to quit the scene, and enlighten his faculties by travel. He was absent about two years, and his memory was already on the wane, when he returned home, like the monkey who had seen the world, pompous, self-conceited, and egotistical. His neighbours, who had always feared, now surveyed him with increased reverence; for every trace of the tradesman had vanished, and he seemed to have

acquired the additional eight parts, which from the tailor are considered as "both requisite and necessary" to constitute the man.

He had been however but a short time returned, when on a minute examination into the state of his abilities, it suddenly occurred to him that they were in the highest possible preservation. To prevent their rotting by neglect, he proposed a system of education, and volunteered the instruction of the village children on all subjects, or, as he himself expressed it, "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*" For the office of schoolmaster circumstances had eminently qualified him, and indeed the elements were so mixed up in him, that nature might stand boldly forth and say this was a pedagogue. His learning was of that peculiar stamp denominated *rigmarole*, and consisted of a mere smattering of the Classics. His Grecian erudition was confined to the first half of the alphabet; Hebrew he knew by sight, while his knowledge of French was bounded by the title-page of *Palairer's Grammar*. And now if I am asked by the sceptic how a tailor could inherit such miscellaneous information, I can merely reply that he was reported to have picked it up together with an old coat, in his travels, and to have rendered them equally subservient to his interests.

But with respect to the school, he did not procure it with such facility as I have procured it for him; for he previously suffered much from reduced finances, having long since resigned his situation at the Board of Trade. In an inverse ratio too his face lengthened as his purse shortened, and his Sabbath coat made its first appearance at a pawnbroker's in Newport. His distress became at length so urgent, that he resolved to institute a school; and lucky it was that he did so, for by this time his flesh had sued for a divorce against his bones, while their poverty-stricken master knew nothing of roast-beef, but the tune.

And here I must beg leave to digress for a time, and say a few words touching the "outer man" of this scholastic curiosity. His head, after his accession to the school, was usually entombed in a wig, that gleamed like a forest in a hoar frost upon his occiput, and then concentrated itself into a picturesque peruque. His brogues, which according to ancient tradition once paid their addresses to his ancles, had long since left that neighbourhood to claim acquaintance with his knees, at which point they formed a pouch of no ordinary dimensions. His well-worn worsted stockings, regardless of the scriptural admonition "wash and be clean," were diversified, like a

motion in the House of Commons, by frequent amendments, and reminded the curious spectator of the Black Sea, with the islands sprinkled about its surface. The rest of his dress was in strict keeping, and his Sunday coat, redeemed from the fangs of the pawn-broker, undulated around him like the frock of a young lady when rudely violated by an audacious north wind.

When the daily evening duties of his school were over, it was his custom to retire to the Three Cups, the only tavern in the neighbourhood, where his colloquial abilities brought in a neat revenue to the landlord, inasmuch as his bill was always proportioned to his edification. Here seated in his oracular arm-chair, he said and ate good things with proportionate activity, and justified in his symposiums the name which he had already acquired, of the Solomon of Carisbrooke. On Sundays he usually appeared at church, enthroned in the midst of his pupils. His features were always cadaverous, but when compressed by devotional gravity, called to mind the parchment of a drum stretched to unusual tension. His nose was of such inconvenient length, that its owner was once advised by a wag to tie it in a double knot; and I am credibly informed, that the parish-clerk, on seeing it for the first time, was so thunder-struck, that instead of

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to my tale, from which I have hitherto been detained in the hope of doing justice to the character of our magnificent academician.

It happened one morning that he was seized with an unusual fit of surliness ; for it seems that on the preceding evening he had been holding forth in a select circle, assembled at the Three Cups, on the advantages of a classical education, when an officious French dancing-master, who had recently settled in the neighbourhood, enlarged on the superior merits of dancing, with a sneer at the original calling of old Surly. This was not to be borne, and a wordy war ensued, in which the company sided with the schoolmaster. Dissatisfied, however, with his triumph, and indignant at the Frenchman's allusion, he returned home, growling defiance to all dancing-masters. When he rose the next morning his choler was still unappeased ; such at least was the opinion of his disciples, who were indulged on the occasion with a liberal allowance of birch and cane.

At the time my narrative commences, he was engaged with his first class, when a stone, evidently directed at his wig, dashed through the window, and effected a forcible lodgment in his coat-pocket. This opened the flood-gates of his wrath, and accordingly his two stoutest boys were dispatched

to bring in the culprit, for whom in the interim an alarming assortment of birch was prepared. The offender was speedily discovered, but screened from punishment by that spirit of honor so peculiar to youth. A substitute was however provided, in the person of our light-beeled Gaul, who happened to be passing at the time in his way to a neighbouring farm-house, and was seized by the emissaries as the owner of the stray stone.

"Oh! heu! and prob," saith Syntax, are the most effectual means of hinting admiration or surprise; but "Oh! heu! and prob," with all the interjectional fraternity, would fail in conveying an adequate idea of the transports of old Surly, when he had thus found a plausible pretext for chastising his enemy. He looked at him with a most horrific grin, and in order to do effectual justice, improved the quantity as well as the quality of his birch. When his raptures had somewhat abated, he reiterated the awful exclamation of "take him up;" and the Frenchman was forthwith hoisted on the back of the strongest school-boy. The birch then descended with a sort of "*facilis descensus Avern*," and between each stripe the executioner ironically observed, that he had never before seen the art of dancing exhibited to such perfection. The Terpsichorist did indeed exhibit the most picturesque

attitudes. He kicked from right to left with fearful independence of heel, swore with much discretion, and terminated his oaths with our most expressive idiom, "Got dam!"—The accusing spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever.*

On the conclusion of this affecting catastrophe, the persecuted Gaul pursued his route to the farmhouse, whither he was wending at the moment of his unholy interruption. He arrived in a most pitiable state: his hair, which had been neatly powdered on occasion of his visit, hung down with perpendicular rigidity; his coat flaps wantoned in the wind with the most laudable indifference to shape; the frills of his shirt were torn, and his tout-ensemble gave the idea of a scarecrow which has been cruelly pecked by the birds. The farmer enquired the cause of his affliction, but was answered by an unconnected assortment of epithets. In a few minutes, however, he was made acquainted with the circumstances, and an adjournment was forthwith proposed to the Three Cups, (where all business of importance was transacted,) that the

* Story of Le Fevre.—STERNE.

sense of the community might be taken. The publican and farmer were of opinion that an apology was due, while the Frenchman ("hear it ye Gods!") persisted in the propriety of a challenge. This, with an amendment, was acceded to; and the Exciseman volunteered the delivery of the cartel.

It was a delightful evening, and his route to the "Seminary for young Gentlemen" lay through the most sequestered parts of the village. The sun had set, and already had the stock-dove commenced her wood-notes. As he entered the copse, twilight had stole over the landscape; and in the calm tranquillity of the hour might be heard the voices of the boys, ascending on the gale like the busy hum of mountain-bees; while far above the general intonation rose the harsh twang of old Surly, and gave no faint idea of the croaking of a bull-frog in the agonies of parturition.

On entering the school-room the Exciseman directed his steps towards the master's desk, who had not yet recovered the indignation of the morning. He delivered his message, and was merely honored in reply, with "take him up;" a mandate which was obeyed with punctilious adroitness. The same discipline was then repeated, but with such spirit that the school master was reported to have strained

his arm, an inconvenience which he manfully repressed in attempting to do justice to the Exciseman; and if indeed that man "chasteneth him whom he loveth," the love of the pedagogue for his victim must have been forcibly characteristic. As yet, however, I am unprepared to assert so heretical a doctrine, and can merely affirm, that after a few more salubrious disciplinings the Exciseman was permitted to retire. Brimful of wrath he returned to the Three Cups, vowing vengeance on the Schoolmaster who had punished, and the Frenchman who had dispatched him on so hazardous an expedition. The Gaul replied only by manual application to his own parts, which had been similarly invaded; and then with rueful shrug of the shoulders faltered out, "Oh! Monsieur Exerciseman, dis vāgabond be dam flocker—he floc me, floc you, floc de toute village."

The story soon got wind, to the disparagement of the sufferers. It traversed the whole neighbourhood, and afforded frequent mirth to the peasants at the Three Cups. Infinite reverence was henceforth expressed for the Schoolmaster, who held his head higher than ever at these two-fold instances of his prowess. As for the publican, who by some strange mistake considered himself a wag, he dispatched all his sons in succession to the seminary;

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and often repeated the anecdote, to the delight of strangers who resorted to his inn. He acquired at last such notoriety, that his story actually rivalled his ale ; and the pathetic ejaculations of the Frenchman, as mimicked by this honest landlord, passed in due time into a proverb ; so that when any of the neighbourhood intended to discuss the merits of a disciplinarian, they would say, “ Dis vagabond be dam flocker—he floc me, floc you, floc de toute village.”

Laurentius Crabtree ! Laurentius Crabtree ! my soul is exceeding sorrowful, when I recall the misfortunes of thine age. If however I omit to mention them, I shall be unjust to a character, which must be exhibited in its varied modifications of severity and softness.

A few years had now elapsed from the period of this famous flagellation, when an honest farmer, by name Kenedy, came with his sister Deborah to reside in the neighbourhood. This same Kenedy was a well-meaning but irritable sort of personage, resembling in his length and breadth Magog, the giant of Guildhall, when according to city tradition he jumped down from his pedestal and dined at the same table with the aldermen. It was his practice every evening to join the assembly at the Three Cups, where the schoolmaster, as president

of the society, was installed in his arm-chair. Here he enjoyed himself with indefatigable perseverance, and when attacked by his sister for his partiality to taverns, used to reply with Falstaff, "What! shall I not take mine ease at mine inn?"

Miss Deborah Kenedy, unlike her brother, was the very pink of piety. She was once reported to have been pretty, and to have fallen a prey to the snares of a young lawyer. Her appearance, however, which was an antidote to love, should have screened her from such scandal, "for look on her face, and you'd forget it all." She had now attained the discreet age of forty; and having long since given up the world, or the world having long since given up her, resolved to devote her exclusive attention to the next. With this view she retired one night to rest, and awoke the next morning a saint, or, as she prettily termed it, "a babe in grace." A methodist who lived in the neighbourhood was instantly consulted, and, after a careful investigation of the symptoms, pronounced that "the babe" had had a call, and sung a pair of psalms to her glorification. From this time the good lady waxed provokingly pious. She composed hymns in the night-season—wept, prayed, and smote herself with discreet orthodoxy, and, in spite of the commandment "Thou shalt do no murder," murdered Ecclesiastes in a poetical paraphrase.

She had not been long in the neighbourhood, when the devotional appearance of Old Surly, as he sate among his pupils at church, excited her attention. She accordingly requested an introduction, and appeared to take much interest in the serious tendency of his conversation. He seemed equally interested ; indeed how could he help being smitten by so much goodness ? The first symptom he gave of a tender nature, was in the clemency of his scholastic punishments. His visits too to the Three Cups were gradually discontinued, his pantaloons were observed to fit with singular gentility, and his coat, so long an anomaly in dress, betokened a radical reform. Enamoured Solomon ! like as the hart panteth for the water-brooks, even so my bowels yearn with compassion towards thee. Five good years and fifty hast thou passed in this wicked world, without one sinful desire ; but now, indignant at thy long neglect, the amorous god wresteth thee to his purposes, even as Sampson was tempted of Dalilah.

From the period of his introduction to Miss Kenedy, the moroseness of our hero slowly but surely abated. He grew more thoughtful than ever, and looked both bilious and interesting. He rambled about the copse early in the morning and late at night, and relaxed in his wonted attention to the

school. Oh! love, love! thou art a devil of an affliction! But was this love real, or was it only, feigned in order to work upon the sensitive feelings of our lady fair? In sooth I know not; certain it was that she heard of it, and pitied accordingly.

But it was in school-time that the amorous symptoms of Old Surly displayed themselves in the strongest light. By the perpetual recurrence of his thoughts to Miss Deborah, her name was ever on his lips, and produced strange blunders—so much so, indeed, that on reading with his boys the first ode of Horace, he unwittingly commenced, “*Deborah atavis edita regibus;*” a mistake which covered him with blushes, and elicited a sly grin from his pupils. His affection now increased in a prodigious ratio; and when he reflected on the well-stocked farm of Kenedy, he indulged himself in the most delicious fantasies. With love comes poetry; and, strange to say, our hero no sooner became a lover, than he felt certain poetical qualms, and in the impetuosity of his transports commenced a thundering copy of hexameters to his flame, of which only the first line is extant:

Deborah cara mihi, carissima Deborah, salve.

Each succeeding day now increased the combustible vigor of his affection. He was like a man

in a slough ; the further he proceeded, the deeper he plunged, till from a slight immersion he gradually fell head over ears in love. He first lost his appetite, then his temper, then his wits, and lastly his scholars, who, as may naturally be surmised, were but ill educated under the guidance of so enamoured a preceptor. Alas ! that rogue Cupid had effectually bewitched him, and there was no expelling the urchin. He manifested himself in divers sonnets, acrostics, anagrams, all of which began with a D, but chiefly in an elegy, which he applied sometimes to purposes of sentiment, and sometimes as a stiffener to his cravat. Nay, I have even heard it reported, that he was one time discovered setting bolt upright in his bed, with a silk handkerchief tied round his head for a night-cap, and a lamp by his side, in busy perusal of Ovid's Art of Love—and that, had it not been for the abrupt entrance of his friend and neighbour, Master Oliver, the parish apothecary, he would have had a fair chance of terminating love, life, and chattels, like Dido, upon a funeral pile. All these symptoms, together with others which I cannot stop to enumerate, naturally betokened some great event, the crisis of which was at hand.

As he was seated one morning at his desk, revenging on his pupils some fancied slight of his

mistress, a hurried messenger announced that farmer Kenedy had left home, and that Miss Deborah was anxious to have a little spiritual conversation with him. His eyes brightened at the intelligence, and in the warmth of the moment he indulged his boys in a whole holiday, while he himself retired to adonize for the occasion.

To have seen him, as "dressed all in his best" he wound along the banks of the lake that skirted the farm of Kenedy, would have extracted a smile from the face of misanthropy itself. He had brushed up his wig with studied neatness, and, in order to augment the fleecy whiteness of the locks, sprinkled them with the contents of a pounce-box. On the summit appeared a hat, which, compared with the immensity of the wig on which it was placed, gave the idea of a fly perched upon the apex of a poached egg. The remainder of his garments were equally singular; and, from the way in which he caught the wind as he passed, he might be denominated a walking ventilator.

After a hurried excursion he arrived, and was ushered into the drawing-room of his fair religionist, who was dressed with starched tawdriness, in a cap gay as the leaves of a red cabbage, and fastened under the chin with ribands of a similar complexion. Her arms and neck were bare, (for, after the

fashion of the day she was in full dress,) and an enormous bracelet encircled each wrist, leaving the spectator in doubt whether she was tied to the bracelet, or the bracelet to her. Her thin angular figure shone conspicuous through all these gay accoutrements, like a May-pole bedizened with flowers; and if height be a requisite to female fascination, Miss Deborah was the summit of perfection. As the pedagogue entered the room, a slight blush crimsoned her countenance, and she laid aside a bible which she had been reading, after carefully turning down the leaf that depicts the loves of David and Bathsheba. She soon, however recovered her confusion; and commenced a sportive conversation, which, after few sly divergings, settled into a dispute upon Platonic affection. The lady was here in her element; she harangued very sensibly on the pleasures of love unconnected with sinfulness, while the nervous agitation of Old Surly gave the denial to her assertions. Several times in the course of the discussion he rose and resumed his seat—until, unable any longer to suppress his emotions, he fell on his knees and made a formal declaration of love. Heavens and earth! what did he not utter? He raved about her charms, swore by her two eyes, (she had but one,) and concluded by offering to fling his wig and

fortune at her feet. Nay more, in the height of frenzy, he actually dared to seize her gaunt hand, and, agreeing perhaps in the truth of the proverb, the nearer the bone the sweeter the flesh, imprinted a thousand kisses on each time-worn knuckle.

At this instant, while the heated pulse and swelling bosom of the old girl (I beg her pardon, I should have said young lady) attested her sympathy, the door opened, and in rushed Kenedy, followed by the Exciseman, who, as it appears, had seen the Solomon of Carisbroke enter the house, and had given an exaggerated statement to the farmer. The Schoolmaster rose from his knees; while Kenedy, attacking him with every epithet in the vocabulary of disgust, rained a heavy shower of blows upon his carcase. A battle instantly ensued. The farmer attacked the Schoolmaster; while Miss Deborah unwilling to be neglected, fought with alarming intrepidity, and observing that the Lord had commanded her to take the part of the godly, even as Jael drove the nail into the temples of Sisera, drove her own nails into the cheeks of the Exciseman. As for the poor flagellant, after a slight struggle, he remained in a state of passive obedience, while the fair virago, incensed at his timidity, attacked his nose with infinite dispatch.

This—this — was the unkindest cut of all,
For when the noble Laurence saw her scratch,
Ingratitude, more strong than Deborah's arms,
Quite vanquished him ; then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his 'kerchief muffling up his nose,
Which all the while ran blood, Old Surly fell.

There are some callous dispositions, to whom disgrace is but the inconvenience of the moment, and who rise, after each mishap, as the reed when the blast has blown over it. This was not the case with poor Solomon : he was a pedant, but he had all the pride of principle about him, and knowing little of mankind, could ill brook the worldly doctrine of expediency. In proportion to his sense of importance, was his consciousness of degradation ; and when the once-obsequious villagers passed him with a sneer, his proud soul bled within him. But even at fifty life has charms ; and where there is an *hospitium* within call, and an audience to edify by one's learning, there needs little or no philosophy to reconcile us to existence. So argued our academician, when after a decent interval he timidly ventured to resume his arm-chair at the Three Cups. But his dignity was fled, never to return ; and when, on entering, he discovered Kenedy, the Publican, and the Exciseman, engaged in busy waggery, his intended fortitude forsook

him. But when they congratulated him ironically on the happy termination of his amours, he burst into a passion of tears, exclaiming as he retired, that it was but sorry courage to trample on a broken heart.

When the mind is harassed, the body soon declines; and a few days subsequent to this insult, found our Schoolmaster on his death-bed. As he approached nearer to the goal from which no traveller returns, his moroseness subsided into a spirit of the gentlest humility. "I freely forgive my enemies," he exclaimed to the apothecary, who attended him in his last moments, "although their gibes have cut deep into my soul." "Console yourself," replied his companion, "it was but a jest; and they that laughed, little recked that it would create a tear." "Jest!" resumed the invalid, "is a broken heart a fit subject for jesting? Oh! Master Oliver, I have seen and wrestled with many a sorrow, but the reflection that cut me to the soul was, that mine own dearest friends should desert me." "Nay, but hear me, my good Sir—" "I know what you would say," continued the pedagogue, his native pedantry bursting through, even in the arms of death,—“but it is all *flocchi, nauci, nihili*, for I am fast going to a region where neither syntax nor prosody will avail me.”

It was now evening, and the sun was setting in a flood of crimson glory. "Undraw the curtains," exclaimed the invalid, "while I take my last farewell of yon declining orb—or, as Virgil hath it, of golden-haired Phœbus. *Sol ruit, et montes umbrantur*, when this broken heart is at rest, and this unworthy character is for ever forgotten." "Be easy on that head," said his friend, "for, believe me, your name will live in Carisbroke long after your bones are in the mould." A gleam of conscious vanity brightened the eyes of the dying man, as with a faint smile he replied, "Why yes, Master Oliver, though it doth not become me to boast, I thank God that I was of some little consideration in classical literature. My nonsense verses were good, and my acquaintance with Phædrus passing that of ordinary mortals; but death, you know, *æquo pede pulsat pauperum tabernas regumque turres*, and he is now knocking hard at my chamber-door. Retire then awhile, I beseech you, for I would fain make out my last half-year's bill, and balance the etceteras with my Maker." His companion immediately quitted the room, while the Schoolmaster employed the brief interval in addressing himself fervently to that God, in whose presence he was so soon to appear.

After a short time the apothecary returned; but

started on perceiving the change which even that brief space had occasioned in the countenance of the invalid. The hand of death was already impressed on his forehead; and in the intervals of delirium, he incoherently exclaimed, as if engaged with his pupils, "Hic, hæc, hoc; Genitive hujus, Dative huic; well, go on, you dunce, Accusative—Tom Holloway, take up Jem Stykes; I'll teach you to remember the Accusative. First class, come up to your Phædrus, *Lupus et agnus siti compulsi*, a wolf and a lamb compelled by thirst—very well indeed."—

"Poor fellow," whimpered Oliver, bursting into tears, "he's thinking of his school, I doubt." After a short time the lunatic continued, "*Deborah! tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi*—no, no, that's not it, for she forsook me, and all the world has forsaken me now." "Nay, good Master Laurence, you have still one friend left." "I thank you from my heart," whispered the invalid, in the brief interval of recollection; "a few moments longer, and your kindness will not be needed; for the alphabet of my life is finished—my last substantive declined." He spoke but too true—the life-blood ebbed to his heart—a faint sigh was heard, and in an instant all was over."

He was buried in the church mentioned in the

opening description, and on the green sod was placed a marble slab, with this brief memorial—

LAURENTIUS CRABTREE

OBIIIT A. D. MDCCLXXXIV.

ÆTAT. 55.

The school after his decease was deserted, and gradually became the melancholy ruin which it now appears. I could be very sentimental on the occasion, but am in a desperate hurry to come to the end of my story. Suffice it to say, that the Exciseman and French dancing-master still continued in the village; while the publican and Kenedy were appointed joint presidents of the club, in the room of the defunct pedagogue. As for Miss Deborah, she found that not even her brother's influence could preserve her reputation for chastity; but consoled herself by reflecting, that man is born to vilipend, as the sparks fly upwards. Feeling, however, that she was held in general contempt, she observed one day, that the Lord had commanded her to sojourn in a foreign land, whither she shortly afterwards retired, to the satisfaction of her kinsfolk and acquaintance.

And now gentle reader, my narrative is concluded; and if any one doubt its authenticity,

I tell him, if a Clergyman, he lies;
Should Captains the remark, or Critics make,
They also lie too—under a mistake.


But the best way of ascertaining the fact, will be for the inquisitive reader to visit in person the scenes I have described. He will there find the Three Cups still in existence, and the remembrance of the Schoolmaster still cherished in the neighbourhood. Nay, so fresh is his memory, that a few years since his ghost was seen by one of his old pupils to stalk through the school room, with the intention, no doubt, of looking after his Phædrus, which he requested should be buried with him. He was met by the parish-clerk, whom he interrogated in Latin, and electrified with his classical proficiency. "But this was no wonder," said a notorious wag in the village, "for a *dead* man would naturally wish to speak in a *dead* language."

THE BALL ROOM.

~~~~~  
"Where modest females with unblushing face  
Disdain to waltz, but in a man's embrace."

SHERIDAN.  
~~~~~

THE long-expected evening has at last arrived, and Miss Eliza Gadabout, who was apprehensive that the day would never draw nigh, has just contrived to change her dress, and her opinions at the same time. Now her father's footman thunders at the door—and the family in a fashionable undress, appropriate apparel for a winter night, hurry away to the ball. Now the coach reaches the scene of invitation, and a little innocent, but slightly vociferous confabulation ensues between the rival charioteers. Now one Jehu is of opinion, that his opponent is a fool, and the other is possessed with a notion that the application of his whip would be useful. Now a boxing-bout ensues, in the midst whereof our party are ushered into the hall. Now



the footman, who is "a bit of a wag," turns the eyes of the company upon them, while the young lady blushes like a pink, and her papa like a daffodil. Now the dance commences, and the drawing room waxeth warm. Now our old gentleman is unable to conceive what the deuce is the matter with the men, when he finds his daughter still unprovided with a partner, while, in the heat of vexation, she utters divers philippics against dancing. Now "a nice young man" addresses her, and lo! she changes her opinion. Now the first two sets are over, and her partner is glad of his escape. Now the elders of the party, weary with the clattering of heels, agree to have an innocent game of cards; which they commence in good humor, and end in a passion. Now one old woman accuses her antagonist of false play, and he asks if she means to insinuate. Now she disclaims all insinuation, but is still of opinion that he cheated. Now the supper is announced, and down rush the party like a herd of swine. Now, in the hurry of confusion, a lean young gentleman thrusts his elbow into the ribs of an elderly man of twenty stone, who requests his neighbour to leave his hams to their right owner. Now the lean young gentleman intrudes deeper still into the haunches of his companion, who accordingly gives it up for a bad job, and submits in

solemn silence to the infliction. Now the supper room is attained, and the lady of the house is dosed with complimentary glasses of wine. Now the young gentlemen, inflamed by a few extra potations, inform the young ladies that they are vastly handsome—and the young ladies believe it. Now a dashing officer lays siege to an old dowager at the West end, who after the usual modicum of resistance surrenders at discretion. Now an elderly widow talks of her poor dear husband, and a wag at her elbow observes that he had a lucky escape in dying. Now says the same wag to another elderly gentleman at his left hand, “Pray, ma’am, who is that conceited quiz beside us?” “That, Sir!” shrieks the scared beldame, “is my daughter.” On which the critic is seized with the most confirmed symptoms of penitence. Now amid such frivolous chit-chat, the party adjourn to the drawing room, and the dance is resumed—until the young men become enamoured, and the young ladies, instead of blushing behind their fans, dispense with so superfluous a ceremony. Now instead of dancing their partners prefer *reeling*, and reel with intoxicating but adroit obliquity. Now the hour arrives for the assembly to disperse, and the mummery is completed by day-break.

And such are the customary ingredients of a

dance, or, as it is more emphatically designated, of a rout. Fops with no pretensions to ability, here strut in all the grandeur of their nothingness ; bachelors of fifty, here assume the heedless vivacity of youth ; and fashionable spouses lay the seeds of future divorce. A dance, as Lord Chesterfield said of the House of Lords, is the hospital for incurables. If it were merely the relaxation of an hour, it might be considered as a rational amusement ; but where it occupies life, to the exclusion of more important duties, the injury is irremediable. Many a young mind has traced its ruin to a ball room ; and many a gay heart, captivated by the fashion that sheds temporary brilliance around it, has ached to participate in the amusement. This is more especially the case with the inexperienced female of respectable family and confined expectations. In the ardor of youth she enters the magic circle, her innocence confirms the paradise that her fancy had created, and the witchery of the scene glides imperceptibly into her heart. If beautiful, admiration dodges her step, till the language that flattery dictates is mistaken for the effusion of nature. Thus heated with adulation, and softened by the semblance of respect, she suffers her feelings to be captivated by some smooth-tongued fashionist, whom from his superior connexion and income she

may never again meet. Remorse is the consequence; she sighs for pleasure she must never know, and concludes a Spring of disappointment by an Autumn of moroseness.

The spear of Ithuriel would be of infinite utility in a ball room. The young might then feel the truth, and estimate it according to its deserts. Many a form now bedecked with smiles, would then be convulsed with care; many a laugh be converted into a sigh; and many a cheerful countenance betray a broken heart. So much for the mental—the personal transformation would be equally effective. The bloom would drop from the cheek, and the wig from the brow of age. The dashing belle who now parades the ball room in the apparent luxuriance of youth, would then shrink into the well-worn veteran of fifty; and her eyes, those soft tell-tales of love, would tell nothing but the ingenuity of the maker. The accomplishments of the assembly would then be ascribed to their proper origin, and the tailor and the hair-dresser would prove the most accomplished characters of them all.

But not only in the opportunities of deception which it presents to experience, is a ball room injurious; in the control it exercises over society it is equally detrimental. By exhibiting a false esti-

mate of ability it converts the fool into the philosopher, and, by the same felicitous alchemy of mind, bedecks ignorance in the garb of reason. The great seal of fashion sanctions the mistake, and the ass dressed up in the lion's skin is the acknowledged lion of the day. His ears may perhaps betray him to the lynx-eye of penetration, but the generality of devotees either cannot or will not discern them. Like Titania, under the influence of magic, they adore the ignobler beast; but when the fashion of the hour changes, the infatuation vanishes, and the animal brays nonsense in his appropriate character. The beau monde of the ball room was never so contemptibly deteriorated as at present. A few witty apophthegms, transmitted, like other entailed estates, from son to son, from age to age, form the staple of fashionable conversation. We descend daily in our notions of excellence, and, instead of praising the qualities of the head, pay exclusive adoration to the heels. Well then might Vestris exclaim—"There are only two great men in the world, the French Sovereign and myself; if I were not Vestris, I should have no objection to be the King of France."

But if this observation was justified in soberer times, the fashion of the passing hour will warrant a loftier strain of egotism. The newspa-

pers are daily replete with advertisements of quadrille masters, who, in the conscious enthusiasm of genius, profess to teach even the bear to waltz ; and a celebrated dancing master has lately realized a fortune, by initiating young men in the fashionable buffoonery of a bow. This, among other instances, will give to succeeding generations an exulting consciousness of the nervous intellect of their ancestors ; and they will read with a blush of shame, that J—— the famous quadrille master kept his carriage, while C—— starved at Highgate ; and that the nine Hungarian tailors adorned and manufactured the ball room, while the nine Muses withered in their Aonian garrets. Nay, so inconsistent even is the caprice of fashion, that the nimble qualities of the heels, when transferred to the fingers, are the surest road to degradation and contempt.

There is another accomplishment indispensable to the ball room, which, on enumerating its varied excellencies, we should scarcely be justified in withholding. We allude to the elegant science of boxing, the delight of camp and court. This propensity originates in the warlike genius of the age, and pervades even the most polished circles. Our finest bards are our finest boxers ; they break the heart with their poetry, and the head with their

their fists, and fight their way to the temple of Fame, with verses in one hand and boxing-gloves in the other. So prevalent is this fascinating pursuit, that it seems to have an equal effect on the sensibility with love itself; and the facetious editor of Peter Corcoran's works informs us that the hero of his duodecimo broke his heart and wind from too close an intimacy with pugilism. Illustrious age of manual chivalry! when friends not only shake hands, but fists, when the champion of the ring is the darling of the ball room, and Pierce Egan is dubbed a celebrated character.

The javelin was once the martial instrument of the times, and kings felt themselves honored in entering the lists of glory. The more plebeian fist is now-a-days the fashionable weapon; the hands of Great Britain eclipse the splendor of its arms, and their beauty is proportioned to the vigor of their cross-buttock. Even the fair sex, feeling perhaps that "none but the brave deserve the fair," dwell with singular complacency on the newspaper records of battles; and it was but the other day that we overheard a young man at a select circle entertain several ladies with a profound dissertation on the merits of the tight Irish Boy.

We have observed that fashionable society is deteriorated; and there can be no stronger illustration

of the fact, than that a short time since a celebrated literary character was compelled to free himself from the charge of lunacy, for having spoken a few sensible words in a ball room. For ourselves we cannot help professing an unqualified contempt for dancing, and its appendages ; and when we see such men as S—, or T—, or P—, or M—, neglected for the insects that buzz in a crowded assembly, our aversion is increased an hundred-fold. We can make allowances for bad taste, but when blended with stupidity it is insufferable.

And yet the time has been, when in the earliest glow of youth, with those famous lines of Gray for ever in our mind,

“ Where ignorance is bliss
’Tis folly to be wise—”

we conscientiously adhered to the principles we professed. The time has been when we too could find amusement in a ball room, and be elevated to enthusiasm by the witchery of the scene. In the gay bowers of D— we could once while away the hours in the company of fashion, and apostrophize in our dreams the beautiful spirits that swam before our fancy. But our hospitable friend has gone to his last account, to mingle with the dust of dead ages. In the hours of gaiety or gloom, of

sickness or of health, his memory rushes over our mind like a fairy vision of the past. We recall him—witty, liberal, kind-hearted, as we once knew him,—and then turn with chilled hearts to the spot where he slumbers. Soft be his pillow, and tranquil his repose ! He has left a blank in the neighbourhood of D—em, that will not easily be filled up. The woods still echo with his praise ; the nightingale, to which he has so often listened, still breathes her melancholy plaint ; and his name, kept alive by such memorials, is still green in the remembrance of his friends.

A DULL DAY IN LONDON.



“Dead dogs and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.”
SWIFT’S CITY SHOWER.



AN Essay, says Dr. Johnson, should be adapted to its subject; and as the subject on which we intend to expatiate is a dull day, so shall our dissertation possess an orthodox and corresponding dulness. Of all inconveniences to which our ill-starred nature is subjected, the penance imposed on us by a rainy day in London is the worst. It commences with an early drizzling mist, which fits tight to the body, like a suit of fashionable clothes, and then cohabiting with the smoke of the metropolis, begets a precious offspring of fog, pestilence, and head-ache. On getting out of bed at the usual hour, you undraw the curtains, in hope of fronting the full face of a cheerful sun—but find,

instead, a darkness both tangible and visible—to feeling as to sight. Shivering at the disappointment, you tumble once again into the snug corner of your bed, and from the hazy appearance of the weather draw apologies for a further indulgence in napping. This will do for a time; but the fatal hour must arrive; and (*horrendum dictu!*) the unpolite glass hints that your chin bears no faint resemblance to a goat. Well then, shave you must; and as you are in a desperate hurry, your beard looks as thick and stubborn as a shoe-brush. To increase, if possible, your disquietude, the razor refuses to scrape acquaintance with your chin—until after an obstinate resistance it makes up for lost time, and cuts your flesh in the very part where it is most conspicuous.

Meantime the tea and toast are getting cold, and hunger hints that breakfast is no insignificant addition to the sum of human felicity. Down then you go, and, while engaged in sipping adulterated bohea, hear the rain patter dismally against the window, as if to remind you of an engagement formed with a gentleman at the East end of the town. While reflecting on the most eligible mode of conveyance, in comes the servant, (if you have one,) and the mistress of the lodgings if you have not, and observes, with a corres-

pōnding length of phiz, that the only umbrella in the house has been seized, as it were, with a violent fit of the small-pox, and has broken out into holes in every direction. This is delightful intelligence, and gives you a fine plea for adopting the philosophy of Heraclitus.

Well! at last, breakfast, like a long story, has come to an end; and as promises are sacred, whether (to use an elegant idiom) it rains cats or dogs, you stalk forth in sullen dismay, like the shade of Dido when she met Æneas in Hell. The umbrella meanwhile, after the fashion of a sieve, makes a refined selection of rain-drops upon your hat; and your only consolation is, that the bigger ones can't get through. As you are in an enormous hurry, the usual obstacles of the city delay your progress, in exact proportion to the speed you wish to make; so that by an accurate computation, you may calculate the moment of your arrival, by adding two extra hours to the one appointed for your interview.

On entering Cheapside, you have a glorious opportunity of soliloquizing, until a waggon, which seems to monopolize all the horses in the neighbourhood, has crossed your road. Out of evil, however, springeth good, says the Psalmist; and you have now fit leisure to ascertain the time.

You accordingly refer to your watch, if you have not previously consigned it to the pawnbroker, and discover that you are a full hour in the rear of your appointment. "Hang the watch—it must surely be wrong," you exclaim, while reflection whispers that it goes vexatiously well. At this instant, a Newfoundland dog in search of its owner rushes past with ungentlemanlike independence of motion, liberates the uncivil watch, and deposits you in a good-sized gutter, filled with an agreeable assortment of defunct dogs, truant turnip tops, and stray shoes, of all of which you have at least the satisfaction of making "your election sure."

After the customary period of prostration, you rise in a deep suit of mourning for the death of the watch, while the clenched noses, and expressions of "how extremely filthy," of passing strangers, betoken your approach. While thus, like a walking smelling-bottle, you deal out olfactory treasures, a fashionable friend whom you would not encounter for worlds, scents you at a distance, and hurries forward for the combined purposes of curiosity and condolence. Away you run; but in popping round the corner of a bye street, catch a perspective glimpse of a tailor, who *sues* for the honor of an introduction through the medium of a bailiff. Thus you contrive to

verify the old adage, "*Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim*," and with difficulty escape the jaws of the monster by another friendly *circumbendibus*.

After a few similar episodes, you reach the scene of appointment, in full expectation of terminating your miseries by a change of raiment. But, alas! "sorrow treads hard on the heels of happiness," and you are informed by the servant with a grin, which is answered by a dismal attempt at another from yourself, that his master is gone out, astonished and displeased at Mr. D.'s unaccountable delay. Home then you return, but not until you have encountered the usual concomitants of rainy weather—such as the gratuitous droppings of other people's umbrellas, which descend in rivulets from your shoulders, the passing splash of a clumsy carter, and the salute on the shin-bone from the projecting clogs of some perverse old gentlewoman.

On reaching home you discover the strict truth of the proverb, that misfortunes seldom come alone, in the multitudinous array of creditors who await your arrival. On looking into their faces in hopes of discovering some gleam of sun-shine, you find for your especial comfort, that like the day they are dull, ugly, and ominous. What

must be done?—a few small payments must at least be made; but on referring to your purse and pocket-book, you discover that some gentleman, in the good-humored levity of his mind and fingers, has relieved you from the fatigue of carrying the one, and that the rain has made a proselyte of the other, by converting it into a pleasing pulp. Unfortunate catastrophe! your creditors of course are infidels, and move off with the firm intention of procuring you apartments in the Bench.

When this miraculous draught of duns is over, you deny yourself to every one who may happen to call, in melancholy anticipation of a fresh shoal of sharks. The word, however, is no sooner given, than the gentleman whom you missed in the morning knocks at the door, but being denied pursuant to order, hurries away in a pet, fully convinced that you intend to insult him and his.

Meantime the hour of repletion approaches, and there is but one solitary shilling wherewith to stay your appetite. On the instant of the discovery a most prodigious inclination ensues, and the steams exhaling from the different cook-shops smell more irresistibly fragrant than ever. On your road to dinner, the rain still continues; the street and the shower, like a couple of malicious old crones, are busy in casting reflections at each other;

the gutturs, swelled into rivulets, roll majestically along, and the big drops fall with monotonous sullenness on the unprotected pate of some hatless pedestrian. The sun shines forth now and then, to see how things are going on below, and then retreats, as much as to say, "I'll have nothing to do with such an ill-looking world;" while a dismal fog obscures the landscape, as an old woman conceals her ugliness in a veil.

The rain at length ceases; and on returning from dinner, the raised petticoats of a lady who is walking before you, display a pretty foot, the probable title-page of a beautiful work. In a few minutes the owner of the treasure turns round; but what is your horror on discovering the visage of your great-aunt, the contemporary of Methusalem. You bow with sullen dismay; while she takes the privilege of relationship, in entrapping you for a walk, directly opposite to the place where you are going. When this infliction is over, you return home, like Goldsmith's traveller, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow;" but, on finding that the day appears to consign its dulness to the especial custody of the night, are ready to burst with vexation, and go to bed fully persuaded that you would have gone out and hanged yourself in the park, if you were not afraid of catching cold by the experiment.

THE MIDNIGHT MURDER.

“It is the very witching hour of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world ; now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.”

SHAKSPEARE.

IN the county of Galway, in Ireland, there lived a young couple, the children of two neighbouring cottagers, who were betrothed to each other from the earliest period of infancy. Their parents were of the lowest class of peasantry, and possessed no inconsiderable share of the national characteristics. With dispositions inherently good, their passions had been inflamed by the pressure of acute poverty, and finally induced them to join the rebellion, which terminated in the death of E—— and his associates.

It happened that the father and mother of the young girl, with the youth to whom she was betrothed, were sitting round their fire-side, when a sudden knock at the cottage-door induced them to hasten to the gate. A tall elegant stranger, closely muffled in a military cloak, entered their humble dwelling, and through the folds of his roquelaure attentively surveyed the groupe. He appeared young, noble, but wrapt in gloom; which, at the period to which I allude, was felt more or less by every Irish patriot.

After a long pause, he relaxed somewhat in his scrutiny, and, having insisted on the departure of the females, commenced an animated recital of the civil dissensions of Ireland, and terminated his discourse by solemnly conjuring the cottagers, as they valued their rights, their liberties, and their principles, to participate in a rebellion, which was raised for the preservation of their country.

His appeal was not lost upon his audience. The iron of slavery had entered into their souls; they had felt the sting of poverty, and were ready to embrace any prospect of ultimate emancipation. They had hearts too that could feel, and hands that could wield a sword; and as the stranger saw

the tears coursing down their cheeks, he embraced them with transport, and promised to meet them on the ensuing evening, on the bleak moor which adjoined the village where they resided.

The night soon arrived ; and having taken an affectionate farewell, the one of his betrothed bride, the other of his wife and daughter, the couple set forward on their march. As the clock from the village church struck eight, they entered on the place appointed for their meeting. At the remotest corner of the moor they observed a man hastening to join them. It was the stranger : he hailed their appearance with enthusiasm, and taking a hand of each, desired them to accompany him in silence. The party soon quitted the moor, and, as they cut rapidly across the high-road, discovered a numerous company of horse-patrol, scouring along with swords drawn, and steel helmets flashing through the darkness of the night. By creeping under the hedges they were easily enabled to avoid them ; and when the sound of their receding steps could be heard no longer, they cautiously stole from their hiding-place, and pursued their midnight march.

They had now entered on a dark mountain-pass, enclosed on either side by precipices, which rose to an awful distance above them. Beyond

towered a gloomy forest of pines ; and to the right in the distance appeared the bleak hills of Wicklow. The dead of night drew on ; and as the wind roared through each opening cleft in the mountains, the spirits of the travellers assumed a corresponding tone of dejection. They moved along in silence,—not, however, without an occasional murmur from the cottager and his son-in-law, as to the direction of the road they were pursuing ; and they had already commenced an expostulation, when the moon peeped through the mass of clouds in which she was buried, and revealed the expanse of the deep blue ocean, which roared at the base of the mountain along whose summits they were winding.

In a few minutes they had gained the further side of the pass, and could distinctly hear the hum of human voices, and see the dim flickerings of a hundred torches, revealing to their surprise a cavern which seemed yawning to receive them. They advanced towards the entrance, where a sentinel, with a pike in his hand and a broadsword by his side, was stationed. “ Who goes there ? ” he exclaimed, levelling his weapon at the approaching party. “ Friends,” was the reply. “ The watchword.”—“ The Emerald isle,” returned the other, and hastened on, accompanied by his two astonished associates.

After winding through a narrow passage that admitted but one at a time, their eyes were dazzled by the glittering radiance of torch-lights, which illumined the dark vaults of the cavern. A charcoal fire burnt in the middle of the cave, and threw a sulphureous glare on the ferocious features of the surrounding group. From the centre of the arched roof a lamp was suspended, and on every side hung broad-swords, pistols, and other instruments of destruction. On the entrance of the stranger with his companions, the rebels advanced to meet him, and paid him that involuntary respect which true dignity never fails to elicit. He had now thrown off his mantle, but his features were still carefully concealed. He was habited in a simple suit of green, and advancing towards his two companions, recommended them to the rest of the group as friends to the liberty of Ireland. They were received with shouts of applause, the fearful oath of allegiance was taken, and they were equipped with arms to be used in the ensuing contest.

Among the number of those who held their nightly meetings in the cavern, was an old enthusiast, well known by the name of "Allan of the Moor." He was a reputed wizard, and had no inconsiderable influence over the assembly by the

wild and savage singularity of his demeanour. His face was cadaverous ; his matted hair thinly strewn over his wrinkled brows ; but his eyes were as the eyes of the dead. As his prophecies, the effects of a distempered imagination, invariably announced a successful issue to the contest, the rebels daily received a formidable addition to their reinforcements. They remained with their families during the morning, and assembled each night in the cavern, but with such precaution, that they were enabled to baffle the penetration of the soldiers who were stationed in companies throughout the country. The troubles of Ireland meantime raged with unabated energy ; the sentiments of liberty were tortured into the language of treason, and the military oppressed the unfortunate peasants with unexampled despotism. The whole of the lower classes, on whom the yoke fell the heaviest, resolved at last to take the earliest opportunity of recovering their freedom.

On a gloomy night in autumn, they assembled in Thomas-street, Dublin, where they had previously deposited their arms, and awaited in anxious expectation the signal that was to announce their rising. As the Castle clock struck the hour of eight, lights were seen burning on the summits of the neighbouring hills ; the roar of musquetry was

heard, and a fearful contest took place in the crowded streets of the city. The alarm-bell was immediately rung, the riot-act read, and the drums of the military called to action. At this instant, a party of rebels, with the young stranger at their head, moved towards the Castle. A regiment was ordered to attack them; but such was the fury of their charge, that the soldiers were dispersed on the first onset. They had now gained the Castle-walls, and sword in hand the stranger, followed closely by the cottager and his son-in-law, mounted the ramparts. This last was shot dead at the first attack, and the other two separated from each other by the violence of the struggle. Numbers at length prevailed; the rebels were eventually subdued, their commander imprisoned, while the cottager was almost the only one who escaped. For days subsequent to the battle, he continued wandering about the streets in hopes of encountering the stranger, with whose fate he was yet unacquainted.

As the hour of trial approached, he resolved to enter the hall of justice, and boldly endeavour to address him. The conviction of the rebels had in part commenced; a deep silence prevailed, and a young man was busy in his defence. He was of a noble and commanding aspect, with a countenance shaded by the gentlest melancholy.

But his voice—it struck immediately to the agonized feelings of the cottager, and convinced him that the person he now beheld, was the stranger of his fancy—the Emmett—the patriot of his country. He denied the charge of treason with the most impassioned eloquence, and sighed while he recalled the memory of the girl he loved, but whom he had given up in his superior attachment to his country. He wept, but he wept not for himself; and the tears that had never fallen for his own misfortunes, stole down his faded cheek, when he reflected on the miseries he had entailed on the poor associates of his rebellion. For himself he sought not pardon; but he supplicated the mercy of the judge for the wretched he had misled, and concluded with that affecting appeal to posterity, which can never be forgotten. “Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them; but let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men can do justice to my character.” Even this appeal failed of its effect; he was condemned to die the death of a traitor, and his execution was ordered for the ensuing Monday.

The evening before his death, while the workmen

were busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into his dungeon. It was the girl whom he so fondly loved, and who had now come to bid him her eternal farewell. He was leaning in a melancholy mood against the window-frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his chains smote dismally on her heart. The interview was bitterly affecting, and melted even the callous soul of the jailor. As for Emmett himself, he wept, and spoke little ; but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him ; he reminded her of their former happiness, of the long-past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and, though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection.

At this instant the evening bell pealed from the neighbouring church. Emmett started at the sound ; and as he felt that this was the last time he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her sinking form with eyes streaming with affection. The turnkey entered at the moment : ashamed of his weakness, he dashed the rising drop from his eye,

and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man meanwhile approached, to tear the lady from his embraces. Overpowered by his feelings, he could make no resistance ; but, as he gloomily released her from his hold, gave her a little miniature of himself, and with this parting token of attachment, imprinted the last kiss of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door, she turned round, as if to gaze once more on the object of her widowed love. He caught her eye as she retired, it was but for a moment ; the dungeon door swung back again upon its hinges, and as it closed after her, informed him too surely that they had met for the last time on earth.

With the earliest peep of dawn numerous detachments of cavalry paraded the streets of Dublin, and a file of soldiers were stationed on the scaffold. As the heavy bell from the prison tolled the appointed hour, the criminal, arrayed in a suit of mourning, made his appearance on the platform. He bowed to the populace with serenity, but smiled with ineffable contempt, while the executioner approached to draw the cap over his face. " Away with your mockery," he passionately exclaimed ; " do you think that the soldier who has braved death in the field, fears to meet it on the scaffold ?" The man, terrified by his indignant countenance,

hesitated to perform the office, but dashing the cap from him, threw the rope around the neck of his victim. A deep silence reigned throughout the multitude, broken at intervals by the muffled drums of the soldiers, and the distant roar of artillery, that announced the commencement of the tragedy. At this moment, the eyes of the sufferer rested on the cottager, who by dint of persuasion and artifice had contrived to force himself opposite the scaffold. Emmett sighed as he beheld him, smiled faintly in token of recognition, and pointing upwards, signified that it would not be long before they should both meet again in heaven. All was now ready for the execution, which awaited only the fatal signal. It was given by the officer stationed on the scaffold, and soon the heavy trampling of the horse-guards, and the doubled roll of the war-drums, announced that Emmett—the noble-minded, but misguided Emmett—had met with the fate of the brave.

On the failure of the rebellion, the cottager, secure from the inferior part he had acted, hastened to return home. The cruelties he had so lately witnessed had hardened his natural moroseness, and poverty, augmented by despair, had inspired him with the feelings of a dæmon. The road to his cottage lay near the cavern where he had first been seduced from his allegiance. He paused for an instant as

he beheld its gloomy front darkening in the moonlight, and resolved once again to enter. As he reached the avenue, a low groan, proceeding from the further end of the recess, arrested his attention. He listened in breathless anxiety, and, guided by a faint light that glimmered in the distance, threaded the winding labyrinths of the cavern.

A few paces brought him into the well-known vault, in which, stretched on a pile of straw and faggots, lay the extended figure of "Allan of the Moor." His countenance, at all times repulsive, was now strikingly savage. His eyes, deep set in their sockets, glared with sepulchral wildness; and a few lank hairs, twined round his sunken cheeks, seemed like worms coiling round a skull. On the entrance of a stranger he started from his couch, and stood in an attitude of defiance, like Cain, when the almighty curse first reached him. "Behold," he exclaimed, as recognizing his former companion he rushed with him to the mouth of the cave, "behold, all that remains of the weird Allan of the Moor. I have bled for my country, and see how it requites me. Wounds and old age are all that is left."

The cottager enquired how he had been disabled, and was told that he had been present at the late skirmish in Dublin, where he was wounded by a

treacherous pikeman of his own party, and with difficulty escaped to the cavern. "My days are finished," he continued ; " friends, relatives, wife, children, have all gone before me to the grave, and I have nothing to do on earth. But for you, " he added, " hope still remains, seize it then as the means of revenge. Already the British fleet floats upon the Western wave, and the blood-hounds pursue us to annihilation. But may my curse, a curse that has withered the blossom on the bough, and the child at the mother's breast, be upon them till they writhe in the torments of the damned !"

As he uttered these imprecations, he raised his arms to heaven, and shouted with a frantic yell of triumph. The sound attracted the attention of some horse patrol, who were scouring the country, and they galloped towards the cave. The wizard heard their approach, he beckoned to his companion, and together they retreated into the recess. Here having stretched himself once again upon his couch,—“ Listen, fellow-sufferer,” he said, giving the expiring torch to his companion, “ to the last words of Allan of the Moor. A train is laid through this cave communicating with my couch of faggots. When you entered, I was on the eve of firing it ; but the spirits of hell are propitious, and the hour of retribution arrives.”

The shouts of the approaching party were now distinctly heard: nearer they advanced, nearer, nearer still, and already their horses' hoofs clattered on the road that overhung the cavern. Allan grasped the hand of the cottager, and, pointing to the train, waved a mute farewell. Nerveless with awe, his companion rushed into the open air, and saw by the dim moon-light the figures of the advancing squadron. They beheld him from their elevated position, and called on him to surrender his arms. The moon beams shone full upon his figure; and as he stood in the defile below, with the torch in his hand, and the frown of defiance on his brow, he looked like Satan in the vaults of Pandæmonium.

"No nearer," he exclaimed, "on your lives advance no nearer." "Forward," said the leader of the squadron, and the sword already glittered in his hand. The cottager marked his time, the whole troop had now reached the road that led above the cavern, and nought impeded their advance. "It must be so," he exclaimed; "I warned you, but you derided my admonition, and your blood be upon your own heads." With these words, he stooped—he fired the train. A wild shout was heard, the earth yawned asunder, and the squadron vanished like smoke before his eyes.

For days, weeks, months he continued wandering about the country, a wretched blighted being. His food was the acorn of the wood, his drink the water of the marsh, for who will succour the outcast? At length, as the necessity for concealment abated, he resolved to return to his cottage.

It was dusk when he arrived, and the voice of wailing was loud within. He entered, and beheld his wife with a young woman seated by her side, and his daughter, the child of his pride, dying of positive indigence. Unacquainted with the cause of her complaint, he turned an enquiring glance upon his wife, and was informed that neither herself nor her daughter had eaten any thing for the last two days. Her countenance darkened as she spoke, and with a grin of diabolical import she drew her husband from the room, and whispered in his ear that the young woman who lodged in their cottage, had saved up a guinea while at service, and proposed that it should be appropriated to themselves. The point was soon decided, and at midnight they entered the room where the two females reposed on the same truck. In order to ensure the destruction of their victim, they remarked that she was stationed nearest to the door, while their daughter slept contiguous to the cottage-wall. Having carefully ascertained this point, they en-

tered an adjoining apartment, and conversed in an audible tone upon the way in which the murder should be perpetrated.

In the mean time the young woman, roused by the conversation, and overhearing the frequent repetition of her name, listened in breathless silence, and became but too soon acquainted with the proposed treachery. Not a moment was to be lost; she hastily changed places with her sleeping companion, and crept to the cottage-wall. All was now silent; but in a few minutes the door was lifted gently on its latch, and a head was thrust forward. The form advanced, and was succeeded by another bearing a dark lantern in her hand. They approached the bed in quiet, but in the agitation of their movements the light was extinguished. The young woman continued in the most fearful suspense, and could distinctly hear the sharpening of the murderous weapon. In an instant the bed-clothes were drawn down, the neck bared, the knife drawn across the throat of the victim. The death-rattle followed, and a long deep sigh announced that the *midnight murder* was effected.

The wretches removed the body, and, followed at a slight distance by the young woman, who resolved to track their footsteps, bore it to the grave that had been dug for its reception. The night was

wild and tempestuous, the wind howled across the moors, and every succeeding gust spoke of unrelieved solitude. The guilty couple felt the silent awe of the moment, and, as they stole along with their lifeless burden hanging on their arms, listened with renewed affright to each passing moan of the breeze. They had now reached the extremity of the garden, and cast the corpse into the burial-place. It sunk with a heavy sound into the grave; the face was turned upwards, and a sudden flash of lightning revealed the features of their daughter, for whose sake the murder had been committed.

They were roused from their trance of agony by the sound of approaching footsteps, and by the dim light of their lantern beheld a form clad in white approaching the grave. The conscience of the murderers instantly took the alarm, and suggested to their disordered imagination, that it was the ghost of their slaughtered child. Struck to the soul with the sight, her past guilt rushing full on her mind, the feelings of the mother were unequal to the struggle, and she dropped senseless on the body of her daughter. The father returned in a state of phrenzy to his cottage, was impeached on the evidence of the young woman who had encountered them at the grave, and, together with his

wife, was shortly afterwards executed for the murder. Before he died, he confessed the share he had taken in the rebellion; but solemnly persisted in affirming that he was driven to despair by the unexampled indigence of his family.

ON THE
Religious and Moral Propriety
OF
BEING DRUNK.

"Man being reasonable, must get drunk,
The best of life is but intoxication."

DON JUAN.

THE duty of getting drunk, from its relative connexion with the best interests of society, is a subject which merits the gravest consideration. Like the cider cellar, it is replete with bibulous interest, and comes thronging on our imagination with the most edifying reminiscences. But say the elect, "of a verity, intoxication is sinful:" away with the blasphemous idea. It is a custom of the most venerable correctness, and was held in such esteem among the ancients, that deity himself was supposed

to preside over the bottle. Striking proof of the wisdom of the institution ! Thrones, kingdoms, religions, have bloomed and passed away—but the temples of the jolly Son of Semele still flourish in every street of our blessed metropolis.

The old writers must have had “stout notions on the *drinking* score,” for they relate, that when Jupiter wished to reward Hebe, the goddess of youth and beauty, he could think of no higher compliment than dubbing her Cup-bearer to Olympus. The greatest authors, both in ancient and modern times, have in like manner been the subtlest advocates of drinking. “We are told,” says the historian of New York, “that the aboriginal Germans had an admirable mode of treating any question of importance ; they first deliberated upon it when drunk, and afterwards reconsidered it when sober. The shrewder mobs of America, who dislike having two minds upon a subject, both determine and act upon it drunk ; by which means a world of cold and tedious speculation is dispensed with.”

The correctness of perpetual intoxication may be considered in a two-fold light ; in a religious as well as in a moral sense. “Wine maketh glad the heart of man,” is the biblical apophthegm from which an inference favourable to inebriety is drawn.

This passage a modern divine has illustrated with his usual ability. "Wine," says he, "that is, one bottle, exhilarateth the heart of man, two bottles augment his merriment—and so on, till he reaches the summit of terrestrial felicity ; from whence it is obvious that intoxication is consonant to religious enjoyment. Q. E. D."—For the edification of the unenlightened, this assertion may be further resolved into a rule-of-three sum. If one bottle (given its quality and vintage) makes a man glad, what ratio of pleasure will four bottles procure him ? The solution, with the aid of a dozen of old Port and Cocker's Arithmetic, is obvious to the meanest capacity.

In a moral sense, drunkenness is equally correct ; for it is well known that, in these days of sobriety and wickedness, the revenue is injured by an atheistical affectation of temperance. Water, "hear it, ye Gods," supplies the place of wine. They will dispense with turtle-soup next, I suppose ; and then, as Alderman Fatsides told me, with tears in his eyes, the constitutional liberty of England is ruined. If then we are desirous of supporting the character of moral citizens, (for the cause of our country, is assuredly the cause of *morality*) let us get drunk with all due expedition, and restore the equilibrium of the revenue. Thus only can we

expect the approbation of our own conscience, and when in the evening of our days we sit down to the pleasures of social life, with a rosy regiment of carbuncles glistening in their ruby uniforms on our nose, such excrescence will tell a blushing tale of our moral and patriotic deglutitions. Besides, let it never be forgotten that the pleasing idea of youth is connected with a carbuncled proboscis; for as buds designate the spring of the year, so by a corresponding analogy, a snout which flourishes with perpetual blossoms is equally typical of the spring of life: "Happy is the man that hath his nose full of them."

The art of drinking is furthermore imperative, inasmuch as it promotes the moral healthfulness of society. Without it, we are slaves to *ennui*; with it, superior intelligences. It is the mental prompter, that, standing behind our good qualities, spurs them to immediate action. The fumes, the vapory influences, and all the thousand charms contained within the circumference of a bottle, may be traced to this cause. The fact is, that the generous fluid infused into our blood, drives it in quick circulation to the heart, where meeting with a host of virtues slumbering like porters at the India-house for want of employ, it rouses them from inactivity, sends them galloping through every fibre of the

frame, and away they post, one and all to knock for admittance at the chambers of the intellect. The poor brain, stupified with the clamor and confusion, is thus put to a complete stand-still, which will account for the partial cessation of mind during the praise-worthy periods of inebriety.

The habitual drunkard is the most entertaining member of society. His face is an unvaried index of good-humour; for, immersed in pleasing trances, he has no time left to be wicked. His blood, like his wine-merchant's bill, rich with continued inflammations, courses nimbly through his veins. His paunch, fraught with the contents of a cellar, seems proudly conscious of its corpulent circumference, and his nose "wags with historical protuberances."—On the other hand, reflect but an instant on the character of your professed water-drinker. He is a poor shrivelled wretch, "a man made after supper of a cheese-paring." His face is as thin as a hatchet, and so sharp, that if you run against it, ten to one, it would cut you. There is no trusting the brute, he would swindle his own father for a piece of toast to his water. If he ever indulges in his potations, he does it with mean timidity—a half starved glass of negus, perhaps—"that effeminate compromise between the wish for wine and the propriety of water." What says

Falstaff of such miscreants? "There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof, for *thin drink* doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish meals, that they fall into a kind of male-green-sickness, and then when they marry, they get wenches; they are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain, drives me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes, which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be *to forswear thin potations*, and addict themselves to sack."

While thus advocating the virtues of drunkenness, I should be unjust to the cause were I *prætermitt* (as Mr. Southey says) the mention of that inveterate high priest of Bacchus, the late Ebenezer Swill-tub,* my companion in propin-

* Mr. Ebenezer Swill-tub, though a glorious and right valiant toper, must give way to a more experienced and ingenious bibber, recorded by the English opium eater, who

jucundities. He was a toper of the ruddiest complexion, none of your three-parts water drinkers; but a good half-and-half tippler. In form he resembled a sausage with a physiognomical empyreum studded with constellations. His eyes were as green as gooseberries, and his mulberry-tinted nose was sown with a flowery plantation, which, like toll-keepers on the high-way, kept strict account of every bottle that had passed his lips. Not a carbuncle but had some tale attached to it. One was gained in a hard day's skirmish at the Mayor's feast, while others blushed at the remembered prowess of a club-night.

Punch was Ebenezer's favorite liquor; but as he felt a hydrophobia at the sight of water, it was penuriously used. His stories were delicious, his remarks acutely ingenious. Truth, he said, was supposed to lie at the bottom of a well; but he thought that her fittest resting-place would be found at the bottom of the punch-bowl. His mind, like his stomach, was capacious; and it was a favorite opinion with him, that though genius was the nurse of sensibility, yet that one great source of poetic melancholy was the sight of an empty bot-

sooner than be deprived of his diurnal deglutitions, got drunk upon a beef-steak. "The force of genius could no further go."

tle. I leave it to people of tender fancy to appreciate the insinuating pathos of this apophthegm.

But alas for ill-fated Albion, the reign of intoxication, like this essay, is fast drawing to a close. We have no Ebenezer Swill-tubs now-a-days, no hosts who put the key of the dinner-room in their pockets, no sage philosophers who spend their happiest hours under the table. We are a good-for-nothing set, a crew of pale-blooded milk-sops. A nasal polypus is a rarity; a snout like Bardolph's is a thing not to be sneezed at; but a carbuncle is an optical phænomenon. The duty of getting drunk is superseded by the superior duty of the Exercise; and what will be the melancholy result, heaven alone can tell. The immediate consequences are awfully serious! Our national character is degraded; and should the French threaten an invasion, instead of meeting with jolly opponents, who by reason of their seeing double would naturally see with two-fold acuteness, they will encounter a pack of skinny bloodless ghosts, the starved relics of the "olden tyme." Then will the reign of anarchy commence, a national bankruptcy ensue, the Beef-eaters be reduced, the Bishops be restricted to three bottles of wine per day, and the Court of Aldermen be compelled to give the turtle feasts upon credit.

To prevent these afflicting consequences, I have yet one remedy to propose. Let the Serpentine River be forthwith commuted into punch, St. James's Canal be manufactured into Welch ale, for the army and navy (those blessed bulwarks of the bottle) to tipple gratuitously. In the present depressed state too of agriculture, when every acre is of value, let the Lincolnshire fens be qualified with brandy, and my life on it they will speedily be drained. By these means alone can England again boast of her juicy aboriginals, and rear a hard-knuckled progeny of fists that may floor even her stoutest opponents.

THE VILLAGE GIRL.

LONG years have pass'd, yet still she brightens o'er
My memory, like a thing of light ; her name
Still lingers on my lip ; and when in hour
Of solitude I think of by-gone times,
Her form comes gliding past. Yes, time rolls on
And Age and Want with mildewy breath distain
The mirror of the past ; but her dear image,
Reflected, as the willow in the brook,
Still shines eternally bright.

You see her grave
Now glistening in the sun-shine, like the grace
Of heaven in penitent hearts ; 'tis there she sleeps,
Who once was young, was beautiful—the pride
Of Carisbroke, the May-day of its year.

Come, sit ye down, and while the twilight sun
Yet sparkles in the horizon, I will tell
Her melancholy tale, and from the depths
Of memory lure its past imaginings.

She lived in yon white cottage, that still smiles
In native cheerfulness around, as if
Ellen were yet alive. Her form was light
As early blush of dawn; and in her eye,
Blue as the deep blue sky when clouds are gone,
Sat mildest contemplation: she was one,
Form'd to be seen and loved—a thing that gleam'd
Like fairy vision o'er the soul, and bloom'd
In immortality of memory.

Kind was she, and would weep if but a bird
Sunk 'neath the winter's frost or summer's heat;
And mid her wanderings if a worm she bruised,
Or crush'd a helpless insect, tears would flow
From very gentleness; for in her soul
Pity, as in a shrine, dwelt sanctified,
And look'd forth from the windows of the mind,
Dissolving, as the sun dissolves the dew,
Each heart its blessed light shone down upon.

But she is gone—her youth hath pass'd away—
And through the church-way path, where once she loved
At evening hour to stray, no more she roams,
Counting the graves with wandering brain, as if
One still was wanting, and that one was hers.
Forgive me if, comparing what she was
With what she is, the rebel tear will flow.—
Yes! spite of all the pride of fortitude
To check its course, sorrow must have its way,
Or the full heart will burst.

Years roll'd on years,
And Ellen grew a woman. On an eve
Of daintiest summer 'as she wander'd through
Yon hazel copse, a stranger, deck'd in war's
Bright panoply, saw, visited, and loved.
He was a soldier—but his delicate form,
Pregnant with health and strength, and sorrow-free,
Yet bore the impress of maidenhood in arms.
Oft in the summer eve he loved to steal
From artful sounds of martial minstrelsy,
To native music from the tell-tale brook,
And when the wine went round, and mirth and glee
Lit up each soldier's heart, he fled the scene
Of wit, to come and woo his forest nymph.

Oh! then, what spring was theirs—what ecstasy!
Both young, and both so innocent: their hearts
Like gay parterres, blossom'd with summer flow'rs
Of hope, and twined a bower beneath whose shade
Love sat enthroned; where'er they wander'd, he
Moved as a Sylph beside them, pointing still
The way to holiest raptures; copse and dale,
The deep-sunk glen, the giddy water-fall
Flashing with thousand lights upon the eye,
Like thought upon the mind—the woodland echo,
That trills her notes of female melody,
And guards, as miser doth his gold, each sound
Her fancy hears; the melancholy breeze,
Whispering, like voice of friend we once have loved,
The dirge of parted day-light—the fix'd stars,
Heaven's sleepless centinels—the pilgrim moon,
Journeying in thoughtful piety as one
Left desolate upon a foreign strand,
Beauty her sole protection—gave a pulse
Of life to their young hearts, an imaging
Of heav'n; and Love in guardian kindliness
Shone, like the fairy spirit of the scene.

Alas! alas! that two such hearts must droop

'Neath the dun cloud of misery ! The trump
Sounds, and the shrill-mouth'd fife and battle-clang
Startle the welkin ; Ferdinand must away
To far-off climes ; his country is in arms—
And can a soldier pause ? With down-cast brow
He sought his Dryad, in her fond ear pour'd
The summons of his harsh necessity,
Then hurried with a bleeding heart away.

And he is gone—and she is left alone
To silence and to solitude. He roved
To other climes, and mid the clang of arms
And noisy shouts of shrill-tongued victory,
Gain'd wounds and reputation. On he rush'd
Where'er the fight was thickest : terrible
He shone in the bright splendor of his arms ;
And they who saw him wield the sword of fate,
His proud soul flashing through the blood-red eye,
Had little reck'd that room was left for love
And softer feeling, in a heart where Death
Held his grim sovereignty. The war was long ;
And the shrill fife and hoarse-lung'd clarion,
The rolling drum, the music of the trump,
The wild night-bugle, and the stern array

Of battle, lash'd his soul into a sea
Of storms and tempests, whence the sun of love
Shone faint and distant, shorn of half its beams.

Ellen, meantime, in music and in thought
Wiled the sad hours away. And when the night
Of stormy winter, canopied in mist,
Swept drearily o'er the scene : when mountain floods,
Like youth released from school-tide servitude,
Ran wildly shouting down the glen, rejoicing
In their brief turbulent holiday ;—she would sketch
With wizard touch the face she loved so well,
And, lingering o'er each feature, recollect
The beautiful reality :—the look,
The semblance was correct ; but o'er the form,
Traced by the hand of fond anxiety,
A silent sorrow reign'd. “The eye is dull,”
Said Ellen, “but it ne'er should beam with joy
And I so far away.”—Poor girl ! she loved ;—
And love with hue of thoughtfulness will tint
The brightest forms, and o'er the sunniest spots
Cast the long shadow of distress : she lov'd ;—
And e'en when years steal on us, it is pleasant
To see young eyes weep tears of tenderness,

Though we are chil'd for ever ; and to think,
E'en thus we felt in childhood's happy hour,
E'en thus retain'd the spirit of our love,
Deep buried in our hearts, as the deep blue,
By distance buried in the mountain side.

'Tis night—the moon is up, the zenith moon ;
Lonely she travels o'er yon ridge of clouds,
Tinging with loveliness each liquid step
She tracks in the blue heaven : the breeze has sobb'd
Itself to slumber on the hawthorn bloom :
The lark's abed ; the humming drone is still ;
The halcyon slumbers on the peaceful wave ;
And faintly Ocean breaks upon the coast,
As tho' his wild and billowy voice might mar
Boon nature's melancholy solitude :
One dim light still is gleaming from the bow'r,
Where Ellen weeps—night's lone idolater :
But hark ! a footstep sounds—'tis nearer now,
Nearer and nearer still ; the gate-bell rings,
And the watch-dog bays welcome.—There is one,
Sweet Ellen, whose fond arms shall circle thee,
Ere yon bright moon is low—he comes—he comes,
And beauty's eye beams love on Ferdinand.

And they have met ; and one is happy now,
Happy as innocence : she dreams of love,
And visions tinged in hope's delightful hues ;
Thoughtful he smiles, for death is in his eye,
And wan fatigue athwart his manly brow
Has worn deep channels where the lazy blood
Ebbs silently.—Alas for Ferdinand !
“ Said I not, Ellen, we should meet again,
E'en on this spot ? ” he cried. “ But you are ill,
Poor Ferdinand ; your eye is dim, your form
Akin to shadow.” “ ’Twill be over soon,
My girl, and there will be no Ferdinand
To wound thy gentleness : ’tis idle now
To say how I have loved ; the grave must show it—
The grave, where I am hastening.” “ Prythee now
Be cheerful, dearest, or my heart will break—
Come, let me see thee smile ; for I have been
Too long a mourner, and methinks ’tis meet
When love returns he should be deck'd with sun-shine.”

“ I'd smile, my girl, but ill doth it beseem
The grave to smile ; sorrow and thoughtfulness
Best suit the tomb.—Oh ! I have wander'd far
Mid scenes of death and carnage—Griefs and wounds,

A soldier's chiefest heritage, have bow'd
My soul to earth ; and now, with the poor wreck
Of what was life, I come to lay me down
'Neath the sweet shrine of my idolatry.
Undraw the lattice, love ;—the moon-beam glimmers
As when we parted ; and I fain would gaze
On the dear light that oft befriended us,
When last amid these woods we talk'd of love.

Sweetly it smiles : but I must leave it now,
And thee too, my young bride."

" I will not stay

Behind, when thou art in the narrow house ;
The winding-sheet shall be my nuptial dress,
And death shall join us, never more to part,
In lieu of wedded bliss—I will not live."
" Oh ! live for me, dear Ellen : youth is thine,
And happier days than I have ever known :
Live—if but to recall how we have loved,
And how we parted—Hark ! my hour is near.
Bring me the lyre ; for ere the sullen knell
Of death tolls for eternity, I would fain
Awake a few soft tones, and like the swan
Breathe out my soul in music. Listen now—

Song.

Weep not for me! But say, when I am gone,
That I was true in death,
And with my latest breath
Hymn'd thy dear name. Oh! should each sorrowing tone

That I have struck, should each beloved lay
That I have breathed, the while
I saw thee sit and smile,
Bid thy young heart in anguish melt away,

Then think of me no more; for I would crave
No thoughts that gloom impart,
Only one pitying heart,
To shed, like eve, soft dews upon my grave.

But should my mother ask where I am sleeping,
Tell her 'tis in a dell
Where flow'rs and sweet winds dwell,
And beautiful eyes in solitude are weeping.

And should she bid thee tune the harp I loved,
Then wake some simple tone

That you and I have known,
When in the woods of Carisbroke we rov'd :

And should she ask thee on some future day
What latest accents hung
Tremblingly on my tongue ;
Say—this was my last song—my swan-like roundelay —

He ceased, and gently on his Ellen's breast
Wept his fond soul away ! 'Twas pulseless now ;
For in his eye, and o'er his brow, there rush'd
The hues of death ! wan, cold, but beautiful.
Thoughtful she gazed, and o'er the sullen corpse
Pour'd forth a deluging flood : 'twas idle all,
For he was gone, and she was desolate.

She bore him to his home of peace, and pined
In silent sickliness of thought :—the spot
Where first they met, the scenes that he had loved,
The garden-walks that he had plann'd, the flow'rs
That his own skill had rear'd—all, all grew dear
To her, and were as chambers in the mind
Where memory hung her pictures.

From this hour

Never she smiled, but wept her youth away
In saddening gloom—like autumn into winter :
Gently her spirit burst its ligaments,
And gently came Consumption, with his train
Of thoughtful sweetnesses : he spake of peace,
And as the sun-beam on the mouldering wall
Sheds beautiful light, so through her ruin'd form
He shone with kindest smiles, as though he craved
Her gentle leave to woo her to his arms.

There was a rippling brook that flow'd beside
The village path-way, overhung with boughs
That stretch'd themselves at ease athwart the stream,
As if to hide from garish eye the secrets
Of its flowing water : here at close of eve
Would Ellen stray ; and as the gurgling brook
Flow'd on, companion'd by the musical voice
Of its own giddy whirlpool, think how soon
Hope glided like the rivulet away :
Then would she pause, or, rambling higher up
Where the stream widens, fix her dewy eye
In melancholy thoughtfulness upon
Its mirror, and survey as in a glass

Her wasted form : Death gave her back a look
From the clear stream, but with so sweet a smile
That almost could she be in love with him.

If chance you met her, she would weep and say,
How fitting for a lover's grave the pool
Would be, for there were nightingales to frame
A dirge for the departed, woods to guard
The secrets of the tomb, soft silvery waters
To kiss the buried as they glided by,
And spring to scatter sweets ; then would she pause,
And say—the spot was meant to be her grave.
These are but idle records ; but to hearts
Attuned to sympathy, the slightest word,
The slightest recollection of a friend
Or relative, on whom the grave hath closed,
And whom we long have valued, will awake,
As from a sleep of death, the drowsy thought.
Moons waned, and Ellen's virginal spring was nipp'd
I' the bud ; her voice was gone, and had no strength
To say her heart was broken : but the cheek
Wan with the hue of thought, the hollow eye,
The tomb of dead expression, told a tale
Of wasting dissolution yet to be.

It came at last, the hour of parting came
 To Ellen and her sorrowing : the day
 Was bright, and on the western slopes the sun
 Pour'd a faint track of light : 'twas here they stood,
 Here on the mountainous steep, where the sweet girl
 First heard a lover's tale ; excellent well
 She knew the haunt, for often from that hour
 With lingering footstep had she sought the spot,
 And worn a little path-way with her tread.
 She sought it now ; for she believed that death
 Was gaining fast, and 'twould be treachery,
 She said, to die in other place than this.
 We met her as she rambled up the steep,
 And gazed as on an angel : onward still
 She pass'd, hymning a plaintive air to soothe
 The conflict of her young and broken heart ;—
 The sun set, and the night came glooming o'er
 In frowning majesty, meek twilight still
 Brighten'd the scene :—but Ellen's sun was set,
 To brighten ne'er again on earth ; she died
 On the dear spot she loved in life so much.

Now, sweet one, fare thee well ! The spring shall bloom
 And pass away, but thou shalt never see it ;

The thrush shall sing, but thou shalt never hear it ;
For thee in vain the deafening winter wind
Shall sound alarm on the wold, and call
From their dark caves his dreamy brotherhood :
Unbroken shall thy slumber be ; but long
As the wild note of mountain pipe shall wake
The woodland echo, long as the cool wind
Shall flirt with the young eglantine—thy name
Shall be a thing of sweetness, blossoming
Like Sharon's rose in the wide wilderness.

A FISHING EXCURSION

AMONG THE

Black Mountains.

~~~~~  
"We three  
Fishermen be."

OLD SONG.

~~~~~

IN wandering through the village of Llandilo-
auhr, which the natives in their simplicity dignify
the name of a town, it was our good fortune to
spy a small travelling tent exposed to sale. It
looked so completely the thing, that we could not
resist the temptation of a purchase; and with due
consideration to our worldly interests, emptied the
valthy breeches-pockets of our brother angler,
Ienkin-ap-Morgan. Well, the tent was bought—
paid for—and consequently to be turned to account.
What way? you will perhaps ask. "Go on, my
dear, I shall tell you as you read."

On returning to our cottage, a council of war (at the instigation of Drake Somerset, an ensign and brother angler, who was quartered with us at the time) was held on the propriety of making immediate trial of the tent in our next fishing excursion. No sooner said than done. There are some pusillanimous gentlefolks who always deliberate before they act; we always act before we deliberate, for it is with us as with the irritable, "the blow and the word," by which vigorous process a world of consideration is saved.

After divers disputes, the 12th of July, *anno domini* 1821, was appointed for our excursion to Llynn-y-Van, or the pool among the Carmarthenshire Black Mountains. The previous time was spent in necessary preparations. Drake Somerset employed himself in making trout-flies from the plumes of an old military cap, while Shenkin wrought wonders in the way of tackle-mending. The kitchen, meanwhile, echoed with the beautifully blended hissings of roast and boiled, the shelves bent in graceful acknowledgment of their load, and the women-kind were up to their knees in the gore of defunct poultry.

The day at last arrived, "the great, the important day, big with the fate"—of us and of the trout. We rose, as agreed on over a jug of hot punch on

the previous night, by earliest peep of dawn, and even now blush while we remember the difficulty. Morgan's natural somnolence compelled us to have recourse to a bumper of cold water, and the musical proboscis of Somerset announced the intensity of his devotion to Morpheus. Our procession was at length arranged—rod, flies, tackle, all, like ourselves, in the finest possible discipline. Our appearance, like Mr. Coleridge's Christabelle, "was wild and singularly original and beautiful." The Cambro-Briton was dressed in a pair of picturesque brogues that reached only to his knees; where they were met by a pair of shooting gaiters, which, as if ashamed of so near an acquaintance, left the distance of an inch between them to show that they were in no wise connected. A wig of orthodox magnitude adorned his pericranium, on which was stationed a hat of singular diminutiveness. Drake, with the exception of a variegated fishing-jacket, was rigged out in his usual way, and your humble servant (of whom it doth not become me to speak) looked as elegantly conspicuous as an author on short commons—a servant on board-wages—or an officer on half-pay. As for our tent, it was carried on the shoulders of an alternate couple of the party, and a Welch poney laden with a hamper of eatables shuffled melodiously in the rear.

At a slight distance from the cottage we commenced our ascent of the first range of hills, and on gaining the summit round which the path winds to Llynn-y-Van, stopped for an instant to survey the rising sun. But while we were wrapt in breathless ecstasy, Morgan was pulling hard at the brandy-flask, insensible, as Lord Bacon would say, "to the *spirit* of the universe," and alive only to the *spirit* of the brandy-bottle. We reproved him for his want of *taste*; but he assured us that it was in order to improve it, that he fortified his stomach with a cordial.

After a toilsome walk of two hours, we contrived to have a peep at Llynn-y-Van, with the dun clouds resting on its bosom. The sight renewed our spirits, and we were at last rewarded for our exertions by gaining the loftiest peak. A most magnificent spectacle presented itself below us. On every side rose a huge chaos of mountains like the tempestuous undulations of the ocean. At the base of Llynn-y-Van, the spire of Llandiscent church presented itself, surrounded by the neat white cottages of the turf-cutters. Higher up, the smiling appearance of the lowlands vanished—wide heaths, rendered impassable in part by bogs, afforded but a few stunted thistles for the browsing flocks; while the wind, as it whistled along the

moors, bore on its wing the distant cries of the black-cock, the sole tenant of the waste.

When we had sufficiently enjoyed the landscape; we descended a circuitous path, which brought us into a sort of circus belted by an amphitheatre of rocks. It was in the bosom of this hollow that the trout-pool was situated, which now showed gallantly in the summer sun-shine. Our tent was immediately erected on the bank, and great was the accommodation thereof. Our preparations too were in all respects desirable, inasmuch as we had mantles for the convenience of sleeping, materials for striking light (if necessary), gridirons for frying our fish (if caught), and cheerfulness to enjoy the excursion. But, alas! "all things," as the Psalmist says, "are vanity and vexation of spirit;" and poor Morgan was compelled to acknowledge this humiliating aphorism, in the loss of his Welch wig. A zephyr, it seems, which in these elevated regions is not the accommodating gentleman that he appears in the lower world, was travelling by at the time, and being taken with a liking to the caxon, purloined it from the head of its owner. A hue and cry was instantly raised—emissaries were dispatched to the chase; but the thief was the swiftest of the party, and puffed his stolen goods like a balloon before us. The discomfited Cambrian entertained

us on our return with an account of the age and virtues of his wig, and informed us that he would not have lost it for a hundred pounds ; for that it had been in the family for thousands of years ; and belonged originally to Cadwallader, who bequeathed it on his death-bed to Llewellyn, who, in default of *heirs*, gave it to Shenkin-ap-Morgan-ap-Jenkin-ap-Jones, through whom it had come into the family of the present owner. "Judge, oh ye Gods, how dearly Morgan loved it." With some difficulty we pacified him; and tied a handkerchief round his bald pericranium, which, thus picturesquely accoutred, resembled in no slight degree a turnip-top enveloped in a dish-clout.

The sun had by this time attained his meridian; and we resolved, previously to angling, to commence a lusty assault on the provisions. The soldier led the way to the attack, and skirmished gallantly among the provender. The public will probably do us the justice to believe that we were not behind-hand on this occasion ; as also that Morgan sustained the digestive celebrity of an hungry Welchman. How long we continued at our repast it is impossible now to ascertain, but certain it is that the sun was on the wane when we took up of the fragments that remained. Our rods were accordingly prepared, and away we hurried to the pool.

A red-hackle and a stone-gnat, the most killing flies for mountain-fishing, were attached to each rod ; but as the intensity of the heat weakened our natural alertness, we moved languidly along the banks, until roused by a shout from the Welchman, who had hooked a spanking trout. The fish struggled with the energy of despair, but the wary Cambrian refused to remit his advantage. He played him with infinite dexterity—gave him a full swing of line ; and finished his triumph with the landing-net. A brave fellow he proved to be—three pounds good avoirdupoise weight ; and here it may be proper to observe that, if the lover of angling wishes to catch such another fish in the mountain-pools, he should attach to a tapering rod and light blue silk-line, one or more black or red hen-hackles. But of whatever nature the flies may be, they should be brilliant ; for in pools among these elevated places, the water is much exposed to the winds that come roaring through the interstices ; and in such cases none but a brilliant bait can possibly have a fair chance of being seen. The foot-link, or bottom part of the line should be composed of the finest gut, in length about two yards ; that the heavier substance of the silk may not fall with too splashing a sound in the water. It was by adhering to these precautions that, after

a few hours, we found ourselves in possession of eight brace of trout ; a prize, as Lord Duberley would say, "by no means to be sneezed at."

But while busily engaged in angling, the clouds thickened, and the lurid appearance of the atmosphere announced the approach of a storm. Once or twice we heard the thunder echoing from the distance, and reverberating in louder tones as it approached. At last it burst full upon our heads, while each roll pealed in ten thousand echoes among the mountains, and elicited feelings of unusual solemnity. Even the soldier was serious, and the Welchman forgot his wig. During the continuance of the storm we retired into our tent, and amused ourselves by trimming up a jolly fire for the trout. Morgan was dubbed cook—Drake his deputy-assistant, and we (I) were dispatched to gather fuel for the flames. In the course of our pursuit it came to pass that we popped upon a turf-cutter who was engaged in a similar undertaking. He was a timid superstitious sort of animal, and seemed completely frightened out of what few wits he had, with the thunder. To quiet his agitation we brought him to our tent ; and having replenished his exhausted courage with a dram, listened attentively to his wild national legends, in which the lower orders of Welch abound. It is in

the season of horror that the feelings are most susceptible, the common-place man in the day may become romantic at night, and, in a situation to elicit sensibility, poetry may spring from the lips even of a merchant. The traditional stories of this simple herdsman were related with a dreadful earnestness. We say dreadful, for none but those who listened can have an idea of the energy of his detail, excited as his feelings had been by the tempest, which even now roared sullenly in distance. The following is a slight sketch of the popular legend of the White Lady of Llynn-y-Van ; which is but a various reading of another similar tradition.

Many centuries ago, a nobleman, of the family of Llewellyn, formed a clandestine attachment to a young peasant girl, who resided in the neighbourhood of Llynn-y-Van. He was returning one evening from the chase, when he suddenly encountered her by the pool-side, and as the hour was late—the situation lonely—he took the opportunity of putting his nefarious designs into execution. The poor girl survived her disgrace but a short time, and drowned herself in the pool, by whose banks she was ruined. Years elapsed ; the nobleman had forgotten the affair ; and one day, on his return from the metropolis, proposed an excursion

to Llynn-y-Van. The hour of amusement arrived; but as the evening drew on, he was observed to be unusually thoughtful, and escaped from the festal scenes to wander alone by the pool-side. Suddenly the water became agitated; a cloud hovered on its surface, and from the midst rose a female form, with an hour-glass in its hand, which it directed to the eyes of the nobleman. The sands slowly glided away, and the spectre, as if anxious to accelerate its flight, shook it in her skeleton hand. As the last grains sunk, the groans of a person in the agony of death were heard. The company rushed to the spot, and beheld the nobleman stretched a corpse by the pool-side. From that time to the present, on a certain day and hour in the year, the water bubbles up, and the spectre of the White Lady rises from the surface, screaming in the hollow lungs of death,—“The clock has struck—the knell is tolled—the priest is at the altar—the guilty in the grave.”

The turf-cutter ended his narrative, and infinite was the consternation of the party. Drake looked wistfully round as if afraid of the visitation of a goblin, and, seeing a hole in the canvas of the tent, enquired of the herdsman whether it were—large enough to admit a Welch ghost. He was answered in the affirmative, and, without more ado—

applied himself briskly to mend it. As for Morgan, he sat fearfully in the corner, sipping diluted brandy, and brushing up the embers of the fire.

The storm, like our dinner, was now over ; and nature and our knives and forks were at rest. It was night—the peasant seemed anxious to remain ; and to pass away the time, we resolved to attack the remainder of our trout for supper. Drake meanwhile, who had once served in the army, proposed that we should mount guard without the tent ; but as a difficulty arose respecting who should take the watch during the coldest part of the night, we agreed to draw lots. The soldier was unsuccessful in his choice, and accordingly, having buckled himself up in a thick mantle, with a segar in his mouth and a cudgel by his side, paraded without the tent. In the interim (thanks to the brandy) we contrived to recover from our consternation, and the turf-cutter, with some persuasion, was induced to give us another legend, the burden of which was, that a Catholic Prince of Wales having lost his nose in certain unlawful skirmishes, was doomed, by way of purgatory, to wander about the world until he could find another snout exactly suited to his phiz. The narrator added, that the spectre had lately paid a visit to the village of Elangadock, but ~~that~~ could not meet with a suitable proboscis. The

nose of some was too long, of others too short—while many had no nose at all.

It was now our turn to watch, and accordingly we prepared for the enterprise. The thunder-storm had long since subsided, the breeze was lulled, and the moon shone down in unclouded loveliness. The night was inevitably delicious, and the spirit of benevolence seemed abroad on the wings of the wind. Before us lay the legendary pool of Llyn-y-Van, shimmering in the moonlight, like beauty on the lap of innocence; and behind us towered naked precipices, between whose clefts the ivy and the juniper-berry blossomed. It was an hour for meditation, and we felt its power. The past rushed over our mind; we thought of the friends who were dead, of those who were absent, and felt that we might never again meet. We looked up to heaven—the stars shone bright; white fleecy clouds sailed across the deep blue of ether; and if a sigh escaped us, it was that youth—health—hope and friends, like the vapoury mists of night, are seen for an instant, and gone.

During these contemplations, the time appointed for our watch had expired, and with no little vivacity we resigned the post of honor to Morgan, while we renewed a conversation on angling with the turf-cutter, who was himself well known as an

expert fisherman. It was from him that we received, a few days afterwards, a present of *sewen*, a fish unknown in England, and which we shall here briefly describe. In appearance it resembles a trout, is in season at the same time with salmon, and may be caught in a similar manner. But one caution must be observed in angling for it; the fly must be large, not too brilliant; the line and foot-link particularly light, and the practitioner *unseen*, as of all mountain fish a *sewen* appears to be the most timid.

But to return from this digression: after a short interval, a sullen sound was heard without the tent; Drake instinctively grasped his cudgel—the herdsman anathematized the White Lady—and out we all rushed in confusion, where we found Morgan in a deep sleep, with a check handkerchief tied under his neck, and his arms dangling idly by his side. A court-martial was immediately held—the articles of war were conned over; and the culprit, for neglect of duty, was condemned to a bumper of salt and water. In vain he implored our clemency, and told us that his dozing was the effect of eating trout from the enchanted pool; a recollection which alarmed the turf-cutter. Equally vain was his resistance, although, in order to touch our feelings, he condescended to inform us that his

ancestor Shenkin-ap-Morgan-ap-Jenkin-ap-Jones had appeared to him in his sleep, taxed him with the loss of the family wig, and threatened to bring a legion of goblin grandfathers to torment him, until the antique relic was found. We remained inexorable as fate—the saline draught was prepared—swallowed—and our vengeance was appeased.

Day-light was now breaking in, and the herdsman, who had acquired courage with the peep of dawn, left us, to resume his employ. Our tackle was once again in requisition, and Drake was the most successful of us all. He thinned the White Lady's subjects in such gallant style, that Morgan was compelled to hint that, peradventure, he might be damned for his achievements. As for ourselves, having had an unlucky accident with our rod, whereby the top-joint was rendered unfit for service, we took up Izaak Walton's Guide to Angling, and had just contrived to fall in love with the pretty milk-maid, whom he describes in one of his fishing excursions, when Drake Somerset made his appearance with a decent modicum of trout, while Morgan licked his lips in the rear.

A call to breakfast now summoned us to our tent; and we had scarcely dispatched our repast, when, fatigued with the two days' fishing, our tent

was struck, the poney laden with the paraphernalia, the procession formed, and off we moved, singing, as we quitted Llynn-y-Van, the plaintive Irish melody, "Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour." The walk home was delightful, and heightened by a recollection of the happiness we had enjoyed. Once or twice we could not help looking back at the mountains we were leaving, and almost envied the fate of Mrs. Lot, who hardened into a pillar of salt, with her face turned towards the dear scenes she was quitting for ever.

On reaching the base of the mountain, a curious spectacle presented itself, being nothing more or less than an old woman trotting along on a little Welch poney, with a singular cupola or covering to her head. Morgan beheld her, and thought that he recognized on her pericranium the apparition of his stray Welch wig. He walked—he leaped—he sprung towards her—seized the lost prize, and bore it in triumph to the party. The fact is, that it had been blown among some furze at the foot of the black mountains, where our antiquated gentlewoman had discovered and detained it as the lawful spoils of war. The unexpected recovery of this invaluable antique, gave a fillip to the spirits of the Cambro-Briton, who, on meeting us a few days

afterwards at Llandovery, informed us that his ancestor Shenkin-ap-Morgan-ap-Jenkin-ap-Jones had again appeared to him in his sleep, congratulated him on the recovery of the family caxon, and promised never more to haunt him or his.

AN OTTER HUNT

In the Cothy.



ON passing an evening with Morgan and Drake Somerset, a few months after our late excursion to Llynn-y-Van, we resolved to try our luck at an Otter Hunt in the Cothy, a little river which flows from two pools in the village of Talley. Having communicated our intention to a gentleman who resides in that neighbourhood, and who keeps some fine otter-dogs, he eagerly entered into our proposals, and engaged us to breakfast with him by day-break, when he promised to equip us with spears and all the necessary paraphernalia of the hunt.

Accordingly we started at five o'clock, on a fine spring morning, from Llangadock. As our road lay principally over hill and dale, we resolved to shorten it as much as possible. With this view we forded the Towey, which enabled us to gain the

high road, by cutting off an awkward circumbendibus of two miles. In about two hours we arrived at Talley, where we found our friend busied at the door of his cottage in arranging fly-rods, hunting spears, and calling up and cheering the whole posse comitatus of his dogs. Without further ceremony we entered his breakfast-room, paid our devoirs to the mistress of the house, and then manfully dispatched our repast. In the course of half an hour many of the neighbourhood had assembled, as is usual on such occasions, to join our excursion. One individual in particular told us that near the bridge at Edwin's Fort, a seat on the banks of the Cothy, he had but lately seen an otter engaged in busy slaughter of the trout. We took him immediately for our guide, and set off, man and dog, to the appointed place of rendezvous. For my own part, as I am a better hand at fly fishing than otter-hunting, I resigned the spear for the rod, intending, after the business was concluded, to pick up a few spanking trout or sewen.

In the mean time our party posted hastily on towards the bridge of Edwin's Fort. The dogs kept up a continued yelping, and one wild indiscriminate chorus of man and beast was the sole music of the road. After a hasty march we came within sight of the bridge, and under a close-set

bank, beneath some trees which overhung the stream, descried a bitch otter, busied like ourselves in her usual morning's amusement.

By the time that we arrived she was above water, at vent, and the dogs close with her. Our spears were in instant requisition ; but notwithstanding our exertions, it is really surprising how long it was before she was finally put down. Don, the trustiest and foremost of our dogs, first seized her—down she went, and in an instant he missed his hold. She rose on the other side, and away swam the rest of the pack in laudable anxiety to claim acquaintance with her haunches. Some were above—some under water—while all were completely spent : in fact, had it not been for her own severe exertions, she would have held out some time longer, in despite of hunters, spears, and dogs.

On discovering she was a bitch otter, a cabinet-council was held on the propriety of dispatching her young ones. As we were all inveterate fly-fishers, the motion for their destruction was carried unanimously ; and, at a trifling distance from the place where she was put down, we discovered four whelps, two of which we killed, while the other two were preserved by our friend at Talley, for the visionary scheme of taming.

Among the first and most officious of our hunt-

ers let me not *prætermitt* little Morgan, who, in the true spirit of an angler, sought out the young otters with vindictive avidity. But while busily engaged in his search, and in the very act of shouting aloud his discovery, the faithless bank gave way, and precipitated him, wig and all, into the water. Here was a terrible mischance! but what rendered him still more disconsolate, was the inexcusable conduct of his caxon, which eloped a second time from his sconce. The dogs were instantly despatched to the rescue; spear after spear, stone after stone, was hurled at it, until it was with some difficulty restored to its owner, who welcomed it with a voluble volley of Welch oaths. Drake and myself undertook the charge of condolence; I reminded him that misfortune was the lot of man, and the soldier agreed with the preacher that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. "But what is this to me," replied the irritable Cambrian, "will the preacher's sermon curl my wig?"—"No," quoth Drake, "but it will teach you to bear adversity with fortitude."—"He jests at scars that never felt a wound," returned Morgan; "when you have lost a wig that had clothed the family-skulls for hundreds of years, you will not be a whit less passionate than myself."

Having satisfied my curiosity with respect to the

Otter hunt, I left my companions to pursue their amusement; while, with fly-rod in hand, and basket slung by my side, I strolled along the banks of the Cothy to the distance of about two miles. Here I arranged my tackle for sewen, a fish which I have described in my former excursion to Lynn-y-Van. The river was in the finest possible order; for there had been much rain a few days before, which had tinged it with a dusky but transparent beer colour. In addition to this advantage, a delightful south breeze just stirred the surface, so that there was every rational chance of success.

After throwing my fly for a few yards down the river, I had a fine rise of something, which, from the velocity of its dart, I imagined to be a salmon. My wheel whizzed round with inconceivable rapidity; and, to my mind, (for I am as inveterate a fisherman as Zebedee of old) discoursed as sweet music as even Braham himself. Talk of singing, indeed, give me the natural melody of a fly-wheel, and a fig for your Italian bravuras.

After listening for a few seconds to this piscatory hosanna it ceased, and the fish made a pause. I began forthwith to wind up, when away sprang the great brute with the most tremendous violence. "Ho, ho!" thought I, "this is no joke, my fine fellow;—I must have you dished to-day, or I shall

be dished myself." With these words I plied my utmost skill, and was rewarded for my pains, by seeing the white silvery belly of a sewen, of at least four pounds weight. In lieu of a landing-net I scraped a little creek or inlet in the gravelly shore to draw the fish into; for by these precautions, be it observed, he cannot so easily dart back into the river—a trick with which he otherwise contrives to puzzle an ignoramus.

Perhaps there is no moment in an angler's life so fraught with pleasure, as when he is depositing a sturdy fish in his basket. I felt the full enjoyment of this triumph, which was enhanced by the hope of further sport, and the exceeding fineness of the day. When I had re-arranged my tackle, I took out some prog, for no angler should be without provision, and seated myself on the green sward to enjoy it. Around me was a beautiful landscape, that soft style of scenery which old Izaak Walton was so fond of depicting. The Cothy lapsed in gentlest murmurs through meadows, thick set with water-lilies and lady-smocks, and then flowed by a honeysuckle-hedge, which oppressed the air with its sweetness. The young lambs were heedlessly sporting under the broad beechen trees, or hanging over their shadows in the water, and the birds from the adjoining groves seemed engaged "in

friendly contention with the echo." While thus absorbed in admiration the genius of sentiment possessed me, and it suddenly struck me that I would versify. "Every man," says Cicero, (I like to quote great names, for they give one an appearance of learning) "fancies himself a poet," and in this persuasion I pulled out my pocket-book, and indited the following stanzas. The glen alluded to in them, is situated lower down the river, and was the scene of many feuds in the earlier days of Wales and England.

The Banks of Cothy.

Is this the glen by wizards trod,
 By hostile arms invaded;
 Is this the bonny stream that flow'd,
 Where freedom bloom'd and faded?
 Yes! still the stream flows deeply on,
 Its glen invites the rover;
 But freedom's day is past and gone,
 The wizard's power is over.

The sheep-bell tinkles on the hill,
 The flocks wind o'er the lea;
 And nature's spell is potent still,
 To fancy and to me:

For still with memory's aid combined
 She lifts the thought on high ;
 Imparts her moral to the mind,
 Her sun-shine to the eye.—

How soft yon wizzard Cothy glides,
 Mid vale, ravine, and meadow ;
 Reflecting in his darken'd tide,
 The daisy and her shadow ;
 The bee hums music as he flows,
 Sweet echo is his friend ;
 And summer suns, at twilight-close,
 Their gentlest influence lend.

The ploughman wandering on the hill,
 The lasses on the lea,
 Quaff health beside his truant rill,
 And sweet serenity :
 And when, mid cloudless nights of June,
 The trembling moonbeams cast
 Their light on earth, weird harps attune
 The memory of the past.

Oh ! bonny are the falls of Clyde,
 And gay the banks of Wye,
 And proud the Thames that rolls beside
 The haunts of royalty ;
 But our Welch stream is bonnier still,
 For on its banks are seen,
 Dancing to music of each rill,
 The maidens of the green.

Sweet Cothy ! while your waves shall glide
 O'er mountain, mead, and dell,
 While floats upon your burnish'd tide
 The far-off Sabbath-bell,
 Remembrance shall pourtray each thought,
 That lent, when life was new,
 Smiles to the heart with fancy fraught,
 And beauty e'en to you.

By the time that I had manufactured my rhymes
 the sun had passed his meridian. Again, therefore,
 I set forward on my march, and in a very short
 space had hooked some fine trout, together with a
 few salmon-peel. Indeed, I had now procured what
 might be called a good dish of fish, when the distant
 shouts of merriment seduced me from any further
 sport. I instantly rambled back in the direction
 of the sounds, and came up with my old party,
 who were marching towards Talley, in picturesque
 attitudes, rank and file, with the bodies of two
 otters supported triumphantly on a pole. Drake
 was at the head of the procession, mine host of
 the village followed next, while Morgan, with a
 long muster-roll of natives, ambled demurely in the
 rear. On seeing me, they catechized me touching
 my success; to which I replied, with an air of
 modesty, " that it was by no means equal to what

I either desired or deserved." I then produced my well-laden basket, and was welcomed with thundering acclamations. The sewen, in particular, delighted them; and from that time forward I began to be reputed a man of some consequence as an angler.

We reached Talley at about five o'clock, where our fish formed the first course, and where my merits, (for I love to do justice to myself as well as to others) were as conspicuous in the kitchen as in the Cothy. Perhaps, as my readers have accompanied me to the river-side, they will have no objection to step into the cook's culinary domicile, where, *à la mode de Kitchener*, I will give them a lesson in the highly important business of dressing a trout, or a salmon-peel. In the first place, let him be carefully washed, gutted, and deprived of his bones. Then season him with salt, black pepper, and all-spice, and put him into an earthen pot with as much water and vinegar as will cover him. Throw in a decent competency of rosemary and thyme; bake all together, in the oven, for about an hour, and sprinkle the whole with horse-radish.

By attention to these minutiae, our trout formed such a delicious relish, that the sewen, who figured by himself in a side-dish, went out untouched. As

for the rest of the dinner, I can merely assert that we all wrought wonders, and not an article that claimed acquaintance with either fish, flesh, or fowl, was left unscathed. . Indeed, the digestive capabilities of some three or four bibulous otter-hunters are things of no slight consideration; as the defective larders of our host will testify for a month to come.

In the midst of our varied chit-chat, the village clock, that omen of ill import, struck the hour of seven. As we had to return to Llangadock, we were compelled to expedite our departure; and took leave of our kind-hearted friends, with a promise of speedily returning. We had (that is to say, Drake Somerset and myself, for Morgan remained behind) a delicious night for the walk. The moon had but just risen, and a cool refreshing breeze lent strength and animation to our steps. As we entered the high road we could not resist the temptation of pausing for an instant, to observe the effect of starlight upon the village. . It was ineffably magnificent; the mountains, at the base of which Talley is situated, sparkled with a thousand glittering colours; the old monastery, topped with the accumulated moss of years, reared its venerable form beneath the hallowed softness of the night, and threw a gentle shadow along the tranquil surface

of the pool. To increase the witchery of the hour, a little boat was on the lake, and the sweet tones of a flute, softened by distance, came stealing across the wave. The whole scene was of the same romantic character, and the enthusiast might have fancied himself in Italy, listening to the serenade of a lover, or the mellow canzonets of a gondolieri.

But as we approached Llangadock, where the mountains are wilder and more elevated, the sky became overcast, and the distant summits of Llyn-y-Van, swathed in a shroud of mist, reared their blue heads above the clouds. By the time that we had entered the town, a violent shower of rain assailed us. But when we came within sight of our cottage, the moor, the roads, the meadows, even our own plantation and garden, presented the appearance of one vast sheet of water. On coming within hail of the toll-bar, we raised the view hallo! our usual signal of approach, and were instantly answered, by shouts of "the flood—the flood." And sure enough there was a flood, and a devil of a one too. Our kitchen was knee-deep in water, our mill-brook rolled like a torrent; even the gutter aped a cataract, and our boots, hats, gloves, fishing-rods, and fishing-lines, were coolly taking a shower-bath. On rushed the torrent, with a tempestuous

roar, bearing down ducks, geese, blocks and barrels in its flight. To make the matter worse, it took a fancy to our wheelbarrow, which surrendered at discretion, and kept it company on the road. As may be surmised, we were decently soaked ourselves, and the neighbouring villagers no sooner heard of our arrival, than they came flocking in shoals to our assistance. Bail after bail, bucket after bucket, was used; and, after four hours' incessant exertion, we luckily got a peep at our kitchen-floor.

When the flood had somewhat abated, we discovered the combined corpses of two fowls, which were to be spitted the next day, floating very cosily along the Mill-brook, accompanied by a pound of butter, which joined the procession at the kitchen-door. There was, moreover, a good-for-nothing vagabond buttock of beef, which seemed inclined for a similar trip, and was actually moving off the larder floor, with all the easy unconcern of a gentleman. Luckily we got scent of its intentions, and, by the greatest dexterity, prevented any further elopement. On enquiring into the origin and probable cause of this cursed deluge, we found that it was occasioned by a cloud which had just burst upon one of the mountains in our immediate neighbourhood, and discharged its bile upon our

242 AN OTTER HUNT IN THE COTHY.

poor little innocent valley. It subsided, however, with as much rapidity as it rose; and at a late hour we retired to rest, to dream of massacred otters—run-away pounds of butter—truant poultry—and erratic buttocks of beef.

PIKE-FISHING

IN

Talley Pools.



THE village of Talley is a romantic spot, situated in the most sequestered part of South Wales. It sleeps, as it were, beneath the shelter of some lofty mountains, and is celebrated for the remains of an old ivy-clad monastery. Beside the little church which fronts the ruin, appear two large pike-pools, or tarns, surrounded by steep declivities, and forming marshes, at the water's edge, where moor-fowl breed, and the heath-flower blossoms. Upon this spot, so admirably calculated for the enthusiast or the sportsman, for the lover of nature or of roast ducks, Morgan, Drake Somerset, and myself, turned the light of our countenances one fine spring morning, and bent our steps towards the cottage of a friend whom I have mentioned in the Otter Hunt, and who resides in the immediate neighbourhood.

244 PIKE-FISHING IN VALLEY POOLS.

We reached the village at an early hour, and finding, as usual, every thing arranged for our arrival, hurried off to the scene of action. As the vast extent of the water rendered bank-fishing a vain employment, we had recourse to the Welch coracles, which enabled us to traverse it in every direction. Our bait was a somewhat singular one, and may perhaps astonish the sporting *cognoscenti* in England. It was a huge artificial fly, constructed on the rudest principles, and so independent in shape, as to set nature at positive defiance. Its length was about three inches, with a thick body formed of gaudy-coloured worsted, and wings of a jay or a bright mallard's feather, tied upon two large hooks, such as are generally used in England for the dead snap, but of course without lead. The rod was about four yards long, and attached to a strong whip-cord line of eighteen or twenty feet. The manner of throwing the bait is somewhat similar to trolling; except that the fish should be struck on the instant, and landed *vi et armis*.

As for our coracle, it merits an equally minute description, being singularly formed of wicker-work, covered with leather or canvas, and pitched, so as to render it water-proof. It is merely large enough to carry one man, with his nets and fowling-piece, and is worked with a paddle. In shape it is nearly

round, with a seat placed across the centre for the greater facility of guidance. Wales appears to be the only place in which it is generally used : and its value to a poor fisherman is astonishing. With his coracle, and his dog, and his fowling-piece, he traverses the swiftest rivers, rattles down cataracts and water-falls, and then returns to his cottage, with his boat upon his back, his gun in his hand, and his trusty spaniel by his side.

Having said so much about the coracle, it is high time we should get into it; a job which we speedily effected : but being novices in the management, there was some little apprehension manifested on our first putting off from shore. But we soon got accustomed to the task, recollecting with the compassionate fish-woman, who excused herself for skinning eels, with "Lord bless 'em, it's nothing when they are used to it," that danger or pain of any kind is diminished by habit. To this observation, however, which I repeated to Morgan as we were entering the coracles, he begged leave to except a school-flogging, assuring me that after having been duly scourged for a week successively, he found the inconvenience as great at the termination as at the commencement of his discipline.

And now behold us seated each in his wicker boat, busily making for the centre of the pool,

where, according to the village records, the larger fish love to resort. The soldier was the first to cast out his bait without receiving any return to his letter of invitation. For my own part, I floated more discreetly by the bank-side, where a huge congregation of weeds hinted the probability of a bottom, which in the middle of the lake is almost as difficult to discover as the longitude. I soon found myself rewarded for my discretion ; for on throwing the fly, a thumping pike, roused perhaps to activity by the approach of the coracle, seized it with the velocity of lightning, and, on being struck, rushed forward in a desperate hurry, churning the water into foam as he passed. Maddened with pain, he dashed about the pool, rose apparently exhausted on the surface, and then dived deep into the wave, till spent by fatigue he gave up the job, as well as the ghost ; and I had the ecstasy of landing a pike of six pounds weight.

I was so much engrossed by my booty, that for some time I was deaf to the shouts of little Morgan, who had hooked a similarly sized fish, but was less able to restrain his jubilant cachinations. When at last I reverted my optics to his coracle, I found him skimming in it to and fro, now at one end, now at another part of the pool, in hasty pursuit of his prey, which was floundering about in

the water like a fresh-water leviathan. Reader! hast thou ever seen a buttock of beef rearing its majestic form above the margin of a wash-tub?—such was our magnanimous Cambrian, while seated in a squat cock-boat, his goodly stomach rose proudly pre-eminent in corpulent circumference.

At this instant, while he was landing his fish, some wild-fowl sprung up from a little thicket, at the extremity of the pool. Somerset, who by great good-luck had his fowling-piece in the coracle, hastened to pay his addresses to them; but finding that they possessed all the timid shyness of youth, resolved upon a clandestine interview, and firing from behind a prolific family of osiers, lodged a brace of wild-ducks in the water. “Bravo!” exclaimed the enraptured Morgan, and hastened to examine the bodily health of the defunct; a scrutiny which afforded him the sincerest satisfaction.

We had now been some hours on the lake, and Somerset, who laid aside his rod for his fowling-piece, went poaching along the banks and through the copse, in hopes of scraping a further acquaintance with fish, flesh, or fowl. The Welchman returned to his position in the centre of the pool, while I, with wonted discretion, performed my noviciate with the coracle by the sides. I never indeed, such is my want of taste, could fancy a

cold-bath when I had the power of avoiding it; although I am partial to a *duck*, yet I have an instinctive aversion to a *ducking*, and can readily sympathize with poor Falstaff, "that man of continual dissolution and thaw," when he relates the pathetic circumstance of having been thrown into the Thames together with a bundle of old clothes. But although I did not venture into the great deeps, I found myself equally successful by the banks, and in a very short space had contrived to hook a fish of four pounds weight, and to lose another, which, to my express consolation, was double the size. The soldier was more fortunate with his gun, as I discovered from the frequent splashings in the water; but our worthy host, who stood demurely angling for roach, perch, and chub, was as unlucky as the man in the Pentateuch, who "toiled all day and caught nothing."

But all that we had hitherto hooked was but "cakes and gingerbread" to the monster that rose at my fly, and darted off again like a shot. He whizzed along the water with inconceivable violence; and by a transient glimpse that I gained of his side, I should fancy he must have weighed upwards of fourteen pounds. I was in a perfect tremble at the sight of him, so eager were my exertions to land him. My rod bent like an osier, when, as ill-luck

would have it, the faithless line gave way, and off went the pike, with a steel draught in his gills, and about three inches of worsted in his gorge, attached to a reasonable quantity of whipcord by way of emetic.

Evening was now drawing on, and our respectively keen appetites gave manifest tokens of the arrival of the dinner-hour. I immediately paddled to land; but being somewhat ignorant of the topography of the place, set my foot into an immense marsh, which surrounds the pool on every side but one. Each step sunk me "deeper and deeper still;" but I had the consolation of reflecting that my Welch friend was much worse off than myself, having landed in a similar spot. "Hallo," he ejaculated in tones of desponding bitterness, "is there no bottom to this cursed bog?"—"Yes," I replied, "an excellent one, when you can find it," a rejoinder which filled him with dismay.

With some difficulty we contrived to reach *terra firma*, when on looking back towards the water we beheld Somerset plump headlong out of his coracle, in endeavouring to reach a wild-fowl which had dropped into the pool. A fisherman, who was angling hard by, hastened immediately to his assistance, while Morgan, who is something of a philosopher, coolly took out his watch, and folded his

- arms in an attitude of apparent meditation. On enquiry, I found that he was calculating the exact time it would take Somerset to reach the bottom of the lake ; an experiment which would certainly, as I took care to inform him, have been infinitely consoling to a drowning man. So much for the practical utility of philosophers.

By this time our coracles were hauled on land, dispatched by some fishermen to the village, and we all ascended the steep mountain-path which overhangs the lake and forms the shortest cut to Talley. As we wound along the ridge, the whole scene expanded itself with picturesque luxuriance. Barren hills reared their blue summits above and around us, below which the two pools lay nestled, while the little copse at the further side of the nearest lake resounded with the wild melody of the blackbird, the thrush, or the bulfinch. The setting sun gave a softened colouring to the landscape, and, as it poured a mellow radiance through the time-worn arches of the monastery, appeared like the spirit of friendship cheering the pillow of declining age.

The reader must pardon this digression, for I am an enthusiastic admirer of nature. There is not a heath-flower on the barren moor, not a streamlet in the valley, nor a cypress on the mountain, that

passes without its record. The beautiful sun, that comes up in his glory to enliven and refresh the day—the breeze, that wantons with the roses in the frolicsome good-nature of youth—the silver moon, when she moves in silent majesty along the dark blue canopy of heaven, have each a secret charm associated with the most delightful recollections.

But the dinner is positively getting cold, so I must resign my rhapsodies for the highly important duties of mastication and deglutition. Well then: fancy us seated at the cottage-table of our hospitable host, with appetites sharpened by exercise, and cheerfulness acquired by amusement. Our bill of fare was excellent, and did honour to the catering accomplishments of B——. There was the majestic buttock of beef, with his goodly alderman-like circumference; the more delicate turkey, with his gizzard insinuated between his wings; the lascivious pigeon, snugly tucked up in a blanket of puff-paste; and the diversified sausage, reposing on his feather-bed of mashed potatoes. Then again there was Welch ale, fit for the gods to tipple; porter which recalled many pleasant reminiscences of London; together with divers other bibulous etceteras, each of which, were justice to be done them, would merit a separate eulogium.

“If on earth,” said Morgan, as he helped him-

self profusely between whiles, "there be a pure unadulterated felicity, it is the first cut of a hashed calve's head."—"I perfectly agree with you," replied Drake, "and am certain that he who could insult a woman; or a hashed calve's head, (may I trouble you for another slice,) can be no man." This opinion met with the hearty concurrence of us all; and ere a few minutes had elapsed, the object of our eulogium had disappeared, together with its concomitant appurtenances.

Dinner was now over, the substantial buttock was removed, and we could only observe, with Macduff, that "such things were, that were most *dear* to us." The cloth, however, was no sooner taken away than the parlour-bell was rung, and an enormous punch-bowl, garnished with a silver ladle, made its welcome appearance. "This, gentlemen," said our kind host, with a countenance of modest glee, "is an old family fixture; and as I am a staunch loyalist, I have given it the name of the Royal Sovereign Yacht."—"A trim vessel truly," replied Morgan, "and well stored with ballast."—"Push her round, my boys," quoth the soldier, "and while she crowds all sails, let us toast him whose name she bears.—Come, I'll give you a sentiment that shall set your very souls mantling in your glass. 'George IV. of England—the

Sovereign, the Sportsman, and the Gentleman.'” I might be accused of being somewhat poetical in my prose, were I to describe the acclamations with which this toast was received. Suffice to say, that if clamour be a proof of loyalty, then were we the most outrageous patriots that ever stunned the astounded village of Talley.

Every succeeding glass now increased our merriment; the punch was excellent, (I wish I could say as much for Drake's long stories) and we felt it our duty to assist the navigation of the vessel by every means in our power.

By this time, however, the tippie was evidently ascending the inner vestibule of Morgan's pericranium, and he annoyed us with philosophical inflictions, which it would have done the heart good to hear. “Come,” said he, among other equally ingenious observations, “the Royal Sovereign's aground;—shove her off the stocks, man, shove her off.” B— immediately pushed the bowl round. “Bravo,” continued the inebriated Cambrian, “there she goes, all sails crowded—(damn this hiccup); come along, my tight little frigate. The Royal Sovereign for ever.—See how trimly she sweeps along.—Blessings on her sweet face. I remember that my poor father——”

“Never mind your father now, stick to the

punch, man," said B.—"Used frequently to observe,—" continued Morgan, heedless of the interruption. "The bowl *stands* with you," said Drake. "That's more than he can do himself," I replied; while the Welchman replenished his glass with laudable adroitness.

Gentle reader! with blushes I confess that Morgan is tipsy, exceeding tipsy, and that I foresee much trouble in managing him. He was indeed a sad riotous dog; and would insist on giving a long-winded account of his pedigree, which he derived from Cadwallader by the mother's side. Alas! poor Cadwallader! he must have been a terrible fellow among the women; for he fathers half the families in Wales. After a little further rigmarole, our Cambro-Briton quitted the table—as we hoped; to take the fresh air; and we employed the interval in relaxing from the severity of our potations.

In a short time we hastened to see what had become of him, when who shall describe our affright at discovering him making love on his knees to a young damsel, who was listening in modest confusion. His little fat puffy face swelled with anticipated raptures, and his very wig appeared to undulate with unusual vivacity. "Oh! you deep dog," said Drake, shocked at such conduct.

"Oh! you monster of iniquity," added B.; "you that were talking so much against the women.—You that boasted of your philosophy.—You that pretended to ridicule a lady's blue eye.—I thought how all this would end.—Morgan! Morgan! I am perfectly ashamed of you."

"My good friends," returned the Welchman, endeavouring to speak religiously, "man is born to sin, and the flesh, you know, is weak, particularly on such a hot day as this has been. Philosophy alone can aid us in such emergencies."—"It does not seem to have done you much good," said I. "Verily, my excellent friend D., the greatest men, (hiccuping as he spoke) have had their little innocent weaknesses. Lot was a tippler; Alexander was a martyr (vide Diodorus Siculus, page 14, edit. fol.) to Bacchus; and even the great Cadwallader, my worthy ancestor, was sometimes found in his wrong bed. For, as my poor father used to say—"

"He's at it again," quoth B., "for God's sake stop him, or he will talk for an hour at least."—"No," said Morgan, "a silent tongue maketh a wise head, and taciturnity is the wisdom of fools. I remember my poor father——" —"He is the most affectionate son I ever saw," said the soldier, "for he never forgets his father." With these

words Somerset caught him by the arm, and all of us uniting our best endeavours, managed to convey him up-stairs to his room, while we returned to the table, and replenished our empty glasses with discreet but pleasant conviviality.

In a short time, finding himself partially recovered, he prepared to come down stairs, and muttering, as he went, a few unconnected passages of Scripture, marched onwards, though somewhat in a serpentine direction, to the top of the landing-place. Here grasping the balustrade with one arm, and waving the other as if in the attitude of preaching, he repeated, in a sonorous tone, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall;" and, as if he had been doomed to enforce the necessity of this admonition, he lost his hold of the banisters, and rolled like a foot-ball to the bottom of the staircase. To increase his discomfort, a huge washing-tub, placed by design or negligence at the foot of the stairs, invited his unwieldy carcase. In he went, soused head over heels in the lather, and by the force of his fall lifted up the tub, so that it fell down again, and completely covered him. After divers attempts to extricate himself from this truly ludicrous imprisonment, he at length effected his release, and rose covered from head to foot with soap-suds. Fearful

of ridicule, he hurried back to his bed-room, repeating with a heavy sigh, that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

In the course of the night he managed so far to recover himself as to be able to join the supper-table, and lay aside his anecdotes about his father and his wig. For my own part, I should not do justice to the public if I were to assert that I have a perfectly distinct recollection of all that occurred after supper was removed. I remember, however, that we agreed to go grouseing to Llynn-y-Van, and that B. engaged us all at his cottage to spend a few days with him at the ensuing shooting season.

TWM JOHN CATTY,

The Welch Rob Roy.

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" You are a patriot, a plebeian Gracchus,  
The rebel's oracle, the people's tribune :  
I blame you not, you act in your vocation ;  
They smote you, and oppress'd you, and despised you."

DOGE OF VENICE.

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ONE fine summer evening, towards the close — of
the fifteenth century, a gallant knight and his esqui- re
were winding along the mountain passes of Ca- r-
diganshire, when the increasing dangers of the ro- ad
gave strong hints that they had lost their wa- y.
As they advanced at a brisk trot, they sudden- ly
found themselves in the midst of a wilderness of
glen, mountain, and cataract. The Towy roar- ed
at their feet, and above them towered stupendous
masses of rock, here fringed with thick woods, and

there peeping forth in naked grandeur. "By my halidame," said the knight, "this is a cheerless prospect for a weary traveller."

"Hark !" replied the squire, "methinks I hear voices in yonder greenwood." "Onward then, in God's name," said his companion ; and, grasping his sword firmly in his hand, moved with caution in the direction of the noise.

The moon had by this time risen, and revealed a deep mass of wood that rose to an awful distance above them. Not the slightest vestige of a human track was visible ; but ever and anon a wild chorus, interrupted by bursts of merriment, came wafted on the gale. Guided by the sound, the travellers tied their horses to a tree, and, aided by the brilliant light of a full moon, scrambled through the underwood, until they reached an open space, where, seated round a beechen table, well laden with venison, pasty, wild fowl, and sundry huge flasks of Welch ale, they discovered a party of about thirty outlaws. A young forester of thoughtful but prepossessing aspect, was stationed at one end of the table, listening to the merry tones of a harper on his right hand. On perceiving the strangers, the assembly all rose from their seats, until the young man motioned them to be silent.

"Ye are welcome, sirs," he exclaimed, "whether

ye come as friends or foes—to measure a sword or to drink a health : Twm John Catty is prepared for either.”

“ We are peaceful travellers,” replied the knight, “ and crave your hospitality until the morrow.”

“ Be seated then,” said the youth who seemed to be the chief of the assembly, “ and do you, Hoel,” turning to the minstrel, “ strike up a woodland welcome.” The harper, thus called on, inclined himself towards an inviting glass of October, and after rolling about a pair of gooseberry eyes, adjusted his instrument, drained his flask, and played a merry tune, that set the whole assembly in a roar of laughter.

“ By'r lady,” said the stranger knight, addressing himself in the intervals of the song to Twm John Catty, “ I little thought ere I returned to Bala to hear harp-strings tinkle in the underwoods of Cardigan.”

“ Go you to Bala,” said the outlaw, “ and know not that Harry of England is up in the vicinage?”

The stranger looked surprised. “ But are not Mortimer and the Percies encamped on the borders of the lake, awaiting my—the return of Glendower, I mean?”

"Glendower, Sir knight?" and then after a pause, in which he scrutinised his features with deep and thoughtful attention, "A health, a health, my merry men all; the age of marvel is returned, for the princely Glendower sits at an outlaw's board."

"'Tis a marvel, I confess," returned the knight, surprised at such an unexpected discovery; "yet though report has said much to your prejudice, your own private wrongs and the lawless violence of the times must needs stand your apology."

"I have indeed been wronged; but, deep as were my injuries, I have had an adequate revenge. Three years ago yon pale moon shone down upon the gay morion of Roderick Aranza; his helmet plume fluttered to the breeze, and his cuirass flashed back the star-light, but the warrior lay dead upon the battlements of Cerig-cennan."

"By the mass, it was boldly done."

"Aye, but mark the sequel: King Henry heard of his minion's death, and stood in the hall of my ancestors, like the weird dæmon of Cader Idris,* in his cloudy palace of storms. He even rendered me," continued the forester, in a voice of deep but stifled anguish, "fatherless and motherless on earth,

* The weird dæmon, or Storm-spirit of Cader Idris, was the forerunner of Calamity.

and drove me to the green sward, where the blue vault of heaven is my only roof. And, now that I have satisfied your curiosity, speak, whence go you on the morrow?"

He paused for a reply: but Glendower, fearful of being overheard, drew him into the more intricate recesses of the wood, and then, in an earnest and determined manner, unfolded all the circumstances of his treasonable confederacy with the North, his immediate intention of joining his vassals, who were mustered on the banks of Bala; and concluded by expressing a hope that the outlaw would assist in the rebellion. The forester embraced the proposal; his heart panted for adventure, as eagerly as his associates for plunder; and after some little affected hesitation, in order probably to enhance the value of his alliance, he agreed to set out on the ensuing evening, and join the Welch squadrons. This, however, was not decided on without previous attention to his own interests; which being duly promised on the part of Glendower, the confederates soon settled their plan of operation, and then returned to the banquet, where they found the harper entertaining the foresters with a favourite Welch drinking-song, which my antiquarian friend Mr. Sennacherib Snufflepsalms has thus paraphrased.

Song.

Trowl, trowl the bonny bowl,
And lustily drink the while ;
For every sup from the forester's cup
Is sweet as a lady's smile :
Then drink and sing, while the merry bells ring,
From the turrets of Talley, their ding dong ding.

The prior of Revell, he met the Devil,
Disguised in leather breeches ;
I gave him a sup from the forester's cup,
And he spurn'd the tempter's riches,
His pomps and vanities, stale or fresh,
And all the sinful lusts of the flesh :
So the fiend flew off, while the bells did ring,
From the turrets of Talley, their ding dong ding.

The Devil, next day pass'd by this way,
On a trip to the Abbot of Talley ;
I gave him a sup from the forester's cup,
And he reel'd like a lord through the valley ;
And swore as he went, by the point of his tail,
That the nectar of heaven was nothing but ale :—
Then drink and sing, while the merry bells ring,
From the turrets of Talley, their ding dong ding.

Oh! the Abbot he loves a sparkling glass,
And the hind his native vale,
The forester his mountain lass,
And we our good Welch ale:
Then trowl, trowl the bonny bowl,
And shame befall the lout,
Who, having drunk the midnight in,
Would fear to drink it out.

"Thou hast a light heart," said Glendower, as the minstrel concluded his song.

"Aye, and a light purse too, I ween, save when the monks of Talley wend through the underwood."

"Methinks," said the Squire of Sir Owen, who did not seem to relish the idea of a couch upon the naked heath, "the monk's cowl would make us a bonny coverlid."

"Tut, man," replied the harper, "where the summer sun shines, and the dew falls light on the heather, there needs neither couch nor coverlid ;

For live we in greenwood, in bower, or in hall,
One bonny blue sky bends over us all.

"And now, my merry men, God's blessing be with you ; for in good sooth this ale runs strangely in my head, and I would fain betake myself to rest." The remainder of the party followed the minstrel's

example, and stretching themselves on the green sward, were soon buried in peaceful slumber.

With the earliest peep of dawn the bugle woke them from repose, and Glendower and his squire perceived their steeds ready equipped for travel, and a goodly breakfast spread with rustic neatness on the turf. It was soon dispatched, and the travellers resumed their journey, the knight, as he retired, whispering in the outlaw leader's ear the parting admonition—Remember.

John Thomas the son of Catherine,* whom I have thus abruptly introduced to my readers, was a young Welchman of “gentle blood” and ardent temperament. His ancestors had long resided in the neighbourhood of Lampeter, and were notorious for their aversion to the English. Their descendants inherited the same prejudices; and John, when a boy, became a favourite among all classes. On reaching manhood he signalized himself by his enmity to Roderick Aranza, a favourite courtier of Henry IV, who resided at the Castle of Cerig-cennan. The quarrel originated in the Welch chieftain's use of an intemperate expression, which his enemy communicated to the English government as the declaration of a traitor. His estates

* The old mode of recognizing family surnames in Wales.

at Lampeter were accordingly confiscated, and Roderick, being invested with full powers to execute the attainder, seized John's only sister as hostage, and garrisoned the castle with his own train. The young chieftain was then at Penman-mawr, but no sooner heard of the confiscation of his estates, and the capture of his relative, than he hastily collected his vassals, and besieged Aranza in his strong holds at Cerig-cennan. Roderick sustained a tedious siege by means of a subterranean passage, which, perforating the rock on which the castle was built, enabled the garrison to hold communication with the neighbourhood. The passage, however, was soon discovered, and Aranza, in excess of disappointment, immured John's sister in the cave, where she was starved to death. This roused the chieftain's inexorable hatred; he pushed the assault, attacked his enemy in person, and murdered him on the battlements of Cerig-cennan. The castle was then plundered, but its ruin still exists, and its cave, the scene of early feuds, is still shown to the inquisitive stranger.

On hearing of the death of his favourite, Henry instantly resolved to pass summary punishment on the offender, more especially as the Northern provinces of Wales were now in a state of actual rebellion, and some public example of severity was

requisite. He accordingly marched a numerous army against John's castle at Lampeter ; ordered the execution of his father and mother as rebels, and ravaged his paternal estates with the united destruction of fire and sword. Unable to cope with such a force, the young warrior fled with a few faithful followers into the wilds of Cardigan, adopted the appellation of Twm John Catty, and visited on all classes the injuries which he had himself sustained. His temper, which was naturally cheerful, became roughened by misfortune, and few could recognize the lively chieftain in the hardened outlaw.

Three years thus passed on, and still the greenwood was his sole residence. The English monarch had in the mean time crushed the rebellion, and the Welch were left to enjoy a brief interval of repose. It was now that the dread of Twm John Catty overspread every class of the community ; for, with his bold foresters by his side, he fearlessly plundered villages, taxed monasteries, and bestowed on the needy, what he extorted from the rich. His robberies, however, were unstained by cruelty ; and as they generally terminated in some rude jest, at the expence of the hapless traveller, ridicule softened over the glaring violation of justice.

A few weeks previous to the period at which

this tale commences, the tranquillity of Wales was again disturbed by the ambition of Earl Mortimer, and the restless activity of Glendower; who, by reason of his personal enmity to the English Lord Grey, had undertaken to join the rebellion. The Percies too were persuaded to countenance the scheme, and were even now encamped with their associates on the banks of Bala, awaiting a battle with Henry IV, who, after forcing a hasty march through England, had taken up his quarters on the opposite shores of the lake. It was at this period that Glendower, on missing his road from Llandilo-Vauhr, where he had been to collect confederates, had suddenly encountered the outlaws. The character of their leader was not unknown to him; but as he was well acquainted with his hostility to the English, he argued much from his courage and devotion to the cause. He accordingly exacted from him the promise to which I have before alluded, and then hastened to Bala, to resume the command of his vassals.

On the departure of Glendower and his squire, Twm John Catty addressed his followers on the subject of their joining the rebellion, offering at the same time ample spoil from their enemies, and a free pardon from their countrymen. The last, it is probable, did not weigh much in the scale; but

the idea of booty excited their cupidity, and they resolved to separate on the same evening, with a promise of re-assembling in the Welch camp. The rest of the day was spent in preparation, and by moonlight they set forward on their march.

Towards evening the outlaw leader reached Lampeter, where he halted for an instant, to survey the home of his infancy. A thousand bitter feelings, that had long slumbered, now rushed upon his soul, as he gazed on his ruined castle, yet blackened with the flames. Of all its former grandeur, but one solitary turret remained. Thoughtful he stood beside it, and a convulsion of indescribable anguish passed across his countenance, as he recalled the memory of his murdered relatives. This was but the weakness of a moment, for the prospect of revenge imparted a stern satisfaction to his heart.

By night-fall he entered on the gloomy passes of the Devil's bridge, and remained awe-struck on the verge of its glens, as he heard the thunder of the falling cataract, and cast his eyes upwards to the dark range of rock and mountain that towered in uninterrupted succession around him. The roads in this neighbourhood were intricate and dangerous, sometimes leading along the edge of ravines, where one false step would ensure the traveller's destruction. Accustomed, however, to traverse the most

hazardous mountain passes with facility, he journeyed swiftly onwards, until the close of the second day, when he descried the blue waters of Bala, with the Welch tents fringing its borders. As he approached the shore, the well-known blast of his bugle brought his foresters about him, and together they proceeded to the tent of Glendower; who congratulated the men on their prospect of booty, and Twm John Catty of revenge. Hotspur and Percy, Earls Mortimer, Vernon, and Worcester, each added their cordial welcome, and proposed as a compliment to his skill and courage, that he should cross the lake, explore the English camp, and take an estimate of its probable strength. This proposition was cheerfully acceded to, and, enveloped in a dark mantle, the outlaw set forward on his perilous expedition.

It was a beautiful night; the breeze scarcely sufficed to stir the silver waters of the lake, or to break the bright moon-beams that sparkled on its surface. The sky was studded with innumerable stars, and a few light clouds tinged with the fantastic colours of the rainbow, sailed slowly lagging on the gale, and then fading in distance left the dark blue firmament uninterrupted. All was so still, so peaceful, that the enthusiast might have fancied the regions of the grave were around him; save when

the distant clash of arms, or the sullen watch-word of the sentinel, disturbed the general tranquillity. The outlaw felt the witching influence of the hour, and a painful sense of loneliness escaped him, while his little shallop flitted in melancholy singleness along the wave. As his eye caught the white glittering range of English tents, all stretching in regular succession along the borders of the lake, he thought of the approaching morrow, when thousands, who now lay buried in slumber, should moulder stiff and cold upon the heather. At this instant the distant tones of a Welch harp came stealing across the wave. The wanderer listened with surprise, for the air was the same to which he had often danced in childhood. Sweetly the notes rung from rock to rock, now swelling on the breeze, and now lingering in softness, until the last faint vibration ceased and all was silent as before.

The boat had by this time reached the borders of the lake, and the English tents became more clearly discernible. The moon still shone, but with diminished lustre, and faintly lit up the gay banners that streamed from different quarters of the camp. The whole army seemed hushed to slumber; for not a sound was heard, but the half-suppressed neighing of the war-horse, or the shrill clank of the armourer's hammer, as it rung upon some steel-clad helmet.

It was now deep midnight, the moon had set, and the last watch-fires were already waning in the camp. Amid the sleeping thousands that surrounded him, the British monarch alone lay immersed in thought upon his couch. The past, laden with guilt, rushed over his mind, until, unable to compose himself to rest, he withdrew the curtains of his tent, and looked out upon the night. The air was calm and pleasant, dark clouds scudded across the troubled wrack of heaven, and the waters of the lake fell in rippling murmurs upon the shore. The soul of the haughty king was melted even to womanly tenderness at the sight, and a bitter sigh escaped him as he recalled the memory of the young Welch chieftain, whom his injuries had driven to despair. "And what if he should be here," he exclaimed, in the moment of phrenzied imagination, "to avenge the destruction of his clans?"

"He is here," said a deep-toned voice, and a dark figure stood beside him. "Harry of England," it exclaimed, "the hour of retribution arrives: haste, betake thee to thy weapon; for, by the God above us, either thou or I must fall." "You would not murder me?" said the affrighted monarch, as he recognized the stern lineaments of the outlaw. "Murder you?" he replied: "no! though you have left me neither food nor shelter, friend nor kinsman, I scorn to murder an unarmed man."

The heightened tones of his voice attracted the attention of a sentinel, who was parading without the tent. Apprehensive of danger, he immediately gave the alarm, and a file of soldiers rushed to the scene of contest. The forester, roused by the noise, had but just time to retreat, when the King gave notice of his escape. The sentinels followed to the shore; but the fugitive was already far upon the lake, on his return to the Welch camp.

The morning rose dark and lowering, thick clouds gathered on the mountain summits, and a dull creeping mist brooded over the landscape. Waked from repose each army prepared for action, and soon the trumpet announced that an English squadron had quitted its encampment. The war-song of Glendower was instantly raised among his clans, and, as they saw the glittering files of infantry wind along the opposite shore, each heart beat high in anticipation of attack. The word to march was soon given, and the Welch troops, headed by Glendower, and joined by Twm John Catty, who had ascertained the most accessible point of attack, hastened to a plain at the further end of Bala, which the British cavalry seemed desirous to maintain.

While the two armies advanced to the conflict, the harpers, stationing themselves on an adjacent eminence, played their inspiring war-songs. Of

these, the outlaw minstrel was the most animated. He sang the praise of Twin John Catty, and the ancient glories of his clan, while the foresters, who heard the lay, steeled every nerve to battle.

The squadrons of Glendower had by this time reached the plain, from which the English cavalry, headed by the young Prince of Wales, hastened to dislodge them. The King remained in the rear with six thousand picked veterans, closely drawn up in four lines, and flanked at each end by a troop of horse-guards. On the advance of the dragoons, he commanded Sir Walter Blunt with his lancers to join them, while his archers kept up an uninterrupted discharge of arrows. The movement was successful, and the Welch clans were slowly giving way, when the Earl of Douglas, who had just arrived, killed Sir Walter Blunt, and routed his auxiliaries. The Prince of Wales no sooner saw the defeat, than he rushed up to where Hotspur with his Northumbrians still waged unequal conflict. On beholding this movement, the two squadrons paused as if by mutual consent. The combatants were so young, so gallant, that an awful doubt as to who should be the victor pervaded each detachment. Twice the sword of Hotspur rung shrilly on the steel-proof buckler of the Prince of Wales, blow succeeded blow, and the blood

welled in a torrent from them both. At length, in making a vigorous lunge, the faulchion of Hotspur broke upon the breast-plate of his antagonist, whose sword was instantly sheathed in his bosom. He fell with a deep groan to earth ; one faint sigh, one convulsive struggle, and the gallant Percy was no more.

The Northumbrians seeing the fall of their leader, retreated panic-struck from the field, while Twm John Catty, at the head of his outlaws, charged the detachments of archers that guarded the person of Henry. Terrific was now the struggle : the deep and shrill tones of the war-trump, the clashing of the battle-axes, mingled with the wild shouts of the foresters, lent a fearful interest to the contest. High above all the outlaw leader shone conspicuous, and by his imposing height, and determined energy, appeared the presiding guardian of his country. The contest had by this time slackened ; for the Welch clans, unable to stop the retreat of the Northumbrians, were reluctantly induced to follow their example. As for Glendower, he led his troops at night-fall into the most mountainous passes of Snowdon, where pursuit was difficult, while Twm John Catty, seeing that all for the present was lost, retreated with his adherents to their old haunts among the wild woods of Cardigan.

There he remained for days in a state of comparative tranquillity. By day-break his followers sprung to the chase, and returned at evening to the underwoods, where the night was wiled away in music and in merriment. The King of England meantime, after effectually crushing the confederacy, stationed troops throughout the principality, in the hope of surprising Glendower and the outlaws, against whose leader the encounter in the camp had caused him to cherish an inextinguishable hatred. Aware of these hostile sentiments, Twm John Catty determined to remain tranquil for the present in his fastnesses, satisfied by the massacre his band had effected among the English, and resolving to join Glendower, when he should again project an insurrection. But his resources soon failed, his adherents began to murmur, and even their leader manifested symptoms of *ennui*. These motives induced him, at the usual midnight assembly of his clan, to propose a marauding expedition against the neighbouring monastery of Talley. The offer was accepted with alacrity; for the Abbot and his monks, according to report, were richer in the dross of this world, than in the spiritual gifts of another.

It was the last hour of twilight, the faint rays of the setting sun yet crimsoned the dark blue tarns

of Talley, when a stranger, apparently worn down by fatigue, crossed the monastery court-yard with a request to be admitted into the presence of the Superior. He was immediately ushered into the supper-room, where the Abbot and his friars were seated at a true clerical refection. This same ecclesiastic was a dignitary in high court favour, and had the scriptures at his fingers' ends, together with a smattering of the classic tongues; qualifications which gave him no slight pretensions to sanctity. He was a fat fussy jolly little gentleman, with a nose tucked up in a feather-bed of cheek, and a body supported by two dumpy legs, like a couple of nine-pins screwed on to a fillet of veal. On the entrance of an intruder, he assumed an air of meek dignity, while his friars, more happily engaged, paid little or no attention to the conference. "Pax vobiscum," said the stranger.

"Benedicite, my dear child," replied the Superior, "what wouldest thou with me?"

"Ghostly father, I am faint with long fasting, and would fain partake of the fare that lies so temptingly before me. Thy charity and thy temperance are"—"Humph!" said the Abbot, assisting the compliment with a hearty draught of canary, "Know'st thou not, my son, that nocturnal refectations are only for the elect? Away

with thee then, and the spirit of meekness go with thee."

"It will not stay behind me, I fear."

"*Apaga, apaga*, thou audacious: thank God for thine esurience, for, of a verity, a full stomach is an abomination in the sight of the Lord."

"If this be the case then," replied the stranger, "I must e'en help myself; for in spite of the abomination, I am somewhat anxious to anatomize the bowels of yon pasty." With these words he wound his bugle, and was instantly surrounded by about thirty outlaws.

"What say you now?" he resumed, "shall Twm John Catty sup with you, or not?"

But the friars heeded not his question: on the abrupt entrance of the foresters, they hurried with true spiritual velocity to the door, where tumbling over one another, they formed an animated mountain of monks. The Abbot was last in the retreat, his cowl impeded his egress, and ere he could reach the door, he plunged with a plump sound to earth, like a ball into the pocket of a billiard-table. The outlaws in the meantime having satisfied their appetite, compelled the fugitives to resume their seats; and Twm John Catty, whose natural melancholy the canary had dissipated, called on the Superior for a song. The harper immediately

tuned his instrument, while the Abbot, after divers hideous contortions, *nosed* a hymn with a pious countenance, which his wicked moist eye rendered irresistibly ludicrous.

Oh! praise the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his holy name.

“Bravo,” said Twm John Catty, and then, with an air of mock humility and affected penitence, insisted upon his indulging them with a more suitable and lively ditty. The Superior revolted at the idea; “By the Virgin!” he exclaimed, “*cor meum eructat*, my heart breaketh the wind of horror, when I think of such profaneness.”

“He preaches well,” said the harper; “doubtless he can sing.”

“Sing then,” replied the outlaw in a tone of command, “or, by Saint David, I will string you up to the convent-gate for the crows to pick at.”

The Abbot, finding all further complaint useless, prepared to obey; and after casting on the foresters a sort of comic, penitential, and beseeching

look as if to enquire their secret, commenced a
 banquet, which was evidently more to his taste
 than the ghostly canticle he had just concluded.

Oh! the jolly, jolly monks of Talley—
 By greenwood glen or valley,
 You ne'er will see
 Such hearts of rice
 As dwell by the haes of Talley.

There are streams in our wood-girt valley,
 And wine in our vaults at Talley;
 There are sweets on the rose,
 And buds on the rose
 Of the jolly, jolly monks of Talley.

Then a health to the monks of Talley;
 While the sun looks bright on the valley,
 While the echoes ring,
 And the wild birds sing,
 We'll drink to the monks of Talley.

“Gramercy for thy courtesy,” said the outlaw,
 “and now for another flaggon, for this (emptying
 the flask at a draught) is lamentably low.” The

command was promptly obeyed, and the Superior, who was by this time devoutly drunk, gave the cellar key into the hands of his nearest attendant. In about an hour the servant returned; he had marked the Abbot's intoxication, and having infinite respect for his character, thought, naturally enough, that it was incumbent on him to follow so laudable an example. Accordingly on entering the cellar he lost no time in acquainting himself with its contents; and now staggered into the refectory, exclaiming that by the blessing of God he was as drunk as any reasonable man could possibly wish to be.

The Superior observed his conduct; "By Saint Nicholas!" he said, "yon varlet is beside himself, or, as the profane have it, *cibo potuque gravatus*. Away with thee, fellow," motioning the servant from the room.

But, however submissive he might be when sober, the attendant was not to be daunted in his moments of intoxication. "Come, come, old cock," he exclaimed, winking with his eyes, and hiccuping between each word, "no cant between cronies; we are but lilies of the valley, you know, and it is but right to make the most of our time. I'faith, when I saw you smacking your chops at the Rhenish, I thought that I might as well suck up a

little wholesome moisture: so says I to myself, Evan, says I, there's your good Abbot as drunk—'

"Drunk," interrupted the Superior, half-maddened by the insolence of his menial; "atrocious sacrilege! that the servant of God, hem! the counsellor of princes, hem! hem! the Abbot of Talley, and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, hem! hem! hem! should live to hear himself called a drunkard, an old cock, and a lily of the valley. Why! thou audacious! doth not that protuberant paunch of thine (an old cock) wag with horror (a lily of the valley) of such blasphemy? The Abbot of Talley drunk!" smacking his chops at the Rhenish! "*O tempora, o mores!*" and with these words, the effect of which had somewhat sobered him, he ordered the delinquent to his cell; who went out, shouting aloud, that although all flesh was grass, yet it was a hard case that a man should be mowed down before his time.

While this dispute was going forward, the foresters indulged in repeated shouts of laughter, and Twm John Catty, by way of increasing the Abbot's discomfiture, peremptorily insisted on a fine. "Bethink thee, holy father," he drawled out, "that we are but poor foresters, who lack most piteously the mammon of unrighteousness; wilt thou not assist our need? for behold it is written

in the books of the Chronicles, He that lendeth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

"Then, by my halidame," said the harper, "the Lord was never in thy debt, friend."

"Wist ye not," replied the indignant Abbot, "that our convent is supported only by the alms of the virtuous? judge then how poor it must be."

"Of a verity! it behoveth me to search," said the forester; and, after a minute examination, he discovered a rich booty, with which the party moved off, the Abbot vociferating as they retired, (but not until the gates of the monastery were securely closed on them,) "Ye blood-thirsty, carnivorous, Pharisaical, diabolical Philistines, behold I uplift my voice against ye, like a sparrow on the house-tops. Also I ——"

"Oh! the jolly, jolly monks of Talley," shouted the outlaws.

"Also ye stiff-necked, back-biting Amalekites," retorted the Superior, "*excommunico vos usque ad diabolum*. Also ——"

But the foresters were now far beyond hearing, the sound of their retreating steps was lost in the faintness of distance, but as they wound along the jutting steeps, the breeze just wafted to their ears the execrations of the Abbot, mingled with the epithets, "blood-thirsty, Pharisaical, and diabolical."

It was now the period of Llangadock fair, and the beautiful common of Carrick-Southey was thronged with the neighbouring peasantry. There was dancing for the young, legends for the old, and the minstrelsy of the Welch harp for all. The village, in those days, consisted of but a few paltry cottages, surrounded in part by a rude wall that bounded it, where the church now stands. On this occasion it presented an appearance of unusual gaiety; each house, according to the custom of the times, being filled with the neighbouring gentry. In whatever direction the eye reverted its gaze, a beautiful prospect awaited it. The gracefully sloping mountains, along which detached holiday groupes were seen winding; the woods of Abermalais; the distant summits of Llynn-y-Van, and the sinuous streams of the Southey, now lapsing through meadows fringed with the full blossom of the heath-flower, and anon thundering in cataract from rock to rock, gave a rich but varied luxuriance to the landscape.

At the extremity of the common stood a tent, where a party of villagers were stationed at an oaken table, in busy rehearsal of the exploits of Twm John Catty and his foresters; near them were a circle of morris-dancers; and beyond, upon an artificial mound of earth, rose the monastic

ruins of Llangadock castle. Seated upon one of its broken buttresses appeared an aged harper, playing the legends of his country to an attentive group of village girls. Among other marvels, he recited the deeds of Ap-Evar, the giant of Penman-mawr: How he was in the daily habit of pocketing young ladies for his luncheon; how he fought a whole regiment of soldiers, who were sent to attack him; how he crossed the river Towy, which, with amiable apprehension, ran up a mountain to avoid him; how he tamed the eagles of Snowdon, by sprinkling salt upon their tails; how, when he died, his breeches-pockets were discovered stuffed full of distressed damsels; how a gallant warrior released them, and how he married them all at once, and lived very happily afterwards. At this part of the story, a few of the prettiest girls were observed to blush. One called the knight an odious monopolizer; another said, that he was very greedy, and should have been satisfied with one wife at a time; but the generality remarked, with a sigh, that there were no such strong cavaliers nowadays. When the party had concluded their comments, a young harper approached them, and observing their impatience for another song, commenced a gallant lay, which he prefaced with some amazingly polite bows, and entitled, "a word to the Ladies."

A Violet bloom'd in a hidden shade,
And the thrush to her beauty sweet canzonets play'd,
And the libertine zephyr in frolicsome mood
Kiss'd her, and call'd her his nymph of the wood.

He said she was queen in her sylvan retreat,
With many fine things which I cannot repeat ;
But when he had stolen the bloom from her bell,
Talk'd about duty, and bade her farewell.

The pretty thing pined when her lover was gone,
For her friends had all left her to wither alone ;
So lonely and lost, on one sorrowful day,
The poor little violet faded away.

Lady, fair lady ! my moral is this :—
The harvest of ruin is reap'd in a kiss ;
For man, like the breeze floating wantonly by,
Will flatter awhile, and then leave thee to die.

The sun was now low in the West, and the
whole assembly prepared for their farewell dance.
The men selected their partners, the harpers tuned
their instruments, and the eyes of all were anxiously
directed towards Abermalais, behind whose wood

the last beam was waning. Slowly it sunk, majestically gilding the wide-spread foliage, and throwing a long line of light, like a golden fringe, athwart the horizon. And now it fades, the ruins of Llangadock, but lately so warm with life, look cold and grey in the twilight; and the villagers, who have watched each dying glimpse of day, are dancing their farewell on Carrick-Southey.*

At this instant the Abbot of Talley, accompanied by two of his monks, passed the common, on his return from Llandilo, where he had been to receive the monastery dues. On perceiving the dancers, he reined in his palfrey, and with an air of authority desired them to desist from their profane revelry. "The Devil is laying snares for you all," he exclaimed; "wist ye not that prayers and fastings, and spiritual wrestlings with Sathanas, are the only acceptable sin-offerings? How then can

* It was an old and favourite custom among the ancient Britons, on any of their village festivals, to dance out the day-light; which they called their "farewell hop." In that "Paradise of Coquettes," the modern Ball-room, we act with a more spirited defiance of nature and simplicity, and dance in the morning. "Enough for the day is the evil thereof;" but to make the most of the proverb, we begin our career of folly at sun-rise.—God knows when we end it.

a carnal disciple of Herodias expect to enter into the joy of his Lord?"

"Why not?" said a stranger, stepping forth from the circle, "I am a lover of dancing, but I am also a lover of virtue."

"But do you believe in the miracles of mother Church—do you believe that our blessed patron, St. Nicholas, feasted three angels on a single saddle of mutton, which marvellously sufficed for all?"

"According to the weight of the mutton, father, will be the weight of my belief. If, for instance, the saddle weighed thirty pounds, I should fancy that by the help of a reasonable quantity of canary, it might be almost enough. But what has this to do with virtue?"

The Abbot made no reply; but contented himself with a few whispered anathemas, expressive of his horror of such blasphemy; when the stranger again addressed him. "You were saying something, I believe."

"Oh! a mere trifle," replied the Superior, "I was merely going to observe, that you will be damned—that is all—;" and with this satisfactory acknowledgment, prepared to remove himself from the scene of such profane revelry. But the stranger still persisted in his argument,

and by way of securing the Abbot's attention, seized his hood, and after many a sly and sarcastic inuendo, attacked him on the folly of interfering with the established sports of the village. The Superior here lost all patience. "Who are you, Sir?" he angrily exclaimed, "that dare to remonstrate with the Abbot of Talley?"

"Who am I," rejoined the outlaw, resuming his careless hardihood of manner; "I am one whom you would rather run a league to avoid, than move a yard to visit; know you not Twm John Catty?" he continued, laying aside his disguise; "I' faith, holy father, you and I must be better acquainted."

"Twm John Catty!"—and without further question, the Superior put spurs to his palfrey, and was galloping away with his fat cargo of ecclesiastics behind him, when the outlaw wound his bugle, and being surrounded as usual by his merry men, desired them to pursue the fugitives. They were instantly arrested, and taken into the presence of Twm John Catty, whose name being now publicly announced, occasioned a general buzz, expressive, however, more of approbation than distrust. In fact, the usual tenor of his conduct was generous, his adherents were noted for vivacity rather than rapaciousness, and his exploits handed about from

village to village, created a lively interest in his behalf.

On reaching the spot where the outlaw was stationed, the Abbot seemed palsied with affright; his former pompousness forsook him, and his fat cheeks elongated by terror, hung down like dew-laps upon his neck.

"Fear nothing," said the forester, observing his trepidation. "I mean but to strike up a dance, in the which, peradventure, thou wilt engage. Here Hoel," he continued, "to the harp—to the harp, man, our good Abbot is dying for a caper."

"By the holy mass," exclaimed the panic-struck Superior, "I am utterly incompetent to dance by reason of my brevity of calf, pingitude of bowel, and diminutive allowance of breath. Secondly, I hold it in abomination, forasmuch as it was the amusement of Herodias, sister of Herod, the Tetrarch. Thirdly, ——"

"I will spare thee the rest," replied the outlaw, "for Hoel is ready with his harp. Come, holy father, shall I assist thee to alight."

But the Abbot was exceeding loth to receive any such assistance; he looked round in every direction, as if meditating an escape; until finding that there was no hope left, he descended with a very ill grace from his palfrey. To have beheld him caper-

ing about, with his cowl flapping to the breeze, like the sails of a Dutch brig, would have been a sight as much beyond the poet to conceive, as the painter to depict. Whenever either he or his monks lagged in their movements, a prick of the forester's sword applied lightly to their rear, set them jumping with inconceivable nimbleness. When the dance was concluded, they were permitted to rest themselves, and the Superior, breathless with passion and fatigue, thus addressed himself in broken sentences to the outlaw. "Of a verity, Mr. Thomas John, the son of Catherine, I am grieved, shocked, astonished, and utterly put to confusion, that a man who professeth reverence for the church, *et temporali et spirituali sensu*, and for God's chosen ministers, my beloved of Talley, should thus abominably, sacrilegiously, and diabolically demean himself in presence of the ungodly."

"Ungodly," replied the outlaw, "did you say that dancing was ungodly?"

"Far from it," resumed the Superior, who became apprehensive of a second jig; "By the virgin! it is a delectable amusement, and grateful unto the health. Finally my brethren ——"

"I am right glad that thou hast come to so sensible an opinion; peradventure as thou approvest of the exercitation, thou wilt renew it."

"A—hem! a—hem!" said the discomfited Abbot, "too much thou knowest is as bad as too little, and I have had a sufficiency for months. Will it please thee, that I gird up my loins and flee?"

"Assuredly; but not until thou hast discharged thine accounts with the minstrel; for the labourer is worthy of his hire."

The Abbot hesitated to reply, until finding that delay only served to prolong his captivity, he drew a heavily-laden purse from his pocket, which Twm John Catty immediately distributed among the villagers, and then laying aside his former quaintness of manner, addressed a few parting admonitions to the Superior. "When you next see a village groupe dancing on Carrick-Southey, or by the blue tarns of Talley," he added in his usual impressive language, "remember that the needy as well as the rich, were born to the enjoyments of life. But should you attempt to infringe upon their amusements, by the God above us, I will visit their injuries on your head, were the dark waves of Bala to roll between us." The Abbot and his Sacristans appeared to be pretty much of the same opinion, and no sooner obtained permission to depart, than they availed themselves of it, with a speed that set all competition at defiance.

While this was going forward, a young lady

mounted on a palfrey, and attended by two servants, crossed the common on her road to Llandisent. "The heiress of Ystradd-Ffin," shouted the villagers, and the bonnet of Twm John Catty was instantly in his hand. He gazed on her with unaffected admiration: a light riding habit fitting close to the body, displayed the graceful symmetry of her person, and a pair of dark blue eyes illumining a somewhat pale but thoughtful face, gave it that expression of simplicity for which the Welch ladies are so remarkable. She seemed equally surprised with the appearance of the outlaw, whose noble contour of countenance was well calculated to interest a stranger, how much more then must it have struck upon the fancy of an artless girl, whose life had hitherto been spent in the retirement of Llandisent?

Left in infancy an orphan, with none but an old female domestic to control her actions, her existence had been as yet but an imaginative dream of romance. From earliest childhood she had been companioned among scenes where nature when she speaks to the heart, addresses it in the language of sublimity and grandeur. The romantic legends of the neighbourhood, with its savage moors and gloomy ravines, had each their mysterious attraction, until her very soul seemed to blend in sympathy with the land-

scape, and assume a character of corresponding elevation. But although the sublime was thus familiarized to her fancy, the beautiful had its share of heartfelt interest. When the first thrush piped in the underwood, she would pause and listen as if a spirit influenced its harmony ; or wander by the banks of the Southey to see the setting sun quiver on its surface, or watch the zenith moon as she poured her mellow light over hill and dale, now gleaming upon the naked crags of Llynn-y-Van, and anon silvering the feathery spray of the cataract, as if to light its downward course. She was the child of nature ; the sister of romance, cradled and matured in the wilderness. The sun never shone upon so delicate, so lovely a creation ; she was too pure for this world, and should have bloomed in a sphere of her own, where the beings were as faultless as herself.

From the dreamy state of existence in which she had hitherto indulged, she was now for the first time awakened. The character of Twm John Catty was well known to her, her gentle heart had felt for his distresses, and dwelt with dangerous enthusiasm on his valor. But as a tale of love is always uninteresting, (except to the parties concerned) I shall pass over the successful suit of the forester, his midnight interviews with the lady

of Llandisent, the popular tradition of his having caught her hand as she put it carelessly through the loop-hole of the lattice, where they were conversing, with a vow that he would not release it, till she promised to become his wife;* and hasten to the period when they met for the last time by the legendary pool of Llynn-y-Van.

The evening was wild, and the mists yet hung upon the loftiest summits of the Black Mountains, when the outlaw stood beside the pool. A scene of savage loneliness lay around him. Jagged precipices towering to an awful distance above the tarn, which they embosomed on every side; black morasses concealed in part by short stunted brushwood were the sole objects that met his eye. The superstitions of the neighbourhood were in unison with the character of their scenery. Here in the earlier days of Welch record, the daughter of

* Thomas John, the son of Catherine, married the heiress of Ystradd-Ffin. The lady though she professed indifference, seems not entirely to have refused a parley, for while her suitor was pleading at her window, by some accident she put her hand through, when he good-humouredly seized it, and vowed that he would cut it off, unless she promised on the spot to become his wife.

Madoc had drowned herself: here she stood when the tidings of her lover's decease first reached her, and over these waters, her last death-scream rose as she plunged into the fatal tide. From that hour her wraith was supposed to haunt Llynn-y-Van, and under the familiar appellation of the White Lady, to appear on the eve of calamity. As the forester recalled this tradition, a light figure was seen winding round the brow of the Black Mountains, and the next instant was clasped to his bosom. He addressed her as the Lady of Llandisent, and reminded her of the promise to become his wife.

"I needed not the recollection," she replied, "for my own word was sufficient."

"True, Elinor, but you little know the dangers of an outlaw's bride, or the hazards at which even his life is preserved."

"I have thought—deeply thought of them all, and am still resolved," she added with a faint smile, "to live and die the Queen of the Underwood."

"But what will you do love, when the north-wind howls along the glen? While summer lasts, the velvet sward will suffice us for a couch, and the broad beech for a canopy; but when winter comes on, you will feel a dreadful reverse. That delicate

frame will droop, those eyes will fade, and those lips will say, 'you wooed me in the hour of summer, you wooed me when the nightingale carolled in the grove, and nature bore us companionship in love. It is now winter, the icicle glistens on the beech, the nightingale has ceased her song, and Elinor is dying with the cold.' "

"Never," replied the devoted girl, "shall complaint escape these lips."—

"To morrow then you will be mine: mine in the face of heaven: mine in the bonny greenwood, where I have so long lived and loved."

The lady of Llandisent faltered forth a timid acquiescence, but the tear stood in her eye as she thought of the underwoods of Cardigan. "What ails you, love," said Twm John Catty, with a look of anxious solicitude.

"I know not," she replied, "but a heavy gloom hangs over me, when I think of the approaching morrow. Twice has the night-owl hooted from Llandisent, and twice has the corpse-light* gleamed from the lattice where you and I

* The corpse-light was supposed to gleam from the windows at midnight, and prognosticate calamity to the family in whose house it happened to be lodging at the time. There was also another corpse-light which appeared

have so often met." As she said these words, a wild strain of music was heard floating along the surface of the pool, over which a shadowy form seemed to hover. It was robed in a cloud of mist, but the countenance dimly seen through the vapor, reflected an expression of unearthly melancholy. Elinor started at the sight; "it is the White Lady of Lynn-y-Van," she exclaimed, and sunk senseless on her lover's bosom. When she recovered, the figure was still discernible, her wild lustreless eyes being fixed on her as with the power of enchantment. But as evening drew on, the vision

only in the open air, and was a sort of country cousin to the former. Wherever it stopped, was to be the scene of some terrible calamity, so that the Welch peasant always followed it with fear and trembling. In body it is something similar to our English Will-o'-the-whisp; but with a disposition infinitely more mischievous and restless. An impudent sceptic once ran after it, with the intention of lighting his tobacco pipe; but after leading him a dance through all the bogs and quagmires in the neighbourhood, it stopped opposite the village stocks, in which the man was shortly afterwards placed for drunkenness. Like witches and short petticoats, it is at present somewhat unfashionable, confining its acquaintance to the lower orders of Welch herdsmen, with whom, however, it is on the most intimate terms of horror.

became more indistinct, until it seemed to blend with the lengthening shadows of twilight, while the music after lingering awhile in the air, died away in soft whispers on the hill.

The outlaw stood rooted to the spot, and Elinor, her pale cheek pressed to his bosom, wept with the convulsive violence of an infant. He succeeded at length in leading her from the pool, gently chid her sorrow, and promised on the ensuing evening to meet her in the greenwood chapel. "And then Elinor," he added, as together they descended from Llynn-y-Van, "when you are mine for ever, the rose shall return to your cheek, and the lustre to your eye. Again shall the forester's laugh ring through the glen, and happiness attend our steps as we brush the morning dew from the underwood."

It is now time to return to Glendower, who on the failure of his rebellion, was left retreating towards the mountains of Snowden. From these heights he made frequent incursions into the adjacent vallies, many of which were in the possession of the King's troops. The havoc he occasioned was dreadful, and as the British squadrons unaccustomed to such desultory warfare, were ill able to cope with him, he set at nought the royal edict that proclaimed him a traitor. In this way he

continued his skirmishes, until the Abbot of Talley, burning with the indignities which Twm John Catty had offered to his person, prayed redress of the King, who was then returning with his court to London. Henry cheerfully acceded to his petition, and granted him a troop of horse and foot, under the command of Sir Scroope Barnard. Armed with these powers, he raised a numerous band, which reaching the ears of Glendower, induced him to take advantage of the King's departure, and hazard a skirmish with the English troops that remained behind at Shrewsbury. In this he proved eminently successful, the British squadrons were compelled to fall far back into Shropshire, and Glendower marking his time, while the northern provinces of Wales lay open to him, pushed briskly on for the underwoods of Cardigan, with the view of intercepting the combined forces of Sir Scroope Barnard and the Abbot of Talley. While these manœuvres were in agitation, Twm John Catty who now divided his time equally between Llandisent and his own fastnesses, preserved a most indiscreet publicity. His usual caution appeared to have forsaken him, for his foresters were permitted to range uncontrolled about the country, until one of them was tracked to the place of his concealment by a retainer of the

Abbot, who engaged him as a spy, and putting his vassals under the command of Sir Scroope Barnard, advised their instant march to Cardigan.

Meantime, the day appointed by the outlaw for his marriage arrived. It was wild and stormy, dark thunderclouds gathered on the brow of the mountains, and the lightening streamed in forked radiance through the glens. As evening drew on, the greenwood rung to the shouts of the villagers, who accompanied their leader and his bride to the chapel. A monk commenced the solemn ritual, and when it was concluded, the assembly sate down to a rural feast prepared under a covered tent. Placed between Elinor and the minstrel, Twm John Catty alone preserved a sullen reserve. The goblet passed untasted by him, and the joke that lightened up the countenances of all failed to relax the gloomy severity of his features.

Leaving his young bride under the care of one of his trustiest foresters, he quitted the banquet, and hastened with Hoel to the out-skirts of the wood, to see that each sentinel was at his proper post. This necessary duty performed, he visited every other accessible point, and on his way back seated himself on the broken stump of an old beech, and beckoned the minstrel to his side. "You have known me hitherto," he exclaimed, after a long pause,

“as a bold and thoughtless outlaw; but there are some feelings, Hoel, that in spite of ourselves will force their way to the heart. Do you see yon pale and languid figure?” pointing to Elinor, who was standing in front of the tent, “she is ill-able to cope with our rough life, and heaven only knows what she will do when I am gone.”

Surprised at such unexpected tenderness, Hoel could make no reply. He endeavoured to mutter some words of encouragement, but the sound died away on his lips. The outlaw marked his emotion. “’Tis useless my good friend,” he continued, “to attempt resistance, when the hand of fate is on us. For myself, I am a ruined man, and have but one tie that now binds me to the world. That tie is soon to be for ever broken. You smile, but ’tis even so, and this night will be the last of my mortal pilgrimage. I have seen the storm Spirit of Cader-Idris. He stood beside my couch in the greenwood, and while his dull heavy eye glared on me, with the expression of the sepulchre; ‘woe! woe!’ he uttered, ‘to the last of his race,’ and faded in mist from my sight.”

The outlaw paused, and the minstrel equally affected with the superstition of the times, stood rivetted in horror to the spot. “For myself, I care not; but for that poor defenceless girl—”

and he wrung the hand of Hoel, while a tear trembled in his eye. At this instant, a thrush sprung from the neighbouring thicket, and soared chirruping above their heads. The forester pointed it out to his companion; "Free and happy," he exclaimed, "as that bird, was Elinor, when I first knew her, and like that bird will she be," bringing it to the ground with an arrow, "when I am in the grave; unless ——" The harper understood the appeal; "she shall never need a friend while I live." "Thank you—thank you," repeated the outlaw, and then resuming his usual sternness of demeanor, returned with his associate to the tent.

The storm which had long hovered in the air, now burst forth with resistless energy. Crash after crash, the thunder-claps rattled among the mountains, and the oaks groaned heavily under each sweeping of the hollow blast. On a sudden the faint tones of a bugle were heard, then the clatter of armour, and the plunge of a heavy substance into the Towey. A centinel rushed into the tent; "our out-posts are surprized," he exclaimed, "and the main-body of the Southrons is advancing upon us." In an instant all was confusion, and Twm John Catty, aware of the impending danger, hurried Elinor to a cave, situated high up in the greenwood. This was the only secret shelter that the

fastnesses of Cardigan afforded. The front was concealed by huge masses of rock, and so narrow as to admit only one person at a time, and even that one with considerable difficulty. The access to it from the bed of the Towy was hazardous, and the interior small, being overrun with weeds, but open to the sky, so that a stranger by planting himself on the summit, might with ease overlook all who were within the cave.

On returning to his foresters, after having carefully secluded Elinor and the monk, in the recess, Twm John Catty ranged his band into two equal divisions, and as the English troops scrambled up the crags, received them with a discharge of arrows. But Sir Scroope Barnard had well disposed his men, and on gaining the chapel, commanded a herald to proclaim free pardon to all but the outlaw leader. The offer was received with disdain; the whole band vowing never to desert him while a chance of freedom remained. "Forward then," said the British commander, while the officers of the different companies issued their several orders; "Grenadiers! stand fast on the left flank.—Dragoons! prepare to charge; double quick time; charge!"

The squadron instantly advanced; the under-wood seemed teeming with soldiers, and the harp

of Hoel, amid the hollow pauses of the thunder, was heard cheering his bands to battle. Evening, meantime stole over the landscape, and lit only by a doubtful twilight, the troops attacked each other at random. Stationed at the head of his countrymen, Sir Scroope Barnard fought with the intrepidity of a lion; while Twm John Catty, equally courageous, kept alive the martial spirit of his ancestors. But his efforts were vain; file after file of the enemy's troops forced a passage through the underwood, while the exertions of his foresters insensibly relaxed. The fate of the battle now hung upon a stroke; the outlaw marked his hour, and singled out the British commander as he stood conspicuous by his waving plumes. "Commend yourself to heaven," he exclaimed, "for your last hour is arrived."

"To your weapon, Sir," said the Englishman, rushing forward to meet him, "I hold no parley with a rebel," and without further reply, struck a heavy blow upon his sword-arm. The forester parried the stroke, but his steel breaking on the recoil, he stood for an instant defenceless, and then rushed on his opponent, griped him by the throat, and hurled him with gigantic force into the torrent that foamed below. The Towy received its bur-

den, a sullen splash was heard—a groan, and all was over.

Elinor meanwhile awaited the return of her husband, with the most heart-rending anxiety. Twice she dispatched the monk to the front of the cave, to gain intelligence of his movements, and as he described the progress of the battle from the spot where he stood to view it, her heart sickened with apprehension.

“Is he safe, father?” she said, “say that he is but safe, and I am content.”

“He is safe,” replied the Friar, “and bears him like a lion in the fray. I see the red plume waving in his bonnet, and the sword glittering in his hand. His foresters throng around him; they retreat—advance—and now they rally to the charge. Your lord is at the head of his bands; the English squadrons sink before him; the battle-axe gleams against his breast-plate; but the might of heroes is in his arm.—”

“Hark!” interrupted the affrighted girl, “did you not hear a scream? Oh God! Oh God!—they have murdered him.”

“It is the death-groan of an enemy; they have plunged his corpse into the Towy; and again—hah! he totters—he falls.”

“Who falls, who falls?”

“Your husband, lady, but no—he rises again; he stands like a rock on the broad ocean, while the billowy waves of battle beat in vain against him. His foresters drop around him—the enemy press over their bodies; already they have gained the pass—now they ascend yon crag; now—oh God! they come, they come.”

The English troops were, indeed, fast approaching, when Twm John Catty having ordered his foresters to fire the underwood, rushed faint and wounded into the cave. “Elinor, dearest Elinor,” he exclaimed, “one last, one parting kiss, and then—adieu for ever!” With these words he clasped her in his arms; strained her to his bleeding breast, and climbed the craggy summit of the rock that overhung the recess. A brisk wind had by this time arisen, and the greenwood crackled and blazed in a thousand different directions. The British squadrons were panic-struck at the sight; but the outlaw stood unawed upon the crag, amid the hollow rumbling of the thunder; the crash of the blazing forest, and the deafening din of arms. Alone he stood, like the last man in the deluge, and his appearance, as the sable smoke thickened around him, seemed more than mortal. An English officer discerned him, and sword in hand, attempted to clamber up the precipice. “I see him,” cried a soldier from below. “Follow him

then," said a commanding voice, "he cannot escape us—seize him alive, and a hundred marks for his head."

"Alive," replied Twm John Catty, with a scornful laugh of defiance, "never, never," and attacked the foremost of the party with such unexpected readiness; that he lost his footing, and was dashed headlong down the declivity. The remainder closed around the outlaw. His sword broke in the encounter; the rock grew slippery with his blood; his brain wandered; his steps tottered; while the enemy rained blow after blow upon his cuirass. On a sudden he papsed, to wipe his bloody brow. His strength seemed partially restored, and as he raised his broken sword for one last despairing effort, a sudden flash of lightning, attracted by the steel, struck him; he dropped into the cave, and fell dead at the feet of Elinor.

At this instant, a bugle from a distant quarter was heard, and repeated shouts of "Glendower, Glendower," rung through the glen. In a few minutes his detachment appeared, winding rank and file up the fastnesses. Again the battle commenced; while the Welch clans seen distinctly by the burning wood, and the forked lightning, cut their way side by side into the thickest of the enemy. The most deafening clamors arose. "Saint

George for England," was the British war-cry "Glendower for ever," shouted their foemen. — The English forces retreated at the sound, when Glendower, who marked their panic, gave orders for a general attack, and as the enemy descended the defiles, heaped crags and stones, and blazing trees upon their heads.

On returning from their pursuit, the conquerors advanced towards the cave, where the slaughter appeared to have been the greatest. Here they found the Lady of Llandisent, stretched senseless by the body of her husband, and the monk kneeling in silent prayer beside them. They raised her from the ground, while Hoel, who was almost the only forester who escaped, bore her to his cottage, which adjoined the greenwood, and then returned to lament over the corpse of the brave outlaw. Twice he struck the harp in praise of the departed ; but the notes were low and mournful as the summer breeze, amid the ruins of Dynevor. "Thou wert a thunderbolt in war," he sung, "a terror to the sons of the Saxon. Thou stoodest as an oak in the woods of Bala ; the blasts of ruin roared through thy branches ; the whirlwind scattered abroad the beauty of thy foliage, and the pride of the forest decayed. For thee, no domestic hearth shot up its kindly blaze ; for thee, no fond wife blest the hour

of twilight ; thy life was hopeless, thy grave will be solitary. Fare thee well ! last and bravest of thy race. Thou art bound to the narrow house, to the long, long slumber of the sepulchre. The wind of the summer shall sing above thy head ; the thrush caroll in the glen ; but thou shalt hear them not."

The minstrel ceased, and Glendower and his companions, inspired by the enthusiasm of the moment, knelt beside the body of the outlaw. The blood-red banner of Wales, waved over his head, and the bugle rung an anthem to his memory. "He is gone," said the grateful chieftain, "but he died the death of a warrior, and shall have the standard of his country for a winding-sheet." With these words he wrapt the banner around him, and ere a few days had elapsed, followed the corpse in sad procession, to its last long home in the underwood.

On the death of their leader the few foresters who survived the carnage, bade adieu for ever to the fastnesses of Cardigan. As for Hoel, he returned to his cottage, where his days were past in strict attendance upon the lady of Llandisent. Her situation indeed required every precaution. Not a tear—not a word of lament escaped her, but she would sit for hours alone, absorbed in cheerless

thought. Those light graces and sprightly attractions that we love so much in woman ; those tender and impassioned smiles that light up a stream of sunshine in the soul, were exchanged in Elinor, for a contemplative and deeply settled melancholy. Her eye lost its fire—her heart its strength to beat. She felt that she was dying : but she felt also that she was going to join her husband, and her sole pleasure consisted in fancying how he would smile when she met him in a happier world.

This could not last, and reason gradually faded before the blighting influence of memory. In a sudden paroxysm of derangement, she quitted the cottage of Hoel, and bent her truant steps towards the greenwood. Here, while summer lasted, she remained, wandering by day among the glens, and returning at night into the cave. In vain the minstrel strove to wean her from such seclusion, she could only weep at his approach, for the sweet gentleness of her nature, survived even the wreck of reason.

Day after day, she sits beside a new-made grave, which instinct tells her is the spot where the outlaw slumbers. She plucks a few wild flowers from the turf, and as she throws them with a careless hand into the Towy, imagines that she is wreathing a chaplet for her husband. At sun-set she ascends

the fatal rock, and listens in vain for the well-known blast of his horn. Sometimes when her mind seems struggling with recollection, a vision passes before her, and she weeps at the remembrance of other days. She recalls the image of the outlaw: she meets him beside the waters of Llynn-y-Van: she meets him by the greenwood chapel, but while the music of his words steals into her ear, the din of battle sounds, and he is hurried for ever from her side. As these recollections flash across her mind, she hastens to the recess, but calls in vain upon her husband, for the cave is dabbled with his blood. He will never come again: to other maidens a new love, like a new spring, may blossom, but the flowers of hope in Elinor's young heart are blighted; for her there was but *one*;—and he is gone.

Such was her mode of life; when one evening while the autumn winds piped shrilly in the glen, a light knocking was heard at the door of Hoel's cottage, and Elinor stood beside him. Her face was thin even to death, and it appeared that she had scarcely another day to live. She was arrayed in the summer dress which her husband had so often admired, and in her bosom she bore a nosegay of wild flowers. As the minstrel led her to a seat, he marked her altered countenance, and asked her if she did not know him.

“ Know him,” replied the maniac, “ can I ever forget him, was he not my own fond husband, though the corpse-light glimmered on our union ? Oh ! you cannot—cannot tell how I have wept for his loss.” As she said this, she drew near to Hoel, whose heart seemed bursting with emotion. “ Do you weep, old man ?” she continued, “ heaven bless you ! I have found few who ever wept for Elinor.” The minstrel averted his head. “ She was so young, so beautiful,” he exclaimed, “ and now”—

“ Nay, speak not thus unkindly ; indeed, indeed, I did not mean to offend you ; but my mother is dead, and my friends are dead, and so you will turn me from your door.” With these words, she drew the nosegay from her bosom and placed it in his hand. “ I have brought you a chaplet,” she added, “ here are violets and daisies, and the lily that dies like a sick girl for love.” The harper took the flowers, while Elinor affected by his silence, began singing to herself in a plaintive but incoherent manner ;—

Mother and baby are fast asleep,
The summer breeze sighs o’er them,
The flowers in the silence of twilight weep,
And the nightingales deplore them.

High o'er yon sod where the violet blows,
When spring looks o'er the heather,
A grey stone wears—'tis there they repose,
The child and it's mother together.

The maniac ceased, and her spirits which had been so long excited by derangement, seemed now to settle into that languid sensitiveness, the forerunner of approaching death. She seated herself by the cottage window, while Hoel, who watched every expression of her countenance, marked the favorable opportunity, and struck a few wild notes on his harp. Her mind seemed reviving at the sound; she pressed her hand to her brow, but as if aware of the fruitless effort, burst into tears. On a sudden, the minstrel paused; he changed the lay, and introduced an air which had first welcomed her to the greenwood. As its plaintive tones struck upon remembrance, the cloud passed from her brain, and her eye-lids closed in slumber. Hoel quitted the apartment.

Towards evening he returned; but Elinor, poor Elinor, was restored to the possession of reason. The lines of death were in her countenance, his shadow already darkened the lustre of her eyes. "I am going to my long home," she exclaimed, as

the minstrel advanced towards her, "and you and I must part."

"Say not so, dear Elinor, you have yet many years to enjoy, again shall the greenwood"—"I know what you would add," she replied, "but the greenwood shall never again echo the name of Elinor, unless in after times, when the wanderer pauses beside my grave, he shall say 'here she lived, here loved, and here she reposes.'"

The sun was now setting, but his last rays still beamed a faint lustre upon the landscape. The Towy lapsed in gentlest murmurs along the glen, and high up among the rocks appeared the well-known cave. Elinor looked out upon the scene, but all was changed to her: "We are the last that remain," she exclaimed with a wan smile.

"Not so, lady, there are a few stragglers left, and to morrow we may chance behold them."

"To morrow!—there is no morrow for me, if the sun shines I shall not see it, and if the wanderer asks for Elinor, he will be told that she has passed away. But you will sometimes think of me, will you not, dear Hoel, and play upon my grave the lays I most loved?" She paused: for the tears were fast coursing down the minstrel's rugged cheeks. "Do not weep for me," she continued, pressing his hand to her pale lips; "it is better,

far better that I should die now, than linger on, when existence can only be a curse. Would you wish to see me withering, hour after hour, in silent yet hopeless decay? Oh! believe me, friend, my spirits are now for the first time tranquil, and death creeps like a sweet dream upon my senses. In a few moments I shall join him, whom I most loved—I shall see his fond smile, I shall listen to his voice—I shall for ever, and for ever be his.—Hark!” she added, after a sudden pause, “do you not hear the distant village bell? It is the last music I shall have on earth, for when it tolls to-morrow, it will be my funeral knell.” They listened; slowly the gale wafted its sweet tones upon the ear; moorland and glen rung awhile with the softened vibration of its harmony, until the echo after prolonging its lengthened chimes, consigned them to stillness and to distance.

At this instant a noise was heard at the cottage door. The minstrel went to open it, and returned leading in some orphan children, whom Elinor had supported at Llandisent, and who had now come to enquire after their benefactress. As they entered the apartment, a faint sigh escaped her, for she could not but remember, that when last she saw them, the outlaw was her companion. “Dear children,” she said, “a few years ago, I was healthy

and cheerful as yourselves, and thought that a long life lay before me. But the ties that bound me to existence are loosened, and I am fast approaching that spot where all cares are lulled. Start not, dear little ones, you are young yet, so am I ; but I am dying ; and you too may die ere the spring of your life is closed. I have often talked to you of death, and now it is here before you. In a few hours you will no longer listen to my voice. Go then, and let my fate serve as a warning to you all. Go ; be happy in the bosom of your friends, and in your prayers remember Elinor."

Twilight had by this time crept over the landscape, but the fatal rock still glistened with its waning sun-beams. The lady of Llandisent was attracted by its radiance. "What is that," she exclaimed, "that glimmers so brightly in the twilight." "It is the greenwood cave," replied the minstrel. "The greenwood cave," she repeated while a slight convulsion passed over her countenance, "it was there, in that very spot that—but no matter, he is cold and silent now," and with these words she fell back into the arms of Hoel, and breathed her last sigh with eyes still fixed on the rock that overhung the recess. The minstrel rushed from the apartment, but not alone, for the memory of the departed was with him. He thought of

all her virtues, of her meek and gentle disposition, her playful fancy, her deep sorrows, so silent yet so hopeless, her blasted love and untimely end. As this last suggestion arose in his mind, he looked up to heaven, and a sneer of determined scepticism spoke the natural feeling of his heart.

At night-fall he returned, to gaze once more on the pallid form of Elinor. There she lay, the same sweet smile, the same sweet expression that had characterized her countenance in life, preserved unaltered its interest in death. She appeared hushed in slumber, and the minstrel bent over in breathless silence, as if he feared to disturb her repose. A single lock of hair hung down upon her face. One bitter scalding tear fell on it, but the mourner dried it in his heart—When his last hour arrived, he ordered himself to be carried to the greenwood. The season was spring, and the trees were putting forth their green leaves. A nightingale was carolling among them, and as the dying minstrel listened to its wood notes, a faint stream of pleasure sparkled in his dim eye. A few evenings afterwards the same bird was heard singing upon his grave.

Years and years have rolled; the outlaw and his bride, Glendower and his clansmen, the Abbot and his monks are low in the narrow house, and

their very name is fast sinking into oblivion. Such is the perishable nature of human reputation. In the spring of our life, we sow the seeds of fame, that posterity may reap the harvest; but the autumn blight comes, and the labourer and his produce are neglected. The greenwood recess still exists, and is often frequented by strangers, who come from afar to survey its wild and romantic scenery. The Towy winds as of yore, through the glen, though it no longer wafts along its tide the hunter's horn or the outlaw's bugle. But the rock better known as "Twm John Catty's Cave," is the principal object of attraction, and when the present writer was last in the neighbourhood, was tenanted by an unassuming misanthropist, who from some pecuniary or amorous discomfitures had foresworn the society of mankind.*

* The reader of this idle tale will, I trust, pardon the orthography of the different Welch places alluded to in it, when I assure him that I have been nearly put to death in a vain attempt to pronounce them after the most approved fashion. Wales is as famous for the length and toughness of its words as of its pedigrees, and many of its villages have more consonants than houses. One, in particular, has a name long enough to rival the famous cook's bill at Cambridge, which was thirty-six feet long, by one and a half broad.

PHYSIC FOR THE CRITICS,

OR,

Poetical Anecdotes from the Album.

~~~~~  
**Dum relego scripsisse pudet.**  
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N.B. When at the instigation of mine host of Llanwrda, I first undertook the editorship of his Album, I expressly stipulated that it should contain no verses; for after my conversion to the true faith, under the guidance of that spiritual and spirituous pastor, Mr. Damon Damn'emall, Field Preacher and Brandy Merchant, I rightly opined that the cultivation of poesy was nothing more or less than the cultivation of an acquaintance with Sathanas. "Verses; Sir," said Mr. Damn'emall, in his usual blunt manner, "are all lies, and Beelzebub being the father of falsehoods, must of

of necessity be the patron of Poets." No reasoning could be more logically acute than this; so I returned to my landlord of the Nanny Goat and Nine-Pins, with the devout stipulation that I have mentioned above.

But what are the good intentions of man? The Inn-keeper on my hinting the proviso, cunningly allured me into his little back parlour, where he placed before my optics, a most seductive jug of Welch ale, and after divers touching enquiries concerning my wife and eleven babes, (the handsomest of whom, he had heard was as like his father as he could stare,) argued with me on the folly of such a stipulation, and concluded by reading a line or two from a vituperative ode to the Devil. This quieted my scruples, for the man, thought I, who bruises the head of the serpent, will run no risk of bruising the holiness of devotion, and I forthwith conceded to his request, after finishing another jug in compliment to my sagacity.

When the matter was thus definitively settled, the poesy was put into my hands, and I have here arranged it for publication. It is evidently the work of many writers, as indeed the original MSS. in the Album betokens. The lines alluding to local topics, appear noted down from the impulse of the moment, which I am grieved to assert is their

SOME PRELIMINARY REMARKS, &c.

~~THE~~ ~~CHIEF~~ ~~IN~~ ~~REMARKS.~~ The opinion, however, ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~meaning~~ ~~of~~ ~~what~~, I am as far removed from being a poet as I am from heaven,) was given to me by an old gentleman in a tie-wig, whom I have sometimes met at the Nanny Goat and Nine-Pins, and with whom I have held logical discussions on the subject. He informed me that on perusing the Albion MSS. he had not found a single shd. and that poetry and punctuation both beginning with a P. must consequently belong to the same family. From this, he very acutely observed, that where there were no stops, there could be no poetry : and then shook his head in a way which proved that he knew more about the matter, than he chose to communicate. "The Village Girl" he called execrable, and indeed I am pretty much of the same opinion. For on an accurate inspection of the MSS. I found that all the t's were left uncrossed; that the i's were without a night cap on their heads, and the f's were sometimes unlooped, and sometimes looked as if fattened with the corpulence of parturition. Bad, however, as it is, I am compelled to publish it ; instigated thereto by the minaceous exhortations of the Inn-keeper, in whose books I am five fathom deep. Should the reader, therefore, find fault with the poetical portion, or indeed with any other of the manifold wickednesses

of this volume, I beseech him to remember that I am a poor Welch author, with a sturdy spouse, eleven thick babes, and only three pair of breeches between them: that I am pressed, as it were, into the service of an editor, without either knowledge or experience to support the title, and that in short, "my poverty, and not my will consents."

W. F. D.



**LINES SUGGESTED BY THE PORTRAIT OF
"THE DYING MOTHER."**

She smiles—but in that smile of beauteousness
A sorrow lurks, like thunder in the cloud
Ting'd with its doubtful sunshine, happiness
Is dead to her; but from it's mantling shroud
The melancholy phantom speaks aloud,
In the lone spirit of departed hours.—
She hears the voice of death, while sorrows crowd
Upon her brain, and with refreshing show'rs
Invigorate awhile affection's withered flow'rs.

Her cheek is pale—her eye is dim with weeping,
And in the hollowness of that shrunk form,
Death, like a snake within his cave, is sleeping
Triumphant e'en in rest ; his canker-worm
Twines round each chord with youth with feeling warm,
Curdling to ice the blood ; while day by day,
Some particle of life, some once prized charm,
Goes from her, 'till the whole is swept away,
Like twilight into gloom, with dark but sure decay.

Oh ! God, that such a beautiful girl must go
So young into the tomb ; but it must be—
Time, rolling time, must have his ebb and flow,
And we who sit upon his bank, must see
Each victim fade like bubbles o'er the sea
Of life, while we are powerless to save :
And we must hear the night wind shudderingly
Breathe it's wild dirge, and stormy billows rave,
As if they mourn'd for one, lone silent in the grave.

We weep when age sinks calmly in the tomb,
And grey heads wither that have loved us well—
We weep, for long-past recollections come,
Saddening the soul like beauty's passing knell ;
But oh ! what thoughts embitter the farewell,

When friends we once have loved and doated on,
Young innocent friends, sink in their narrow cell,
We weep—but dare not think that they are gone ;
For when doth winter come, e'er yet sweet spring has
flown ?



THE SHIPWRECKED SISTER.

That ocean wave—that ocean wave,
It rolls above my sister's grave,
Hymning a requiem deep and dull,
For her who once was beautiful.

When last yon harvest moon was bright,
She rambled underneath its light ;
Yon harvest moon is waning slow,
But Isabel ! where is she now ?

I dare not tell—I dare not tell,
Go, ask the surge that swept her knell ;
'Twill answer in each hollow tone,
That winds were high, and she is gone.

I saw her die—I saw her die,
She fixed on me her closing eye,
In fond farewell, I rushed to save,
But she was in her ocean grave.

She died away—she died away,
Like west-winds on a summer day;
The harvest moon looked down from high,
But she was with eternity.

When all was o'er—when all was o'er,
The wave rolled calmly to the shore,
The wind slept, and the sullen sea,
Seemed weeping for its cruelty.

I wander'd home—I wander'd home,
'Twas dark as is the silent tomb,
For I had not one friend to bless,
My charnel-house of loneliness.

The harp that spoke—the harp that spoke
A sister's love—e'en that was broke,
And summer winds came laughing by,
As if to mock my agony.

Now fare thee well—now fare thee well,
My sister—ocean rings thy knell,
And sea-nymphs in their caverns rude,
Are nursing thy sweet solitude.

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

Hail! prince of darkness, sire of evil,
“ Most potent, grave, and reverend” devil,
A word with you I pray;
How is it that, despite of warning,
From court to camp, from night to morning,
You rule, and we obey?

You give the word, away we go,
Thro’ thick and thin, our zeal to show,
From folly into vice;
While virtue starves in roofless garret,
With none but rats and mice to share it,
You ask your market-price.

You set the fashions—sway the nation,—
Converting what was once damnation,

Into a mere caress ;
And ruling in your proper sphere,
As brewer works his bottle-beer,
You work our happiness.

Thro' thee, of temper most forgiving,
The bishop gains his tythes and living ;
Thro' thee the lawyer pleads, receiving
His fees for suit and arson ;
For had we not thy name to maul,
No lawyer should we need at all,
Nor should we need a parson,

For me, I honestly confess,
I've sought thee in my sore distress,
'Mid feast, and fast, and revel ;
And evermore I'll hate suspend,
For I have never known a friend,
Except 'twas in the devil.

They tell me thou hast got a tail,
And lookest very like a whale,
With cloven foot and horns,

They tell me too that fire and flame,
Which surely is a *burning* shame,
Thy palace-gate adorns.

They say, too, that thine Elfin crew
Are ever, ever, on the hue
And cry to tempt a sinner ;
That aldermen you tempt with wine,
Young widows with a spruce divine,
And poets with a dinner.

If so—for God's sake, bait with haunch
Of venison, fit to fill my paunch,
Old wine, rich soup, and cod-fish ;
Spread well your nets, and sure as fate,
I'll nibble at the tempting bait,
And you will hook an *odd-fish*.

If this you think too rich to place
Before me, send some pretty face,
Some fashionable toast ;
Some plump young girl, with melting eye,
Fair bosom, blooming cheek, and I
Will kiss her, tho' I roast.

But now farewell,—“a long farewell,”—
 For hark! I hear the dinner-bell,
 'Tis time then to be mellow;—
 The beef is ready,—candles lighted,—
 The wine decanted—friends invited—
 Adieu! my honest fellow.



REMEMBERED LOVE.

I gazed on her as one whom I had known
 In happier times, and while I gazed, a sigh
 Stole from my heart, to think that her young form
 So beautiful to other eyes, to me,
 Tho' peerless still, was but a transient dream
 Of happiness evanished; gladsomely
 She wound along the dance, and sunny eyes
 Lightened as she drew near,—she sung of love,
 Of boyhood's pleasant dreams, and those sweet thoughts
 That float like twilight shadows o'er the soul,
 Rendering earth beautiful—— * * * *

That hour is o'er—and she hath past away,
E'en as a dream that is not; there be hearts
That she hath broken, peace she hath destroyed,
Memories her form hath conjured from the deeps
Of bye-gone years; and mine is one of these.
I loved a mind once pure as hers, a form
Almost as beautiful, and we had been
Sweetly enlinked from childhood, heart to heart,
As love is link'd to heaven—but she is gone,
The only one I could not spare, is gone.
Years have roll'd on, and there are things in life,
Age and despair, and absence will distain
The brightest memories, and wipe away
The pleasant dreams of boyhood: I have felt
Reverses in my day, sorrow hath turn'd
My dark hair grey; and as the trace inscribed
On the sea-sand, e'en such my life has been.
But now the shadow of the past returns
In dull obscurity, and while I dwell
On the young girl I saw but yester-eve,
Rich in unclouded beauteousness, I think
Of her I lov'd, of her who is no more.
Thus is it that the soul attuned to deep
Reflection, vibrates to each chord that wakes

Lone music from the slumbers of the past;
Thus, like the whirling sea-gulph, fluctuates
With self-excited billows, rendering earth,
As fancy wills, a paradise or hell.

Sweetest magician ! whose bright eye retains
The talisman that conjures up the past,
A long farewell ! we never meet again ;
Thy fancy lures thee to the gay-deck'd halls
Of happiness, mine to the charnel-house,
Where sleeps my buried treasure : thou wilt shine,
Awhile the meteor of the passing hour ;
But I, in loneliest solitude, must wear
My life's grey eve, and as the fabled bird
Feeds on the heart's best blood her progeny,
So I shall nourish saddest memories,
Drawn bleeding from a bruis'd and broken heart.

Farewell ! as husband, or as friend may say,
E'en so I say, farewell !—I wish thee years
Of happier suns than I have ever known,
And memories of a well-spent life, and when
Thy days are number'd, and fond children weep
Around a mother's death-bed—may thy head
Sink gently on it's pillow, rich in hope
Of an apocryphal eternity.

THE LADY OF THE HILL.

The following Poem originates in a legend which is still popular in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland ; that a female branch of the noble family of Douglas, contracted an imprudent marriage with a kerne, or mountain peasant, who was drowned in the Western Islands, where he had escaped for concealment from the persecutions of the offended family of his wife. She survived him eighteen years, and wandered a maniac over the mountains ; where, as superstition alledges, she is even now to be seen at day-break.

Poor girl! she seemed of an unearthly mould,
A thing superior to the frowns of fate ;
But never did my tearful eyes behold
A maid so fair, and so disconsolate ;
Yet was she once a child of high estate,

And nurs'd in splendor, 'till an envious gloom
Sunk her beneath it's harsh o'erpowering weight;
Robb'd her pale features of their orient bloom,
And with a noiseless pace, mov'd onwards to the tomb.

She walk'd upon the earth, as one who knew
The dread mysterious secrets of the grave;
For never o'er her eye of heavenly blue
Lightened a smile; but like the ocean wave
That roars, unblest with sunshine, through the cave
Rear'd in the depths of Coolann, she had flown
To endless grief for refuge; and would rave,
And tell to the night-winds her tale unknown,
Or wander o'er the heath, deserted and alone.

And when the rain beat hard against the hill,
And storms rushed by upon their wing of pow'r,
Lonely she'd stray beside the bubbling rill,
Or fearless list the deep-voic'd cataract's roar;
And when the tempest's wrath was heard no more,
She wander'd home, the mountain sod to dress
With many a wreath, and many a summer flow'r;—
And thus she liv'd, the sister of distress,
The solitude of love, nurs'd in the wilderness.

She was the child of nature ; earth, sea, sky,
 Mountain and cataract, fern-clad hill and dale,
 Possess'd a nameless charm in her young eye,
 Pure and eternal, for in Deva's vale
 Her heart first listen'd to a lover's tale,
 Breath'd by a mountain kerne; and every scene
 That wanton'd blithely in the odorous gale,
 Had oft beheld her lord's enamour'd mien,
 As tremblingly she sought each spot where he had been.

But she is gone ! The cold earth is her pillow,
 And o'er her blooms the summer's sweetest flow'r ;
 And o'er her ashes weeps the grateful willow
 She lov'd to cherish in a happier hour—
 Mute is the voice that breath'd from Deva's bow'r,
 Chill'd is the soul of the neglected rover ;
 We saw the death-cloud in destruction low'r
 O'er her meek head, the western waves roll'd over
 The corse of him she lov'd, her own devoted lover.

But oft, when the faint sun is in the West,
 And the hush'd gales along the ocean die,
 Strange sounds re-echo from her place of rest,
 And sink into the heart most tenderly—

The bird of evening hour—the humming bee,
And the wild music of the mountain rill,
Seem breathing sorrow as they murmur by,
And whispering to the night, while all is still,
The tale of the poor girl—the “Lady of the Hill.”



ON THE PAST YEAR.

'Tis night o'er the valley, 'tis gloom on the hill,
Where the moon hath gone down, but the owl so shrill
On the dull ear of midnight is pouring his moan ;
A dirge o'er the grave of the year that is gone.

Like a flood from the mountain, it sprung from its source,
Like a flood to the ocean it roll'd on its course ;
The ocean is gained—and the year is gone by,
Absorb'd in the sea of eternity.

The Dryads of summer rov'd wild on its bank,
And maidens and youths of its fresh water drank ;
Heav'n gleam'd o'er its surface, and Time from his cave,
Came to sharpen his scythe in its translucent wave.

The scythe it is sharpen'd—the Dryads have flown,
The channel is dry, and the streamlet is gone ;
The spoiler bath past o'er its gay plumaged wood,
And mown is each meadow that skirted the flood.

Another tide rolls where the late torrent flow'd,
Again 'tis the Dryad of summer's abode,
Again by its margin the young people rove,
And lull'd by the ripple, dream lightly of love.

But no charms in its gay-mirror'd wave can I see,
For the beautiful tide flows no longer to me ;
I cling to those visions, now darkling and lone,
That gladden'd the banks of the stream that is gone.

31st Dec. 1821.

SONG.

'Twas a warrior and his love,
Met beneath the greenwood shade ;
When the thrush was in the grove,
And the moonlight on the glade.

338 .PHYSIC FOR THE CRITICS, &c.

From their lips the words of truth,
Like a summer night-dew fell ;
But the bugle warn'd the youth,
And he took a sad farewell.

“ Adieu,” he said, “ when spring
Wakes the lily on the lea,
And the woodland echos ring
With the cuckoo—think of me.”

Then on his steed he sprang,
While her pale cheek lost its bloom ;
But when the cuckoo sang—
He was silent in the tomb.



THE DEATH OF HOFFER.*

A sound was heard in Inspruck's halls,
'The death-shot flash'd along its walls,

* Hoffer was a Tyrolese patriot, who was shot by order of Buonaparte.

And as the thundering cannon peal'd,
Wide o'er each tower and tented field,
The trumpet woke its hoarse alarms,
The deep-voiced tocsin beat to arms,
And clarions with their martial swell,
Came echoing from the citadel.

The morn arose—above, below,
As far as eye could ken,
Glitter'd the martial pomp and show,
Of thrice three hundred men ;
And they have ta'en their toilsome march,
Beneath the night-sky's spangled arch ;
Nor paus'd, nor halted in their way,
'Till Inspruck's towers before them lay,
And standards from her banner'd hall,
Stream'd darkly like a funeral pall.—
They past—the trumpet peal'd on high,
The warder started at the cry,
And fiercely roared the sullen din
Of welcome,—as they entered in.
Unmov'd, a horrid front they form,
Like mountains in a thunder storm ;
They wheel—advance—from rear to flank,
The watch-word flies throughout each rank ;

And thundering booms along the sky,
The hot discharge of musquetry.

There is a sound of wail within—
And Inspruck echoes with the din
Of warriors, and the gloomy bell,
That wakes a dying hero's knell :
From frowning bastions, sullen, slow,
Comes forth the pageantry of woe ;
The dungeon doors unclosed, and then
Go slowly swinging back again ;
And from the platform where they tread,
Tolls the dull anthem for the dead.

But see—they reach the banner'd square,
To halt, and form in silence there ;
And while each serried rank advances,
'Mid nodding groves of plumes and lances ;
A dauntless warrior steps between,
And eyes with scorn the funeral scene ;—
Gloomy but tranquil is his air,
For his hands are uprais'd to heav'n in prayer ;
With fearless gaze he looks around,
While the war-drum beats, and the hollow bells sound

And if a tear stand in his eye,
 'Tis for sons who are absent, and friends who are nigh.
 Again, again—the heavy bell,
 Chimes slowly forth his parting knell;
 Another hour, and he will be
 A partner in eternity.

The hour is past—the time is gone—
 The bell has ceas'd, the signal flown—
 And far and near from tow'r to tow'r,
 Thunder'd the quick resistless show'r
 Of death-shot, and the gloomy knell
 Of music, from the citadel:
 The bullets rattled fierce and fast,
 And spoke of murder as they past;
 And Echo over hill and dale,
 Told to her woodland glens the tale,
 Blent with the Patriot's cheering cry—
 "Hoffer has fallen for liberty."

Peace to the brave! his sun has set,
 His grave with many a tear is wet,
 For warriors when they pace in pride,
 Along the ramparts where he died,

Think kindly, whether friend or foe,
Of him whose ashes sleep below.
Peace to the brave ! his day is o'er,
His battle-song is heard no more ;
But when, oh ! when, on Freedom's plain,
Shall we behold his like again ?

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### ODE TO THE EVENING STAR,

AS SEEN FROM GRONGAR HILL.

The eve is wild ; but o'er yon hill,  
Made vocal by each running rill,  
The evening star smiles down from high,  
Heralding as he rides the sky  
Upon the lagging wing of noon ;  
The coming of the Zenith moon.  
He scatters light o'er yon fir grove,\*  
Like fancy on the heart of love ;  
He beams athwart the wanderer's eye,  
As friend he knew in infancy ;  
And while enrapt in pensive gloom,  
Weeping he turns towards his home ;

---

\* Dynevor Park.

He sees the star of evening smile,  
O'er each dear scene, and thinks the while  
He gazes on it's vest of blue,  
His friends are gazing on it too.

Emblem of light and loveliness—  
What heart but must thy beauty bless,  
What spirit but adore in thee,  
Some germ of unknown Deity?  
To thee the first musician rung,  
To thee the first young poet sung,  
The wind-god caught the novel lay,  
And bore it on his wing away;  
And thus as round the world it ran,  
Music and verse were taught to man.

For me, in hour of solitude,  
I've met thee amid mountains rude,  
'Mid wilds and wastes where flow'rets spring,  
Companionless in blossoming,  
And the May moon her vain caress  
Bestows on savage loneliness;  
I've met thee—and have thought the while  
Of boyhood's years and friendship's smile;

When aided by thy light I rov'd  
 To steal one glance from friend I lov'd,  
 Upon whose grave with weeds o'ergrown,  
 Thy vestal orb shines nightly down.

Spirit ! my life is dreary now,  
 And age looks silver on my brow ;  
 But fancy still can glow to see  
 Thy twilight orb burn harmlessly ;  
 To see thy car steal dimly through,  
 Each tinted cloud of saffron hue,  
 Lending to earth a lovelier day,  
 To yon dun mist a mellow ray  
 Of glory, beauteous to behold,  
 As alchemist turns dross to gold.

Hark ! the night owl flits hooting by,  
 Lone prophet of calamity ;  
 And yonder clouds are shrouding now,  
 The evening star's crescented brow,  
 Silent and slow they steal along,  
 Like midnight thief to deeds of wrong ;  
 'Tis gloom around —o'er flood and fell—  
 Spirit of beauty ! fare thee well.

CERIG-CENNAN CASTLE.\*

A SONNET.

The owlet, raven, and the speckled toad,  
Howl to the skies in mockery of thee,  
Ghost of evanished splendor, while abroad,  
The emulous night breeze wafts their lonely cry

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\* The ruins of Cerig-cennan Castle, are situated in the neighborhood of Llandilo, South Wales. The site is awfully romantic, and must in its time have been almost impregnable. An arm of the sea, as viewed from one of the mouldering turrets, has a very picturesque effect. The morning that I stood upon its loftiest battlements, the whole ruin was shrouded in clouds, metaphorically illustrative of the doubt and darkness that hangs over its early history. Its subterranean passage, cut through the most solid part of the rock, is not the least singular feature in scenery, where all is singularly bold and romantic. Unfortunately, it is not a fashionable lounge for our modern tourists, and is sadly in want of some patron to extol its beauties, and bring it out, together with a new set of quadrilles, for the season.

With terrors of its own—through thee they live;  
 Yet mock the ruin'd home, wherein they thrive.  
 Stranger ! 'tis thus with man—he feels, lives, moves  
 By fellow man ; and the great debt repays  
 With rankling scorn, tuning the note of praise  
 To the full dirge of hate—onward he roves  
 The path of life ; a cloud is on his brow,  
 Like the grey-skirted cloud I gaze at now.  
 Age comes—he droops, majestic tow'r, like thee,  
 Lonely unwept in gone regality.

---

The unlucky Black Mountains are pretty much in the same predicament.—Arcades ambo !

Grongar Hill, which also is in the immediate neighborhood of Llandilo, has a little better fortune, owing to a diffuse clumsy poem of the same name ; but the ruins of Dynevor Castle are connected with the present family, or they also would stand a fair chance of going “to the tomb of all the Capulets.” Good God ! of what silly degrading heterogenous materials must our modern society be composed, when even the wildest and most magnificent scenery of nature must be advertised to be visited, and talked of to be admired.

## TWM JOHN CATTY'S CAVE.

## A THUNDER-STORM.

Mound piled on mound, irregularly strewn,  
Like infant flow'rs upon the lap of spring ;  
Rocks thunder-splintered, or by giants hewn,  
As if in sport—so bye-gone minstrels sing:  
Dark glens, where Towy flows meandering  
In truant mazes, as if loth to leave  
A spot so hated by the blossoming  
Of the young year—these are the scenes where Eve  
Calls up her wizard train, and the wood-fairies weave  
Their visions fram'd in fancy's wildest looms.—  
Approach ; the hour is sacred, 'tis the hour  
Of twilight, when each past affection blooms,  
And memories faded, spring again to flower ; —  
Here dwelt the forest outlaw in his pow'r  
Of wood and rock, and mountain path-way rude ;  
Here from the brow of yon deserted tow'r,  
In pride of soul the savage scene he view'd ;  
Here liv'd and died, the prince of Alpine solitude.



His spirit walks each mountain and each glen,  
 Sighs through the wood and mingles with the gale:  
 Centuries have roll'd since last 'mid fellow-men  
 He trod, but still they linger o'er his tale ;  
 Still when the Westering sun looks cold and pale,  
 His name—his fate—rise like a lonely tow'r  
 On memory's waste ; still in yon dim-seen vale  
 His bugle echoes, and each haunted flow'r,  
 Starts into fairy form at Eve's enchanted hour.—

The spectral vision fades—and on the wind,  
 Rides the dark-bosom'd dæmon of the storm ;  
 Whirlwinds with meteor splendor crowd behind,  
 And heav'n peals out the trumpet of alarm:  
 From yon sulphureous cloud, with lightning warm,  
 The wind-god hoarsely laughs, at his wild cry  
 Pale shrinking twilight hides her vestal form—  
 He comes—he comes, on thunder riding by,  
 Hear ye his chariot wheels sweep echoing through the sky?

Tis well—the hour accords with the wild scene—  
 The thunder's voice should be the music here ;  
 No west-wind's female song should intervene,  
 To hush the soul, appall'd by deadliest fear ;

But clouds and storms, for aye should linger near,  
 And dæmons in sepulchral garb bedight,  
 Should quit for this their sombre hemisphere ;  
 While round each rock, obscured by doubtful light,  
 The spectral robber stalks—encanopied in night.\*

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\* The ghost of the noted robber, Twm John Catty, is still supposed to haunt the scenes of his former greatness in company with a spectral assemblage, consisting of his former band. Mr. Rees, in his account of Carmarthenshire, has spelt his name Twm Sion Catti ; I have preferred however my own orthography, as it is more accessible to an English pronunciation.

## LLANSADDON CHURCH YARD.



“ How beautiful are many of our country church yards, filled with humble graves, and covered with wild flowers. This is the case particularly in Wales. Some country burying grounds have a character of seclusion and peace, that almost reconciles us to the resignation of life. The mind of man must surely be in a state of aberration, when it is busying itself among the tumults of active life, and toiling amid boisterous crowds in dissatisfaction, or it would not contemplate tranquillity with such pleasure, even the tranquillity of the grave.”

*Church Yard Wanderings.*



DEATH which wears so revolting an appearance amid the gaudy splendors of the metropolis, seems to lose his terrors in the peaceful retirement of the country. If in the one place he assume the guise of a spectre, whose influence chills the soul of youth and merriment; in the other, he appears as a sweet vision whispering the words of happiness and peace. In the pompous cemeteries of London, we rear

columns to his honor, which are seen, admired, and forgotten. In the country we build him a temple in the human heart, where memory officiates as high priest, and offers up the incense of affection. The church yard of Llansaddon, amid whose shades these desultory reflections are written, is a fine practical homily on death. It stands in the bosom of one of the most peaceful landscapes I have ever witnessed, and sleeps in the sweet sunshine of heaven, like the infant God beneath the smiles of the Madona. Its situation speaks so eloquently of eternal repose; the breeze sighs so softly amid its grove of elms, as if fearing to awake the slumber of the departed, that it would almost woo you to your long home.

"If I wish," says Addison, "to indulge melancholy, or to be made wiser and better than I am, I wander among the tombs of Westminster Abbey." A walk through Llansaddon church yard will produce the same beneficial result. It has not, indeed, the external trappings of gloomy splendor—no storied arches, no emblazoned cornices, impose their grandeur on the eye; but the deep blue vault of heaven, the morning sunshine, and the mellow twilight lend it an interest ineffably magnificent. If the organ amid the choirs of the Abbey, appeals in solemn music to the heart; the summer breeze amid yon

grove of elms awakes a deeper strain—an Hosanna to eternity, hymned upon the threshold of the grave.

It is the sight of a church yard that inspires us with the most fitting ideas of mortality. Here we read the maxims of experience, and learn to set a proper value upon existence. Every worldly emotion—every headlong impulse that sways us in the court, the camp, or the dungeon, dies away within the hallowed precincts of the sepulchre. A sentiment pervades it: it is haunted by the guardian genius of the dead. No guilty affection can live within its charmed circle, for with all its foibles, human nature is generous, and makes the grave a mausoleum of revenge, wherein every harsher feeling is entombed.

But the gloomy superstitions that weaken our national character, have prevented the full exercise of these cheerful and charitable sensibilities. The church yard is now considered as the resort of malign influences, and at the “witching hour of night,” is rarely passed without emotion. Surely this is a mistake that verges on impiety. Is the grave, the only secure abode of gentleness and peace, to be selected as the scene of horror? Is the pleasing remembrance of our buried associates to be connected with a sentiment of apprehension?

Are we no longer to think of them as friends, but to mistrust them as enemies? If so, farewell at once, to all those generous sympathies that connect man with angels, and redeem the baser qualities of his nature.

For my own part, contemplative from habit, and from choice, I can feel no pleasure in society, equal to what I derive from rambling through a church yard. Here I lose my worldly identity, and stand upon the isthmus between two seas, the past and the future. Seated upon some time-worn sepulchre, I enter into the soul-stirring solemnity of the scene. The landscape of my intellect is enlarged by meditation, the winds of heaven blow over it, and I hear the wing of cherubim rustling amid its inmost recesses. Memory rushes like a torrent upon my mind. Hopes blighted—friends buried—feelings chilled or forgotten, all—all rise to view arrayed in the same sweet freshness which they wore in the morning of existence. Such is the case at present. The shadowy forms of those whom I have loved, now flit before my mind, like the spectral race of Banquo before Macbeth. In their presence I live over again the days that are past, and only when I cast my eyes upon the grey flag-stone, do I feel that they are gone for ever. —

How beautiful is the spot where I am seated,

how still the landscape that sleeps beneath me. There is hardly breath enough to stir yon grove of elms, for even the rank nettle stands unshaken on the sod. That small mound of earth which chequers the western quarter of the church yard, records the decease of some lowly village maiden. What was her simple tale? she died perhaps of a broken heart, that malady of young and susceptible females. I can image her gradual decay. It was peaceful as the death of summer, noiseless as the expiring whisper of the breeze. She stole from the world as from a revel, and bade good night to her friends in the hopes of a happier morrow. The stages of her decline were tardy—dejected spirits, timid shyness, tenderness almost infantine, a fading eye, and a sunken cheek, all conspired to snap the slender ligaments which bound her to the world. At length her cares are ended :—

“ After life’s fitful fever she sleeps well.  
Sorrow hath done her worst—nothing  
Can touch her further.”

In yon westernmost corner of the grove, I perceive another little tomb, erected to the memory of a

parent and an orphan. Who was he that sleeps beneath it? A father perhaps who had survived his children, and stood like a leafless tree alone in the autumn of his days. His end naturally engenders a serious train of musing, but the death of the young girl extorts a bitterer pang. When age sinks into the tomb, although we mourn we are easily appeased, for grey hairs are associated with the sepulchre. But there is something inexpressibly awful, when innocence, love, and beauty are thus wrenched from the world. In vain we strive to connect the irrelevant ideas of youth and death, "for when doth winter come 'ere yet sweet spring has flown."

For myself, I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of a calm indifference; but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of woman I associate every soft, tender, and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of her heart; as the kind and affectionate wife, absorbed in the exercise of her domestic duties; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tired with the follies of the world, and preparing for that grave into which she must so soon descend. Oh! there is something in contem-



plating the character of a woman, that raises the soul far, far above the vulgar level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to sooth his cares, and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress, she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can I look down upon her tomb then without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory—woman, never. The pages of history lie open to the one, but the meek and unobtrusive excellencies of the other, sleep with her, unnoticed in the grave. Such perhaps was the case with this village maiden. In her may have shone the genius of the poet, with the virtues of the saint—the energy of the man, with the tender softness of the woman. She too may have passed unheeded, along the sterile path-way of her existence, and felt for others as I now feel for her.— . . .

The fear of death, which forms the bug-bear of existence to the many, is to me a matter of indifference. I can calmly contemplate the hour, when I shall slumber as soundly as the village girl, and provided, that when this idle dream of life is over, I could lie in so secluded a spot as Llansaddon church yard, with a little sunshine to brighten on my tomb, a few flowers to wave above it, and a

few friends to gladden at my memory ; I would this instant be ready to depart. Nor is the boast a vain-glorious one, for life can only be cherished in proportion to the happiness it confers. Upon this principle, Lord Chesterfield looked calmly forward to his decease ; because the blessings of existence had long since palled upon his taste.

I know one young metaphysician who dreads the idea of dissolution, from a mere physical timidity, and another, who shrinks from it, because a dreamy doubt hangs like a thick cloud upon its confines. This is the most pardonable weakness. I remember that when I ventured to explore the subterranean cavern of Cerig-cennan, I was partly deterred from the deep and rayless obscurity that pervaded it. I could distinguish nothing ; all before me was a sombre gloom, and this very uncertainty increased the fever of my apprehensions. Such is the case with death ; were its consequences fully developed, we might arm our minds with courage to endure them ; but the doubt that shrouds it in darkness, inflames our imagination, until we work ourselves up to a state of ineffable disquietude.

“ Aye ! but to die, and go we know not whither—

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ;

This pitiless warm motion, to become

A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In *thrilling* regions of thick-ribbed ice ;  
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
Or blown with restless violence round about  
The pendant world—or to be worse than worst  
Of all that lawless and uncertain thoughts,  
Imagine howling—'tis too horrible ;  
The weariest and most loathsome way of life,  
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,  
Can lay on nature—is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.”\*

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\* I have never wondered at the general popularity of this transcendantly beautiful passage. It must suit all tastes. The imaginative reader will be struck with the awful idea of going, he knows not whither, and of lying “in cold obstruction ;” while the common-place man will sympathize with the more tangible and positive inconvenience, of “bathing in fiery-floods,” and of residing “in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.” On me, however, the idea of being imprisoned in an ice-house, loses its effect, because I am not a subject for chilblains, and should look confidently forward to the Insolvent Act. But the dark and mysterious associations connected with being “worse than worst of all that lawless and uncertain thoughts imagine howling,” almost curdles my life-blood. The whole pas-

But despite this sublime accumulation of horrors, there is one thing, which, with me at least, goes a great way to moderate the dread of dissolution; and that is—my comparative insignificance in life. The world will go on as well without me as when I was “*unus de grege*,” and the few friends who weep to day upon my grave, will forget me to-morrow. “There is also another pang,” says Mr. Hazlitt, (I quote from memory) “added voluntarily to the fear of death by our affecting to compassionate the loss which others will have in us. If that were all, we might reasonably be at rest.” True! for notwithstanding what poets have sung, the odors arising from the memory of our departed associates, smell sweeter in fiction than in fact. They are like a fashionable suit of clothes, exceedingly becoming to the wearer, but are laid aside, or resumed at will. When I am dead, my friend, if he has no better employment, will perhaps recall the moments with which my name is connected. On a rainy day, when he is pinned to his chambers—at night when he is nervous—in the morning when he is thoughtful, he may find out that I had

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sage is a striking proof of Shakspeare's intuitive acquaintance with the springs of human action, and with the mechanism that sets the puppet in motion.

some decent qualities—some fellow-feelings, which it might be as well to remember. But give him an opportunity of pursuing his own selfish considerations—if a lawyer, give him a brief—if a physician, a patient, and mark how forgetful he will become. My memory will be coolly adjourned to the next rainy day, when his spirits and his pockets have attained a corresponding level. What then is there in a worldly friendship that should make me regret to leave it; or why should I prize a posthumous recollection, which springs only from the head-ache or the weather?

Another motive for contemplating our decease with calmness, consists in the sympathy of every thing around us. The principle of nature, whether animate or inanimate, tends decidedly to destruction and decay. The friends of our youth fall off—the column moulders in the dust—the flower passes away with its season, and Death with wasting hand, scatters the blight of ruin over all. Is he a stranger then, that he should surprise us; or an enemy that we should distrust his approach? Far from it! he is the night that follows the morning, when the spirit, fatigued with the labors of the day, sits longing for the hour of repose.

Pass but a few years—a few short years of sorrow and disease, and this hour of repose shall

overtake us. The church on which I now gaze—the Elm-grove, which now waves its branches in the twilight, shall fall like myself, a ruin to the earth. The very flag-stone on which I am seated, shall moulder, and of the corpse that sleeps beneath it, not a trace, not a fragment shall remain. Wave on then, ye dark groves of Llansaddon, let the spring gale murmur music amid your boughs, and the autumn blast scatter abroad your foliage, for the hour is at hand when all shall be silent and forlorn.

But a truce to reflection—twilight already darkles over the horizon, and the night-breeze from its temple, amid yon elms, is offering up an evening hymn. Hark! how gloomily its diapason swells and falls upon the ear; now pealing with the deep-toned music of an organ, and now lingering in a dying close upon the gale. It is time to retire, the breeze has sung itself to sleep, and but one faint gleam of day yet glimmers from the storied windows of the church. An instant longer and I shall be alone, with darkness and the dead.—

Stranger! whoever you may be, should chance, inclination, or necessity, lead you to the retirement of South Wales, pay a passing visit to the church yard of Llansaddon. The peacefulness of its situation will tranquillize—its beauty elevate your soul.

Whatever be your fate in life, your fancy will here meet with kindred associations. Have you been a lover, have you listened to the dying voice, have you closed the glazing eye, have you watched the parting moments of the idol of your affection? look around, and be assured, that many now lowly laid, have like yourself lived and loved in vain. Are you friendless in the world? so were some who lie slumbering beneath your feet. Is your mind untuned by the harsh discords of society? let the moral spirit of the landscape lure it back to peace, for an hour spent in contemplation beside the grave, like a study well directed, is never without its advantages.

N.B. The following facete article was presented unto me by my dear and devout friend, the Reverend Rabshakeh Rattletext, an accomplished scholar, and Baptist Preacher at Llandovery, in the neighbourhood of Llangadock. Hearing that by the blessing of the Lord, I had undertaken to illumine my fellow creatures through the enlightened medium of "the Inn-keeper's Album," he kindly offered to contribute his mite, and forthwith indited the subsequent lucubration, which is undoubtedly veracious, inasmuch as my reverend friend hath often partaken of the convivialities he describes, though now from increasing age, and the holy office he hath accepted, he is for ever prevented from renewing them. For the truth of his assertions with regard to the hostilities still pending, between the Red Lion and the Castle, I can myself vouch; for on passing, the other day, through Llangadock, I was refused a glass of ale, (albeit I had the requisite monies in my hand) because Mistress Roderick unjustly suspected me of a lurking preference for her rival. Nathless, I am bound to say that excellent accommodation may be had at both places, and at the Red Lion in particular, where a damsel, of an exceeding comely and winsome aspect, ministereth unto the customers, even as the beauteous Moabitess (see Ruth, chap. III.) ministered unto Boaz, the son of Elimelech.

W. F. D.



## THE VILLAGE OF LLANGADOCK.

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“ If I forget thee, oh ! *Llangadock*, let my right hand forget her cunning ; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, yea, if I prefer not *Llangadock* in my mirth.”

PSALMS.

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THE numberless innovations that luxury and fashion are daily introducing into England, have effected but little change in the more sequestered retirements of South Wales. Carmarthenshire, in particular, has solitudes and hamlets of its own, where the inhabitants retain much of the primitive simplicity of their manners. In the village of Llangadock these traces of a better age are as characteristic as the scenery that environs it. Shut out from general observation by its distance from the main road, it presents little or no attraction to the superficial tourist ; but stands sweetly sheltered in the bosom of its own Black Mountains, like a

pleasant thought in the dreary records of memory. Its neighbourhood is eminently beautiful. A lofty range of hills terminating in the misty peaks of Llynn-y-Van, forms its barrier on one side ; while on the other, flows the wizard Towy, bathing the base of a few dwarfish hills, beside which the road winds to Llanwrda. At a slight distance stands the hamlet of Pont-y-Clakas, and when the sun-set falls upon its ~~land~~ *invied* bridge, or glitters on the cataracts of the Southey, the effect is wildly romantic.

In this sequestered spot, I have for many years resided. My principal amusement has consisted in studying the characters and customs of the neighborhood, and in wandering among its mountain scenery, to watch the fishermen skim in their coracles across the water, or hear the village bell chime its melancholy music in the hallowed stillness of a Sabbath twilight. As a Dissenting Minister, I am invariably treated with respect, and in Llangadock, which is blest with as pretty a pair of meeting-houses as were ever preached in, am never begrudged a draught of delectable home-brewed, by that devout female, Mistress Rebecca Roderick, whilome spinster ; but now by the blessing of God, spouse to Zerubabel Roderick, and landlady of the Red Lion. It is in her little front

parlour that I have become acquainted with the characters, traditions, and domestic politics of Llangadock. Here have I slept over the drowsy, but edifying harrangues of that astute pedagogue, Dr. Bartlemy Breechem; the humorous eccentricities of Lieutenant Lawrence, and the bābulous achievements of mine old chum, David Tuckwell. Happy days! but never to return. The little front parlour shall still be sanded for the accommodation of customers—the clock shall still tick in the inn-kitchen—the bonny Red Lion still frown, like a Dutch trumpeter, from its sign-post; but never, never more, shall Rabshakeh Rattletext behold it.

But let not the partiality of the friend, destroy the credit of the historian, or prevent me from doing justice to the character of these great men, who give a dignity and consequence to Llangadock. Among the number of these village worthies, Dr. Breechem stands pre-eminent. He is a little fat duck-legged gentleman, with a short neck, red copper nose, and bullet head. His learning is astonishingly admired, inasmuch as he has a vocabulary of tall words; with which he routs the arguments of his opponents, in the same way as a regiment of strapping Grenadiers charge a detachment of Dutch dragoons. He has kept the village school for years, and every one speaks with

awe of his intellect, for he it was who first exploded the notion, that the moon was made of green-cheese. In conversation, he is slow and pompous, and as many of his long-winded words have no connexion with English, it is presumed that they must have run away from some unknown language, and enlisted as an awkward squad in his service.

A short time ago, this little fat duck-legged gentleman, went on affairs of consequence to London. On his return, he was so full of the wonders he had seen, and the dignity he had acquired, that he actually lay ill of a syllabic suffocation, produced by eight undigested descriptions, sticking all at once in his wind-pipe. Among other marvels, he had met at the Cyder Cellar, with a Greek itinerant, whose name Dapomeibomenos Polyphlosboio, Esquire, struck him as being so learned, that he resolved to secure his acquaintance, and invited him to dinner, in a letter, every word of which consisted of four syllables. The Greek accepted the invitation, and the Doctor never got over the honor. In whatever company he may be, whether at the Red Lion, or at my lowly domicile, he always quotes his name, as being an excellent way of filling up the time between dinner and tea.

Lieutenant Lawrence is a character of very

different complexion. He is a gruff, rough, tough, and dry old humourist, with a lank parchment face, of such a morose and wintry aspect, that it would almost give one chilblains to look at it. Appended to this vinegar visage, is a coppice of thick black hair, fitting tight to the cerebellum, like a pound of shag tobacco, waxed on to a turnip. To this shrubbery, our man of war invariably refers, in full reliance on the old truth, that the quantity of a man's brains may be estimated by the thickness of his hair. "Fruits," says he, "always spring up quickest on the best land;" from whence he naturally infers, that his own superabundance of brush-wood, attests the richness and fertility of its soil.\*

It would do the heart good to see this belligerent humourist, pacing up and down his cottage garden, like an officer on a field day. He has parcelled the land into whole armies of fruits and weeds; to each of which is assigned its technical appellative. Here are batallions of cabbages, flanked by Grenadiers of stinging-nettles, and Irish Regiments of

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\* Of a verity this is an exceeding cunning and ingenious truth, and is doubtless the reason why our Judges and Bishops (God bless them) wear wigs.—*Note by the Editor.*

potatoes, attached to a Highland corps of thistles. Sometimes, however, these inoffensive vegetables encounter the worst extremities of war; for it was but the other day that he was seen murdering a round dozen of cauliflowers, in order to show a friend how the battle of Waterloo should have been fought.

In company, the Lieutenant is grave and sententious: averse to argument, his only answer to any puzzling question, being that very convincing one, "I'll see you d——d first," which made the school-master observe, that though he did not say much, yet it was always to the point. Sometimes however, he has been known to indulge in divers grim jokes touching his Indian campaigns, on which occasion, he has got a knack of pulling up his breeches with incredible ferocity.

Of mine old chum, David Tuckwell, I have not much to say. He is a short squat man like Dr. Breechem; with this difference, that the one is dry and muscular, the other, ripe, porous, and oily. His sole satisfaction appears to consist in his palate, and it is one of his principal boasts, that his ancestor, David-ap-noodle-ap-doodle-ap-Tuckwell, ate himself to death, in honor of Llewellyn's victory over the English.

In addition to this dignified triumvirate, we had for some months a young gentleman from London with a face so exceedingly thin, that the schoolmaster in a fit of unusual jocoseness, borrowed it to mend a pen with. As however, he was sometimes caught writing verses and such like abominations, the company concluded that he must be either a poet, a conjuror, or the devil (they were not quite certain which) and held him in utter respect and abhorrence. Finding this to be the general opinion, the young gentleman one day girt up his loins and fled; but such was the hurry of his flight, that he actually left his character behind him.

The legends and traditional anecdotes of Llangadock, are to the full as characteristic as its inhabitants, and often afford an evening's entertainment to our club at the Red Lion. Dr. Breechem is an admirable hand at a ghost-story, and when warmed with his subject has got a knowing way of shaking his pericranium; "which proves," as the Lieutenant says, "that he must be a clever fellow, for who would shake his head if he thought that there was nothing to shake out of it?" His account of the dæmon of Llynn-y-Van, is in particular most diabolically delightful, and he has much to say upon

the wizard oak of Glansevin,\* which makes a very polite bow before the parlour windows, when any of the family of the Lloyds feel inclined to die. But the most famous of all his legends, is the "weird hop" of Carrick-Southey, where a set of hobgoblins meet, and dance quadrilles in the moonlight. A short time ago, on his return from Killgwyn, he caught three dozen of them at their saltatory ovations, and took an accurate survey from behind a bush. The men, he says, were dressed in brimstone breeches, the women, in short subterraneous petticoats, and their harper had on a full bottomed wig, with black silk stockings and clocks, which by striking the hour against the calves of his legs, produced a howl of agony, to which the whole assembly capered.

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\* Glansevin and Mandinham, are two estates in the neighborhood of Llangadock, in the possession of the hospitable family of the Lloyds. Of the supernatural and bowing accomplishments of the oak, I have heard at least a hundred times, and at every recital, have always testified the requisite quantity of astonishment. Its predictions of impending calamity have of late been falsified; Mr. Lloyd having gained the troublesome law-suit in which he was engaged.

RABSHAKEN RATTLE-TEXT.



The corpse-candles form another singular feature in the superstitions of Llangadock. They are small gentleman-like marsh-lights, and the Doctor is of opinion, that by good treatment, they might be so far tamed, as to form an excellent substitute for gas-lights. Impressed with this notion, he once entered into a speculation with an oilman at Carmarthen; but unfortunately before the goblin-candles could be caught, his partner had an awkward accident with the whipping-post, so the affair was dropped. I could indite divers marvels touching another ghost of the oldest family in Wales; but as his pedigree is locked up in Tophet, I should be sorry from any idle curiosity to intrude myself into so sultry a climate.

Besides these superstitions which keep up, as it were, the stimulus of society, the fairs are subjects of great importance to the neighborhood. On this grand occasion, the club at the Red Lion dress in their newest apparel, and the civilities exchanged between them is truly touching. All Llangadock is in a giggle; the maid-servants buy gingerbread, stuck full of Cupids, for their sweet-hearts; and the country girls wear shoes and stockings, which are carefully put by for the next jubilee.

But the Leet courts are the principal objects of attraction. For a week previous, the nose of Mistress

Roderick is blue with bustle, and the poultry as if aware of their fate, look wondrous silly. The meeting, which is a sort of justice business, is held sometimes at the Red Lion, and sometimes at its rival, the Castle. Oh! the good things that are said and eaten at this symposium. Dr. Breechem talks of the pleasures of his youth, (the majority of which have taken up their residence in his nose,) and constantly reverts to the Cyder Cellar, as a proof of his having seen the world. Unwilling to be behind hand, the Lieutenant brings up the rear with a veteran battalion of grim Indian jokes, and David after boasting of his ancestor's digestive capabilities, endeavours to emulate his example.

Unluckily however, these festivals which were intended to unite the jarring interests of Llangadock, have of late been productive of strife. The whole village is now divided into two factions; of those who support the Red Lion, and those who stand up for the Castle. The great men, whom I have previously described, have certainly done all in their power to restore concord, by getting drunk at both inns with amiable impartiality; but hitherto without success. The rival land-ladies are inexorable foes. If a Leet court is held at the Red Lion, the patrons of the Castle are sure to sit in judgment upon its culinary

accommodations. If on the contrary, the Castle is the scene of festivity, the Red Lion is filled with the hostile faction, and I know one shrewd fellow who gets a gratuitous glass at each inn, by abusing both parties. I am not, however, without hopes, that this schism may abate. Dr. Breechem was seen the other morning to obtain an audience of Mistress Roderick, after having been closetted with her rival, and the head ostlers of both inns, are reported to have fallen drunk and loving into each other's arms.

So much for the domestic politics of Llangadock, which I now quit for its simpler and more interesting characteristics. The *biddings*, or marriage ceremonies are not among it's least singular features. They are confined to the lower orders, and consist in a trifling subscription, which each friend contributes by way of dowry to the lovers, in the hope that if any similar domestic accident should befall him, the loan may be repaid. By these means the rustic couple are enabled to lay the foundation of a slender competency, on which their own subsequent exertions must erect a superstructure.

The funerals are conducted upon the same warm-hearted principle. When a young girl in particular dies, her relatives assemble for the

three following Sundays at her grave, to bedeck it with the wild flowers of the season. Often in the long summer twilights, have I seen groupes of village lasses, sauntering along the church yard, with baskets of roses in their hands to plant upon the tombs of their associates. As I have watched them by the softened light of a declining sun which half-enshrouded their forms in distant and mysterious shadow, fancy has easily transformed them into those pure and etherial spirits, who form so prominent a feature in our Cambrian superstitions.

Independently of these peculiar customs, Llangadock, and indeed all Wales is famous for the piety, number, and talents of its preachers. The influence that these genuine servants of the living God, have over the minds of the people is astonishing. Even our little village can display its Calvinistic, Baptist, and Wesleyan meeting houses, which are sometimes thronged even to suffocation. Our most celebrated Preacher is a tall stout man, with a face like an underdone buttock of beef. He holds his assemblies at the meeting-house on Carrick-Southey, and is remarkable for a newly discovered method of damnation. This accomplishment he has brought to such perfection, that in the course of ten minutes he has been known to consign over six dozen of

his audience to the Devil, after giving them a proper ticket of admittance in the shape of his own sermons.

It was to this preacher that I owe the fortunate miracle of my conversion. Before I listened to his harrangues, I atheistically fancied myself happy, and thought that there could be no harm in joining a club at the Red Lion. Wilful obcecation! mine instructor clearly proved that I was like the chariots of Aminadab, all brass and glitter without, but hollow within. Often in the days of blindness, would he bid me "drink of the waters of life freely," and set himself the example by mixing them with brandy. Often would he cry out with Solomon, "behold we have a little sister, (meaning me) and she hath no breasts," a deficiency which filled me with alarm. Often after clearing the bottle would he exhort me to get a bosom, by which was implied—salvation. His prayers at last prevailed; I was seized with a nervous indisposition; rose a new man, and have since wrestled myself into a happy state of the most orthodox melancholy.

A few months ago, a grand methodist meeting was held in our neighborhood. Preachers and provisions were gathered together from all parts of the principality; the one to refresh the soul, the other the body. That the congregation might have

sufficient edification, the entertainment began at six o'clock in the morning, with a duet between two Anabaptists, with whom a brace of donkies in an adjacent field joined sympathetic chorus. The sermons then commenced, when on a sudden the current of devotion was dammed up by the arrival of an express from Llandilo, with intelligence that his Majesty intended to pass through Llangadock, on his road from Ireland. As the good folks had never before seen a King, the infection of curiosity spread far and wide, and Dr. Breechem, Tuckwell, and the Lieutenant, resolved themselves into a hurried committee, for the purpose of organizing a procession.

It was now eight o'clock, and his Majesty was expected at one. The intervening time was spent in busy preparation. The schoolmaster was empowered to draw up a speech of congratulation, while Tuckwell superintended a dinner at the Red Lion, where it was confidently asserted that the King would dine. The parties then adjourned, previous to which, the Doctor addressed them in a jaw-breaking, gerund-grinding, syntax-scorning oration, one word of which was so long that he was compelled to bite it in two; while Mistress Roderick, chuckling at the expected honor, was seen to strut twice under the very nose of her rival.

Every instant was now pregnant with importance. Couriers passed to and fro on the road, villagers dropt by handfulls into the Red Lion, and occasionally a half-starved weazle-like attorney, might be seen addressing an attentive groupe on the virtues of loyalty and the property tax. Suddenly a shout was heard, and the Lieutenant rigged out in rusty regimentals, and mounted on an equally rusty charger, galloped down the street, with about a dozen ragged recruits behind him. By his side was a weather-beaten Serjeant of Marines, bearing a flag formed of the combined flaps of two shirts, and painted with a profusely whiskered likeness of his Majesty, which all but the artist mistook for a goose and trimmings. On the opposite side stood the schoolmaster, preparing his speech, to the great annoyance of one of his nearest pupils, whose front teeth he divorced from their parental gums, by an emphatic flourish of his hand.

The clock now struck one, and a pair of thin attornies, followed by a detachment of cavalry, halted in front of the Red Lion. Immediately afterwards a trumpet was heard—then a loud huzza—then a clatter of horses, and the prolonged shouts of thousands. A cloud arose in the distance—swords flashed in the sun-beam,

and all eyes were directed to the royal cavalcade, which came thundering along the only decent street in the village. Mistress Roderick stood simpering at the inn-door, the Lieutenant made so profound a bow, that the sinews of his back and braces were heard to give a simultaneous crack, and Tuckwell with an apron under his chin, rushed enthusiastically towards the carriage with "May it please your Majesty—the boiled beef and carrots—oh! Lord." This was all he could utter, for the dragoons closed round the vehicle, and notwithstanding the bill of fare, which he displayed on the point of a spit, the postillion cracked his whip, the trumpet again sounded, and away whirled the cavalcade in a cloud.

The rest of the day passed off pleasantly enough, and but few accidents occurred. The Lieutenant indeed, on the unexpected departure of his Majesty, is said to have pulled up his pantaloons with such astounding ferocity, that they dropped in a lump to his heels, to the consternation of Mistress Roderick, who fell ill at the sight, and was safely delivered of a cholera-morbus. The schoolmaster also is reported to have put his red copper snout so near to the touch-hole of a cavalry blunderbuss that the piece went off, and discharged its contents



in the bowels of an unhappy sucking-pig. This, however, I am somewhat inclined to doubt; but even if true, it can in no wise impeach the good order of the procession.

One circumstance, indeed of great political importance, I must not omit to mention. Disappointed, the one of his speech, the other of his boiled beef and carrots; both Dr. Breechem and David have turned radicals. They have since discovered that England is ruined, that Lord Londonderry\* has got a secret plan for bringing over the Pope, changing the Protestant religion, and cutting off the heads of those who refuse to become Catholics. This they are in the habit of discussing at the Red Lion, and swallowed together with a glass of sour ale, it has a bitter effect upon the audience.

No one indeed can describe the gloom that their principles are daily shedding over the once happy village of Llangadock. A few weeks ago, a meeting was actually held on Carrick-Southey, where Dr. Breechem exhorted his congregation to stand up for reform, and was lodged in the stocks for his patriotism. From that time to the present, he

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\* This was written prior to the death of that accomplished Statesman.

has become an altered character. He reads Cobbett's Register; buys Hunt's breakfast powder, and has taken to running in debt, an accomplishment which he considers necessary to the completion of a genuine radical. Mistress Roderick too is not without her discomfitures. Her pride has evaporated, and she is at the mercy of the landlady of the Castle, who retails many a sly sarcasm, at which, whether bad or good, her party are sure to laugh. As for the Lieutenant he daily employs himself in practising military tactics with his stinging nettles, while David heaves the most pathetic ululations, at having lost so good an opportunity of suffocating himself, like his ancestor Noodle-ap-doodle, with a mouthful of boiled loyalty.

To increase if possible, the discomfiture of the village, a dashing belle from the purlieus of Covent Garden, has lately taken up her residence in it. On her first arrival, (nominally to retrieve her health) she was looked up to with infinite respect. She had been, she said, to all the theatres, had associated with the genteelest company in Tottenham Court Road, and had purchased her bomba-zeen-gown at the Soho Bazaar. This last circumstance rivetted the respect of Dr. Breechem, who observed, that the word Bazaar, according to his friend Mr. Dapomeibomenos Polyphlosboio, was

of Eastern origin. He then proceeded to discuss the point; and in the warmth of argument, discharged a shower of such tough polysyllables at the Lieutenant, that had he not been blessed with a thick skull, the shot of one single consonant would have been enough to fracture it.

From the time of this good lady's arrival at Llangadock, I date the decay of its golden simplicity. The young village lasses are all agog for high life. They dream of nothing but bombazeens and Bazaars, Tottenham Court Road and short petticoats. Even the Lieutenant has caught the infection. He endeavours to screw his grim features into a leer of bewitching blandishment; has taken to rubbing up his regimentals, and was actually detected the other day, in inditing an "Elegy on a Love-sick Swain." Now and then he is heard to whisper something about an old soldier's settling for life; which taken in connection with the circumstance of his growing absent and melancholy, betokens an important family change.—Such at present is the distracted policy of Llangadock. The Lieutenant is evidently in love, and so, I am afraid, is the Doctor; while from high to low, from the cottage to the hovel, nothing is heard but sighs for bombazeen-gowns and Bazaars, Tottenham Court Road and short petticoats.—

Sweet little village! where the women never

grow old, and the men are always handsome; where the mountains are very high, and the mutton very low; where children are dear, and coals cheap; where the milk-maids are good for love, and the toasted cheese is good for nothing; where the lawyers are so wise, that they know every one's business but their own; peace and prosperity be with you. May the cloud of discord that now overhangs your community be dispersed by the sunshine of benevolence; and friendship again brighten with her cheering smiles the little front parlour of the Red Lion. For me, I shall never more be the witness of your festivity. Old age creeps on apace, and the divine voice, that like Samuel I have heard calling on me in the dead hour of midnight, represses with its stern warning the joyous dictates of the heart. But you will rejoice in the calm sunshine of heaven, when the spring flowers are blooming upon my grave; and your daughters will still listen to the sweet echoes of the village bell, as they ring above the sod that grows over me. Farewell! kind and hospitable Llangadock. Think of me as of some summer vision that hath departed: and oh! when fancy is busy with the past, should friendship heave a sigh, or the silken eye-lash of beauty rain a tear upon my grave; from the pavilion of clouds wherein it dwells, my soul shall look down and be comforted.

## THE WEIRD ASSEMBLY

### Of Llynn-y-Van.

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" And lest its terrors meet my view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true."

COLLINS.

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AMONG the mountains in Wales, and especially among that stupendous chain, better known by the name of the "Black Mountains," in Carmarthenshire, there are to be found numerous pools or tarns. These are usually situated at an elevation of many hundred feet above the level of the sea, and from their desolate appearance, are graced with the most romantic legends. The pool of Llynn-y-Van in particular, (which I have more fully described in my first fishing excursion) is remarkable for the wild superstitions connected with it. On a certain night, in August (I believe) the witches and spirits of the elements assemble before their night-queen, and discuss the mischiefs they have wrought since their last diabolic anniversary. These

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are usually of an orthodox description, from the petty pinch, the dream, or the murder ; to the more profitable job of fitting out a soul for damnation. If however this unhallowed assembly be interrupted by a mortal, it is compelled to vanish immediately, but not before it is revenged upon the intruder, by conjuring some spirit most obnoxious or harrowing to his feelings. It may be readily conceived, that few men, without a special introduction, would be bold enough to claim acquaintance with such a gang, although tradition records that two strangers were once presumptuous enough to witness their orgies ; and that the boldest was punished for his violation of etiquette, in the way that I have mentioned in the following unconnected fragment.

SCENE,

THE SUMMIT OF THE BLACK MOUNTAINS.

TIME.—MIDNIGHT.

*Two Strangers are discovered standing beside the Pool
of Llyn-y-Van.*

FIRST STRANGER.

Nay, start not, friend, the spot, to be sure, is gloomy,
But then 'tis fitter for the devil, he
Travels abroad to-night, the winds are gone
To pay him homage, and the pale faced-moon,
(Like a young maiden on her nuptial night,)
Sick with anticipation, hides in clouds
Each virgin feature—we shall have rare sport.

SECOND STRANGER.

Rare sport, i' faith, when Satan and his imps
Join in the unholy merriment—but hark !
Did you not hear a knell ?

FIRST STRANGER.

Away—this is
But fancy—the false coinage of your brain.

SECOND STRANGER.

Fancy or not, I dare no longer stay.

FIRST STRANGER.

Return then to your home, the village church
Stands at the foot of yon hill, and by its spire
That lifts a white head to the waning moon,
You can direct your course; I the meantime
Will bide the coming revels, for 'tis said,
The devil to-night has business on his hands,
And fairies walk yon water.

SECOND STRANGER.

Be it so —

I'll wait their hour (since you will have it thus)
But oh! how awful is this mountain gloom—
The stars are dead, sickly with fear, the moon
Winds her wan course through heav'n, and but one cloud,
One tiny cloud, steals like a ghost, athwart
The melancholy midnight of the sky;
All nature slumbers now, and hollowly (*The Village
clock strikes.*)

The sentinel clock from yon moon-silvered steeple
Proclaims the deep midnight. (*musling thoughtfully*)

Another hour

Hath rung its last; another idle hour
Is coffined in the grave of time, and I
Mourn over it—yet not alone I mourn,

For nature weeps in kindred sympathy.
But one short hour ago, and hundreds were,
Who are, no longer—the unconscious widow,
Perchance, in that same hour, awaited one
Doomed never to return—the aged matron
Thought of her far-off sea-boy whose sweet presence
The last dead hour should lend her—idle hopes!
This hour awoke the Storm-God—he arose
And called his whirlwinds round him, while in wrath,
From pole to pole they tempest the main,
And the poor sea-boy perished—never more
His mother shall smile on him, never more
With spectacled eye-sight, bend a look upon
That sun-bronzed cheek, to trace the chubby youth
She cradled in his childhood—he is gone—
This hour hath knelled his last.

FIRST STRANGER.

Hush! do you not
Hear a low stifled moan, as if the wind
Sung through some bony skeleton?

SECOND STRANGER.

I do—
'Tis nearing now, and breaks from yonder pool.

FIRST STRANGER.

Away then to the cave—the spirits of night
Are rising to their revels.

SECOND STRANGER.

Lead on, I follow.

(They enter the cave by the pool-side. The water meantime becomes agitated, a cloud hovers over its surface, and in the midst appears a female form, with a silver wand in her hand. She waves it, and four witches rise from the earth. While this is going forward, the first stranger, who is standing by the mouth of the cave, addresses his companion in the interior.)

SECOND STRANGER:—*(After a pause.)*

Are they here yet?

FIRST STRANGER.

Look forth and see.

SECOND STRANGER.

Eternal God! I dare not,
My veins are curdled, and each drop of blood
Is stiffening to an icicle.

FIRST STRANGER.

Soft! they come;
The pool is thronged with dæmons, and the heavens

Rain spirits down as hail-storms ; ghastly shapes
 Flit by upon the raven wing of night,
 Embodied visions, that while nature sleeps
 Haunt her repose : the hour weighs on my soul,
 As though 'twere laden with the past, and voices
 Float all around the enshrouded atmosphere,
 Like bubbles on a stream of sound ; each note
 Trills softly on the laughing air, as when
 In the morning of the world, celestial choirs
 Sang the first man to sleep in Paradise.—
 The spirits are assembled, and the queen
 Of night is rising o'er the pool ; they bow,
 Wizard and witch, before the awful shrine
 Of her unearthly majesty ; how she sits !
 There is a thoughtful grandeur in her eye,
 A solemn melancholy in the tones
 Of her deep dæmon voice, that bids me love,
 Yet tremble while I love her—hark ! a summons—

(The Queen speaks from her water-throne.)

Spirits of Hell ! speak to your throned queen,
 The night witch slumbers by her fountain side,
 Charmless and impotent. Speak ! the hour invites
 you.

FIRST WITCH.

We hurry, we hurry, o'er moorland and dell,
The witch by the fountain she knows us full well ;
She knows us full well, for hark to her spell,
How it warbles in magical close as we rove
Round about, round about, under the grove.
The zenith moon while we pass her by,
Draws in her horns, and shrinks back in the sky,
Shrinks back in the sky, as the bonny blue eye
Of the violet fades when the tempest is nigh—
Then hail to our night-queen, we'll sing as we rove,
Round about, round about, under the grove.

SECOND WITCH.

A voice by the fountain, a voice in the vale,
Louder and louder the hollow winds rail,
The hollow winds rail—there is blood on the gale ;
The child it is strangled, the mother is dying,
The father stands over them weeping and sighing ;
We have stricken the parent and murdered the son—
So hey ! to the grave, for our task is done.

THIRD WITCH.

Honor to death and his carnival !
You lift the coffin and I the pall ;

On to the charnel house, steady, be steady,
The grave it is dug, and the priest is ready,
The priest is ready, the prayer is said,
The hollow dust rings on the coffin head,
And the old grey church, both turret and rafters,
Shakes like a flow'r with the summer wind's laughter.

FOURTH WITCH.

There was a youth in the gay haunts of man
Well known—a sullen shameless libertine;
Hovering at night around the city—I
Met him, and lighted from my thunder-cloud
In guise of a young girl whom once he loved,
But loved in vain; I drew him readily on
From guilt to sin, from sin to deadliest crime;
He fought, loved, drank, blasphemed, apostatised,
Gambled, won, lost, and felt each fluctuation
Of triumph and despair, sunshine and gloom,
Till one lone night of savage hopelessness,
Returning to the home, his home no longer;
A dagger met his eye—I placed it there—
He had a father, rich, but covetous
Of the world's dross; 'shall such a miser live?'
The apostate boy low muttered as he sought

His destined parent's chamber ;—that same night
The old man slept, but never woke again.
Oh ! what an after life his son endured—
At night, at dead midnight, a spirit stood
Beside him ; 'twas a form with silver hairs
Clammy and clotted by decay, the chill
Of the charnel-house hung o'er him, deadly cold,
And from his eye lack lustreless and wan,
Vengeance shot forth her immortality
Deep in the murderer's breast—he turned to me
In sleepless agony of soul ; but still
The spectral eye was on him fixed, and full
And changeless in the expression of the grave :
Each night, what time the sullen midnight clock
Rung twelve from the near steeple ; the same form
Stood by his couch, shrouded in blood, and pointing
To ulcered wounds, rank with the charnel damps ;
He looked on them and laughed, but that wild laugh
Rung hollow in the silence of the night,
Like voices from the dead—he strove to pray,
But the dull spectral eye glared frowning on him,
And each word turned to mockery—thus he lived—
And when he died, outcast of heaven and earth,
I caught his latest breath, winged with deep curses

On me, himself, and all the world beside.—
Have I not gained a soul to Acheron?

FIRST WITCH.

Bravely! and we will homage thee as one
Of power superior to our own.

SECOND WITCH.

All hail!

Sister, all hail! the world is thronged with fiends,
But thou art of the mightiest; we have striven
With puny vengeance to assail the body;
But thou more bravely hast destroyed the soul.

THIRD WITCH.

Sister! our Queen smiles on thee from her throne.

FIRST WITCH.

(To a thunder-cloud that is sailing by.)

Thunder-cloud, thunder-cloud, whither to-night?

(A VOICE from the thunder-cloud.)

Where the smouldering earthquake heaves bursting to
sight;

To the land of the West where the orange-tree blows,
And proud Chimboraco sits belted with snows.

FIRST WITCH.

I'll mount thy black car.

SECOND WITCH.

So will I—

THIRD WITCH.

So will I,

Where ruin is brooding we're doomed to be by;
Be it tempest on ocean, or earthquake on land,
Its vengeance must pause to await our command.

(A VOICE *from the thunder-cloud.*)

Hark! a voice on the gale—I am summoned away,
I'll be the earthquake's glad midwife to-day;
Tornadoes and whirlwinds shall herald its throes,
Despair and destruction attend on its close.

(A VOICE *from the air.*)

Come away—come away,

Each wizard and fay,

Be he goblin of midnight, or spirit of day.

(*The thunder cloud sails on, and the Witches vanish
beneath the Pool of Llyn-y-Van. The Queen speaks
from her throne.*)

Spirit of the Western wind—spirit of the wave—
Spirit of the mountain—spirit of the grave;
Appear, appear, appear, for the dead day
Stalks spectre-like along the hall of twilight,
And pitying zephyrs hymn their roundelay

O'er her chill corpse. Appear: yon heaven's bright islet;
 The ridgy moon sleeps soned by the blue sea
 Of air, and fairies, who might mar our spell
 Woven by dæmons in the loom of hell,
 Are far away—No sound is stirring now,
 But the lone echo on the upland brow.—
 Hell is abroad; the mountains, sky, and wave,
 Belch forth the imprisoned tenants of the grave;
 And from his lair, the watchman of the night,
 The augur raven, hails them in his flight
 With a voice, solemn as the billowy sea
 Of time, that breaks upon Eternity.—
 No more—the hour flies on—Spirits appear!
 The Queen of night exacts attendance here.
 (*The spirit of the Western-wind descends on an even-
 ing mist, and sings—*)

A lover slept under the lea—
 Where I sing a duet with the bee,
 And I paused and I whispered aloud,
 From the azure-gilt edge of my cloud.
 “Awake from repose for your nymph is in sight;
 And you shall be happy—be happy to-night.”
 He awoke and sped away,
 I went with him all the way,

Sometimes as a streamlet near,
I made music in his ear;
Now a Summer wind I roved,
'Telling tales of her he loved;
Now a flower, and now a ray
Borrowed from the eye of day,
I was with him all the way.
You would smile, and you would sigh,
Had you seen him hurry by,
Over moor and over mountain,
Over every haunted fountain,
Where the yellow linnet trills,
Music to the daffodils;
Where the echo carols shrill
From her watch-tower on the hill,
And the lark with grateful lay
Welcomes in the infant day—
They had met and they had parted,
They had both been broken hearted,
They had roved with care oppress,
One to East and one to West;
Now their wanderings are o'er,
They have met to part no more.
They have met—but one shall fade
Like the blue-bell in the glade.

I, the Summer breeze of twilight,
Claim her for my lonely islet ;
On her cheek there is a bloom,
On her breath a faint perfume ;
Faint as when the breeze is sighing,
O'er the rose or lily dying—
Wan consumption bids her eye
Glow with hectic brilliancy ;
When the cowslip blooms again,
When the spring walks o'er the plain,
Winds shall sigh and daisies wave
Lightly o'er a young girl's grave.

(Spirit of the Wave rises from the Pool and sings—)

A bark to the Emerald isle was bound,
The bonny blue wave danced lightly round,
The helmsman steered and the boatswain sung,
The bellied sails to the West wind swung,
And the sea below and the sky above,
Whispered together of peace and love.
The night came on, the gale grew loud,
The Emerald isle was veiled in cloud ;
I called to the thunder, I called to the wind,
I called to the billows before and behind,
And I bid the lightening glare over the wave,
To light the ship to her ocean grave.

The morn arose, the heaven was blue ;
But where was the bark with her gallant crew ?
I beckoned the mermaid, she *wept* a lay,
As if her lover was cast away ;
I beckoned the shark, he was gorged with food,
The edge of his teeth was dulled with blood,
And nor wave nor wind knew aught the while,
Of the bark that was bound to the Emerald isle.
Oh ! the lover shall look to the sea and the sky,
To watch the vessels sweep trimly by ;
The son in his shallop shall scour the main,
But mother or maiden shall never again,
Return to the friends who await them in vain.

*(The Spirit of the Mountain descends on a cataract,
from the summit of Llyn-y-Van, and sings—)*

'Twas night, the spring-moon shone adown the
green hill,
The Serfs in their cottage lay sleeping and still,
I summoned a rain-cloud that swept o'er the heath,
And bade him descend to the vintage of death ;
I summoned a cataract foaming along,
He heard me, and chorussed his wild mountain song,

While the rain-cloud and flood dashed in thunder
below,

Like an army to rush on its slumbering foe—
The morrow sprung up, as a bride from her bed,
But the streams of the valley were strangled with dead;
The flood was around them, the flood was on all—
Spread o'er the drowned earth like its funeral pall;
And the mountains, methought, when their torrents
were hushed,

Caught a glance from the pitying sun-set, and blushed—
Adieu to the home, where the shepherd's pipe rung,
Adieu to the groves where the nightingale sung,
Adieu to the peasants, the fair and the brave;
For the valley that cradled, now yields them a grave.

(The Spirit of the Grave rises from the earth, and sings—)

In the lazar vaults I build my cell,
Where death and his gristly phantoms dwell;
I bid the Vampire gorge the blood
Of the charnelled dead, for his nightly food;
I bid the night-winds whistle and moan
Through the toothless jaws of the skeleton;
And conscience frown with lowering eye,
On guilt, and its immortality.—

I have a spirit that came to me,
 When the last spring-moon looked over the lea;
 She was a mother, and she was a child;
 But the clod of the valley is over her piled;
 She died, and her spectre to-night shall appear,
 For a mortal is waiting to welcome it here.

THE INCANTATION.

Spectre—spectre—hither come
 On your night-wind from the tomb:
 By the hell that flames around you,
 By the dæmons that surround you,
 By your corse that yields him food,
 Till the flesh-worm bursts with blood;
 Hither come—for *one* is here,
One to whom you once were dear.

(The ghost of a female descends on a night-wind.)

SECOND STRANGER.

Are the rites ended—

FIRST STRANGER.

No! a spirit hovers
 O'er the weird pool—her garb is feminine—
 The death-worm coils around each limb; her mouth
 Breathes forth the chill fog of the sepulchre,

With the rank vigour of a fresh decay ;
Her form is of the earth, her shroud bodimmed
With faintest damp for the fresh confined corpse
Yet keeps the worm at bay—she bends on me
Her sightless eye-balls—mighty God ! it is
My mother's ghost I gaze on—

*(Shrieks and falls senseless on the earth. The spirits
vanish beneath the Pool.)*

THE ADVENTURES OF ACHILLES,

A Hyde Park Romance.

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*προσίφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.*

HOMER.

Swift footed Achilles spoke.

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A FEW evenings ago I strolled for a solitary ramble into Hyde Park. I had been dining with a friend, and flushed with an unusual allowance of wine, was desirous of inhaling the refreshing coolness of the air. The night was well suited to my purpose; it was mild and pleasant, with a gentle gale that just sufficed to wake into whispers the yellow foliage of the beech trees. A fine harvest-moon lent additional interest to the scene, now lighting up with faint reflection the distant hills of Surrey, and now chequering the broad tranquil surface of the Serpentine. Occasionally a passing cloud would throw into transient shadow the silvery bosom of the water, but the breeze soon dispelled its unwelcome gloom, and left the queen

of night to pursue her uninterrupted course through the blue serene of ether.

Insensibly as I rambled on, my mind took the calm meditative hue of the hour, and I found myself musing beside the statue of Achilles, which our economical countrywomen (laudably apprehensive of a tailor's bill) have erected without breeches in the Park. As I gazed on its majestic lineaments, my imagination ardently excited recalled each circumstance connected with it. What! I said, if it could be restored to life, and were to relate its past transmigrations? It must have witnessed many strange events. As artillery it has figured at Salamanca, Vittoria, Thoulouse and Waterloo, and "could a tale unfold," that might well challenge attention. It has beheld the rise and fall of dynasties, has seen the hot blood smoke, the dying drop around it, and discharged its thunders at the command of hundreds over whom the daisy blossoms. As a statue, it is now the wonder of the metropolis, and if it were only for the edification of future historians, should be endowed with some principle of animation.

Impressed with this idea I continued with a fixed eye to gaze on it, until absorbed in reverie I seated myself beside a solitary stump that stands like a fugleman before its regiment of wooden

rails. The night was tranquil, and the only sound that broke its general stillness was the sullen call of the watchman, or the tramp of some solitary pedestrian along the stoney pavement of Piccadilly. Even this at last subsided, the watchman's voice came fainter and fainter on the ear, and I was alone in the silence of the hour. Gradually overpowered by the drowsy effect of the chill breeze upon a heated brain, I fell into a feverish slumber. Unconnected visions, in each of which Achilles was predominant, passed in review before my mind, until my imagination after many strange wanderings arranged itself into the following phantasm. I fancied that the statue addressed me, that he revealed the circumstances of his birth, parentage, and education, which were of so old a date as to introduce me to the age of the classics, and that his communication, if such it can be called, was tendered in these words.

I was originally, he began, the brass out of which the famous Colossus of Rhodes was constructed. Stationed upon two islands with the billowy ocean rolling, and ships sailing between my legs, I appeared the sculptured Titan of the world. Veiled as a god in clouds I stood on my wave-washed eminence, the landmark of the shipwrecked mariner. All mankind vied with each other in the

warinth of their encomiums. The sculptor welcomed me as an emanation of divinest genius, and the homeward bound seaman, when at night he caught the first glance of the lanthorn that glimmered in my hand, would implore a benediction on my head. But statues like men are mortal, and on an evil hour I was hurled from my lofty position by the officious interference of an earthquake.

You may have heard that my massy trunk and huge fragments lay scattered on the ground for eight centuries, and that they were at last collected and sold by those Iconoclasts the Saracens, to a Jewish merchant of Edessa. This, however, is a mere school-boy's legend; for a few years subsequent to my fall, I was carried by a bronze merchant to Athens, which city I adorned in the shape of a war-horse. In this novel disguise I beheld Demosthenes when he went to deliver his famous oration *pro Corona*, and caught the last glance of Æschines as he looked back upon the home he was quitting for ever. Often beneath the calm still moonlight have I listened to the young Greek girls, as with mellow voice they chaunted the fragments of Sappho and Simonides. Often have I watched them wandering to and fro on the Piræus, with their graceful figures but half shrouded

in the glowing shadows of a Grecian twilight, and heard them whisper the accents of love in the sweet dialects of Athens and Ionia.

When Rome vanquished Greece, I remained among the number of those who sustained its disfiguring embraces. Stationed as Jupiter, in the forum, I was deeper in the politics of the senate than any, except the geese who had cackled its deliverance. I heard Anthony pronounce his funeral oration over the corpse of Cæsar, and was the god whom Catiline pledged in blood, when he threatened the subversion of the government. I beheld the yellow Tiber lit up with the blazing city, while to the music of his own lyre the matricide Nero celebrated its conflagration, and was crowned with laurel when his death announced that Rome was free.

After a long residence in the forum, during which I had witnessed the acmé of its celebrity, I was taken down to make way for a more elegant pilaster. Herculaneum was the place of my retreat, where I figured as the demi-deity Alcides, until the lava-flood of Vesuvius confined both the city and myself, in one wide undistinguishable sepulchre. Never can I forget the hour. The day had been still, but gloomy, and a dull heavy cloud hung over the devoted city like its funeral pall.

The sea dashed in storms upon the coast, though not a breeze disturbed its surface, and hollow rumblings, the convulsions of a labouring earthquake, burst from the bosom of the volcano. Towards evening the deep and bloody atmosphere seemed on fire with meteoric exhalations, and torrents of ignited matter rolled their destructive tide along the plains. The natives of *Herculanum* beheld the messenger of death approach. For one short moment, the yells of mortal agony were heard above the thunders of his voice; the next, all was silent as the grave, and when the morning sun arose he smiled upon a city of the dead.

Centuries rolled unheeded away, *Herculanum* and its fate were forgotten in the universal barbarism that ensued, until one morning some adventurous antiquarians descended into our lava sepulchre. Among many beautiful statues they did me the honor of a preference. France witnessed my resurrection, and I was for some years its proudest boast, when the revolution (to its shame be it mentioned,) moulded me into artillery. In this strange capacity, I made great havoc among the grenadiers of the Prussian despot, and resisted the Duke of York's attack upon *Valenciennes*. I followed *Moreau* into Germany,

accompanied his celebrated retreat, and twined fresh laurels round the brow of Napoleon in his Italian campaign of 1797.

By the treaty of Campo Formio between Austria and France, I was restored to Paris, and degraded to the office of door-keeper to the Thuilleries. Here I witnessed the triumphs of the republican faction, and with the prophetic eye of an experienced statesman, beheld in the First Consul an embryo ruler of the continent. It was about this time, that in the midst of a general tranquillity a vast armament was prepared. All France was awakened from repose; its warriors flew to arms, its statesmen to the cabinet, and I among other cannon was deprived of my inglorious occupation. Placed on board a ship of the line, I directed my course to Egypt, and was anchored with the rest of the French fleet in Aboukir Bay.

While closely guarded by the coast, we lay off the mouth of the Nile, intelligence was brought that Sir Horatio Nelson with a numerous squadron was bearing down upon us. In an instant we prepared for action and in a few hours beheld the British fleet crowding all her canvass to the wind. A narrow space lay between our ships and the shore. Thither the enemy directed their course, and commenced a conflict which was continued

with determined perseverance on both sides. The decks grew slippery with blood, and the hollow thunder of the cannons mingled with the hoarse dashing of the sea, the groans of the dying, and the melancholy moan of the breeze that sighed over them, gave an awful sublimity to the moment. Twilight went down upon the work of carnage, and soon the flash of the guns was the sole light that lent its fitful radiance to the scene. When the battle had for some time continued, it was discovered that the French ship with which Sir Alexander Ball was engaged, had on a sudden ceased from firing. On beholding it, his sailors spent with fatigue, requested a momentary respite from the guns. A quarter of an hour was allowed them, and when the conflict had again commenced and the enemy were captured, it was found that she had been compelled to discontinue her cannonade from a similar exhaustion.

It was now the last hour of midnight. Victory had crowned the exertions of Lord Nelson, and the standard of England waved from our dismasted vessels. The firing had long since ceased, and the night became gloomily tranquil until a faint groan, or the occasional crash of a falling mast disturbed its melancholy silence. On a sudden a sound as of a thunder-clap was heard, and a

splendour intense in its coruscation irradiated the whole atmosphere. An awful pause ensued, then a shriek of agony, a loud splash into the wave, and all again was hushed. The alarm proceeded from the French ship *L'Orient*, which had exploded with the noise of thunder. A few sufferers alone survived, and to these the enemy directed their kindest attention, while the rest were whelmed in the tide,—Peace to the memory of the brave. Glory to those whose unburied corpses repose beneath the waters of the Nile. They died in the discharge of their duty, and are sepulchred in their country's gratitude. The blue-wave rolls calmly above them, as if it knew not that death was below, and the rich sunset reflects an unconscious glory on the ruddy ocean that enshrouds them.

Of all the French squadron on whose success so much depended, but a few vessels escaped. I was in one of the number and was the first who carried back to France the tidings of its disgrace. Placed once more in my old abode, I remained in peaceful obscurity until the return of Napoleon from Egypt, gave fresh assurance of hostilities. Nothing could escape his penetration, and grieving to see so old a friend neglected, he determined to gratify to the full my instinctive thirst for destruction.

Under his auspices I accompanied the French army in its well-known descent into Italy, over the Alpine ridges of Mount St. Bernard. I saw them, regardless of the eternal winter that chilled the very vapours to ice around them, force a march among precipices where the chamois alone dared to venture, and heard their joyous acclamations as they beheld the distant spires of Milan, glittering in the ardent richness of an Italian sunset. A few weeks afterwards, I was drawn up by the side of Napoleon at Marengo, and when the work of death was ended, guarded his repose on the field.

I should forfeit my claims to modesty, were I to recapitulate at any length my subsequent achievements. I shall therefore pass with decorous expedition into Spain, which was the principal theatre of my exploits. At Corunna, I was opposed to the unfortunate but gallant Sir John Moore, and under the superintendence of a young artillery officer, was sent forward to intercept the embarkation of his squadrons. The same engineer employed me in the defence of Badajos. But in vain I directed my thunders against the besiegers. In vain I strewed the breaches with the dying and the dead, for the British troops were on every side victorious. They rushed fearlessly upon the bristling forest of sharpened swords that opposed them,

climbed over mountains of their own slain, and succeeded in planting the standard of England upon the blood-stained ramparts of the citadel.

On the capture of this important fortress, my commanding officer took refuge in a neighbouring nunnery. Here, in the usual spirit of his countrymen, he fell in love with a pretty novice whom he persuaded to an elopement. The Abbess, an antique attenuated curiosity, became acquainted with the proposed treachery and volunteered herself as substitute. But the virtuous young man was shocked at such sacrilege. He respected the character of age too much to attempt its violation, and left the old gentlewoman as a present to the English, who kindly dispatched her to that heaven for which she had so long prepared herself.

Quitting the convent, the lovers accompanied by a small troop of horse and two pieces of cannon, of which I was one, hastened to re-join their regiment. As for the engineer, he soon afterwards placed me under the command of a brother officer, and on the plea of ill-health, retired to a sequestered cottage with his young and beautiful nun. For the first week of their union, every thing was symptomatic of heaven. The blue waters of the Guadalquiver rolled with a gentler murmur beside their garden; the sky was more serene, and the birds sung

sweeter in the orange groves. Love was above, around, and omnipresent. It was love in the morning—love in the evening—they breakfasted—they dined—they supped; and they slept off love. But notwithstanding the delicate flavor of the diet, they soon became marvellously thin. The young gentleman was the first to make the discovery. Affection, he said, must have some solid foundation, and he began to fancy that a good bull beef-steak, would materially assist its digestion. At first however his complaints were confined to a few select deficiencies, but they soon propagated themselves with alarming fecundity. Love in the onset was merely in want of a good dinner, until on a careful inspection of his elbows, the young officer found that he was also in want of a coat. A down-cast look of repentance confirmed him in the melancholy fact that he was likewise deficient in shoes, stockings, and indeed every thing but what he seemed likely to obtain.

Though exceedingly loving our enamorado was not a man to be starved with impunity; so he packed up bag and baggage, bade adieu to the cottage where his affection, by being so long on the half-pay list had deprived him of the usual allowance of flesh, and returned once more to his military duties. On discovering his flight, the

unhappy novice was attacked with a series of swoons. She wept incessantly for at least—five minutes, and had the river been only knee-deep, would probably have thrown herself into it. In this alarming condition, the Confessor of a neighbouring convent kindly came to her relief. He was young and devout; and such was the miraculous efficacy of his prayers, that in the course of a few months our poor forsaken Nun presented him with a living pledge of her perfect recovery.

I have been induced to mention this episode at some length, as a pleasant memorial of the young engineer who equally successful in the wars of Venus and of Mars, acquitted himself with such astonishing valor at Salamanca, that he was rewarded by the honorary martyrdom of a cannon-ball. But after all, what is the trifling accident of his death, in comparison with the glory he has acquired? In after ages, some historian (provided he can make a judicious bargain with his bookseller) will perhaps devote a couple of lines to his memory, in which he will assert, that Monsieur So-and-so, was a prodigy in his day, a character for which he has cheaply paid in advance.

But to resume my narrative; on the fatal result of their numerous conflicts in Spain, the French army began to grow generally disheartened. At

Vittoria in particular, they lost the greatest part of their artillery, and retreated in disorder towards France. But the British troops intercepted them in their passage ~~over~~ the Pyrenees, where a bloody engagement ensued; until their shattered remnant were compelled to hasten an inglorious march to Thoulouse. At this latter place, I beg leave to observe that I wrought terrible slaughter among the English; who crushed by the hot destructive sweep of the artillery, dropped in confused masses on every side. Nothing, however, could quench their enthusiasm, and they soon afterwards entered Paris, where, having been previously captured, in company with many of my brother cannons, I graced the triumph of Wellington.

The war was now brought to a conclusion. Thousands by the blessing of the Lord had been swept from the face of the earth, for which the survivors offered up a public thanksgiving. Napoleon had abdicated the throne; the Bourbons were restored; and our august Russian and Prussian allies resolved to take this opportunity of visiting the metropolis. They accordingly crossed over from Calais, and were received with suitable magnificence. All London went out of town to meet them. A stupendous festival was given at Guildhall, at which the sleek rotundity and beautiful

proportions of the Aldermen were the theme of general admiration; the court rung with alternate praise of the visitors and the venison, and even the legendary Gog and Magog, tastefully appparelled as beef-eaters, appeared to nod their gigantic cerebellum. A general peace was proclaimed; economy was henceforth to be the order of the day, and by way of evincing it, the British ministry began by spending thousands on pagodas and puppet-shows. For three nights the work of rejoicing continued unabated. The citizens guttled with a most becoming and patriotic appetite. Balls and assemblies were the popular amusements, and St. Vitus's dance appeared to be the general epidemic. And then in the parks; who shall describe the flaming majesty of their holiday suit? Suffice to say that they were ardent specimens of unequalled taste; a panoramic Tophet by whom many a lamp contractor burnt his speculative fingers. Oh! never, never from the day that Belshazzar gave his last Lord Mayor's feast at Babylon, to the hour when our own Henry espoused his eighth wife, was there seen such a parade of grandeur. The very stars looked foolishly insipid, and seemed to wink in their orbs as if conscious of a comparative insignificance.

But this tranquillity was doomed to be of short duration. Spring came on, Napoleon returned

from Elba, and I was carried over seas to renew hostilities on the plains of Waterloo. With this view I was stationed at Brussels, to be ready at a moment's warning. The caution was well timed, for late at night, when Lord Wellington was figuring at a ball-room, the roar of cannon was heard, the drums beat to arms, and in less than an hour the British army was on its march to Quatre-bras. The contest had commenced on their arrival, but the next day waned before they were enabled to engage in close conflict. The night was consequently passed under arms, and is one that must ever be remembered. It was gloomy with the fogs of twilight, and lit only at intervals by the flash of cannons that thundered from the French quarters. By midnight, however, the two armies were silent, and thousands slumbered on the cold heath on whom no future evening should go down.

As day dawned in the horizon, the enemy began to move from their position, and the bugles of the British cavalry, announced that the fatal hour had arrived. An officer in a plain dress rode along the front of the English lines, and by the huzzas that welcomed his appearance, I recognized Lord Wellington. In an instant, the word to charge was given, and the battle commenced. It was one of extermination, but appeared to favor

the enemy. At this critical period, I was drawn up to oppose the formidable battalion of the Cuirassiers, and for one short moment was stationed in the immediate vicinity of my old commander, Napoleon. I watched his every movement. Not a word expressive of his feelings escaped him. He heeded not the din of battle that hurtled in the air; nor was his equanimity interrupted, until he beheld his Cuirassiers trampling upon those pieces of animated gingerbread, the British Hussars. But this exultation was momentary: for on the advance of the Prussians, Wellington gave orders for a general attack, and the same sun that set on the Plains of Waterloo, set for ever on the fortunes of Napoleon.

On the termination of this eventful contest, I was again restored to England. Other pieces of cannon had shared in my captivity, and it was resolved that the artillery taken in the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Thoulouse, and Waterloo, should be moulded into some permanent memorial. A committee of ladies was accordingly appointed, and a figure of Achilles proposed for erection in the park. To be sure, in cases of this nature, it is foolishly thought requisite that the judges should be experienced in the fine arts. That they should have scrutinized the rarest specimens of classical

sculpture; have passed years in the study of the ancient and modern schools, and understand some little about the matter on which they were to decide. Here however the case was different. The committee were profoundly incompetent to their task; but then they were ladies of fashion; a term of such extensive import, that it embraces the whole circle of sciences within its comprehensive circumference.

On their first sitting, a statue of Minerva was proposed. A vast female majority however voted against her. Some shrewdly observed, that the Goddess of Wisdom was out of her element in London. Others remarked, that she was proverbially out of their line, and that they should derive no satisfaction from an exhibition of their own sex. The idea was accordingly abandoned, and after some further suggestions, Mr. Westmacott was desired to complete the original design. The expence was next calculated, and one thrifty member of the committee, laudably anxious to have the most for her money, requested that Sir William Curtis (if there was sufficient brass to furnish him) should be taken as a model. But this also was rejected, on the plea that the ladies would be accused of treason to the state, were they to ensnare the baronet from his invaluable public duties.

The apparel of Achilles now became a matter of serious discussion. Breeches were unanimously scouted, for, argued the committee, the Cossack trowsers of a fashionable statue will soon become antiquated, whereas a fig leaf is a species of scriptural evergreen. A wig was the next consideration, and Dr. Parr was applied to for the loan of his best Sabbath bob. He accordingly wrote them a very polite reply, (which to their infinite edification was indited in the Greek character,) in which he observed that as Homer makes no mention of Achilles' wig, it is fair to presume that he wore none. For further particulars he referred them to Scholia in Homerum, vols. 1 and 2, to Ricardi Payne Knight Prolegomena; and a MS of his own, in which he confidently asserted that wigs, knee-breeches, and top-boots were unknown at the siege of Troy. The letter concluded with a parallel between sandals and shoe-strings; one of which he derived from the other, a fact, he observed, that went a great way to prove the primæval sympathies of nations. Such a weight of learning completely subdued the committee, who, to prevent further discussion and at the same time to please *all* their countrywomen, ordered Achilles to be erected in a state of picturesque nudity.

Mr. Westmacott was now set seriously to work,

and I waxed vigorous apace. Each revolving moon added some new beauty to my form so that I soon became a favourite with the ladies. In due time my lineaments elicited all their present majesty, and but one finishing touch was requisite. I shall not easily forget the transports of my Prometheus as this last stroke was completed. It was on a calm summer morning; the sun shone brightly on my features, and I seemed to live in the splendor of his beams. Not a grace, not a charm was wanting; the hand of genius had passed over me, and I rose in beauty from its creative touch, as Venus from the spray of ocean. The artist beheld me with enthusiasm, and his heart beat with exultation, while he stood beside his elaborate immortality. And well indeed might he exult, for through countless ages I am doomed to survive, like a rock upon the sea of time. When London is whelmed in ruin, when the high grass waves in the palaces of its nobles, I shall still exist, the beacon that attracts attention to the past. Flushed with England's greatness, I shall reflect back her glory amid the dimness of remote ages, as the western cloud lends to twilight the lustre of departed day.

I was by this time completely finished; and after a temporary delay occasioned by the difficulty

of carriage, was installed in my present abode where instead of admiration, I excite but censure. It is of this envious irritation, my dear Sir, continued Achilles, that I now complain. The men, learned or unlearned, view me with the jaundiced eye of prejudice, for my strong athletic limbs seem an overt reproach on their effeminacy. Though I have so much brass in my face, I can assure you that I frequently blush through the bronze, from a sense of their paltry animadversions. They find that I am an object of general female admiration, and their own self-love is mortified. It was therefore with the view of publishing my grievances, that I have ventured to address you with such prolixity. State my case to the British nation, and add for the especial comfort of their morals, that when the present generation has evaporated, its descendants shall bring their wives and their young daughters to behold me, that they may early imbibe principles of chastity, modesty, and decorum from the naked warrior, who was the delight and the envy of their ancestors.

The statue ceased, and his solemn voice seemed vibrating on my ear, like a peal of expiring thunder. With awe I turned towards him, but instead of an impassioned historian, beheld the cold moon shining down upon an inanimate countenance.

The talisman that had charmed me was broken, the music that had breathed of the past was hushed, and reason again resumed her unclouded sway. The moon was yet high in heaven, as I rose from the spot where I had been seated. The noble mansions that skirt the Park were yet silvered with her beams, and the lamps on the gates of Piccadilly seemed to sink into dimness before her. All was stillness around me, save when the deep-toned abbey clock, or the harsh voice of the patrol, announced the waning of the night. By the time that I had reached my lodgings, a startling summons awaited me. The printer was inexorable in his epistolary demands for copy, and I resolved that as my communication with Achilles had produced so soporific a tendency, I would witness its effect, in the pages of the Inn-keeper's Album.

L'ENVOY.

So now, 'tis ended, like an old wife's story.

ANON.

"THE Inkeeper's Album" is now brought to a conclusion, its numerous contributors are compressed into *one*, and of the poor Welch schoolmaster with his sturdy spouse and eleven thick babes, nothing remains but the name. But before even this idle vision fades, he would say a few words concerning the motives that induced him to dwell so minutely upon the local and domestic history of Wales. Compelled to rusticate for a season in the Principality, he chose that part of it where the native character was most genuine, and the landscape most solitary and sublime. Accident led, and inclination detained him in the neighbourhood of Llangadock, where, satis-

fied with a few old books, and a daily ramble among "the Black Mountains:" months flew imperceptibly by, until the approach of winter hinted the necessity of a return to London. Here the repeated offers of a liberal and well-known bookseller induced him to arrange for publication the contents of an unconnected Album, and to assume the guise of a Welchman, in order that his traditions might pass current, and his paucity of talent be more strictly characteristic.

How (to assume the insignificant unit) I have succeeded, now remains to be shown. For the fidelity of my scenic sketches I will vouch, as my object has uniformly been, not to display my own information, but to do justice to a part of Wales, that has hitherto been neglected; and I may say, comparatively unknown. The whole of my description is confined to the counties of Carmarthen and Cardigan, and lies within the circumference of forty miles.—The Sporting Sketches were merely inserted from their strict delineation of landscape, for, as the reader will not fail to remark, they possess no further claims to merit than by detailing incidents in the common-place manner, which an orthodox Nimrod may be supposed to use. The two fictitious characters, Morgan and Drake Somerset, were introduced by way of giving a sort

of dramatic interest, and of relieving the monotony attached to a mere egotistical relation.

With respect to the other Essays and Sketches, I shall beg leave to add a few words. The tale of Twm (Anglice Tom) John Catty, was collected partly from tradition, and partly from researches among obscure topographical publications. The circumstance of his interview with the White Lady of Llynn-y-Van, although it appear like an imitation of the Monastery, is recorded by his superstitious countrymen as a fact. Modern accounts have made him of humble parentage; but on reference to Gryffith's Antiquities of Cardigan, I find that he was well descended, and from the necessities of my tale have dubbed him a chieftain, committed a burglary on his estates, taken him a wife from the ribs of my own invention, and transported him without benefit of Judge or Jury to the green-woods of Cardigan, wherein I have also sown a highly necessary crop of wild foresters.

The locality of "Reading School revisited," will I am afraid, condemn it in the eyes of my readers. It is, however, as much generalized, as consistently with character I could make it, and may perhaps find an echo in the breasts of those who return to a favourite spot where their memory is already on the wane. For myself, I have merely introduced

it as a record of past feelings, as a proof that though now thoroughly estranged from those idle chimæras, school friendships, I have never forgotten that they once existed. Indeed any such juvenile recollections, however puerile *per se*, are sacred from their association with Dr. Valpy, the most liberal and the most enlightened of scholars and of men.—In this, I believe, and in some other Essays, I have ventured to use the numerical representative *we*, which, however, is merely adopted to conceal the individuality of the *unit*.

The poem of the Village Girl, was suggested by a similar occurrence, that took place a few years since at the Isle of Wight. I have put it into the mouth of a prolix peasant, who is supposed to be well acquainted with the circumstances, and to relate them to an assemblage of the neighbourhood. With respect to the versification of this, as well as of the other trifles in the volume, I am aware that like some arrant poacher, I am trespassing on the manors of Parnassus, and that the critics, the game-keepers of the estates, will not only warn me off the premises, but peradventure have a shot at me as I retire. On this point secure in conscious innocence, I am impregnable. Though I have got no licence, I have done no damage, and am not afraid of being mistaken for a

Bard; for the Village Girl, with her usual candor, will honorably acquit me of any such poetical capabilities.

In the legend of the Devil's Coach, I have lowly and reverently to apologise for condemning so many worthy publishers to H—ll. But what in the name of poetical justice, was I to do? Had I placed them in heaven, the critics aware of such an utter improbability, would have laughed in their sleeves—those at least who had any to laugh in—and had I terminated their existence with the grave, the injured ghosts of Grub-street would have haunted me for my glaring injustice. Trembling at the bare idea of such a visitation, I forthwith plunged them into Tophet, where as the present winter is likely to be a cold one, I trust that they will not sustain much inconvenience.

The first part of the School-master, is borrowed from a similar anecdote related of the celebrated Dr. Busby, one of those sturdy flagellants, who to use the language of Diedrich Knickerbocker, “first discovered the marvellous sympathy between the seat of honor, and the seat of intellect; and that the shortest way to get knowledge into the head, was to hammer it into the bottom.” The circumstance of his love is purely fictitious; but the pun which concludes the tale, is the pro-

perty of the witty writer of *Lacon*. I think it right to mention this fact, in order that my *Punica fides* may be in no wise impeached.

In the essay on Falling in Love, it was my intention to have glanced at the brief and flimsy petticoats of our ball-room belles. But this is a delicate subject to handle, and as young ladies are almost as reluctant to take advice, as to take physic; I feared that from spite they might leave off petticoats altogether, so like Peter Stuyvesant on a similar occasion, I contented myself with simply disserting on the modern system of manufacturing love-jobs. And here it may not be amiss to observe, that *this*, together with a few additional essays have already appeared in print, and that some of them have been inserted without acknowledgement in divers periodical publications. To this I could not reasonably object, if there had been no admixture of sentiment or style; for I am not unwilling to stand god-father to my own peccadillos, but have a marvellous reluctance to father the abortions of others. By such adulterations, indeed, the blessings invoked on my worldly undertakings by reason of my name are utterly annihilated; although at the same time I never hear a benediction pronounced upon "all Bishops, Priests, and *Deacons*," without sily

chuckling at the idea, that I am a *nominal* partner in the firm.

But one word more—the plan of my volume having compelled me to place this sort of explanation at the end, when it would have been better adapted to the commencement, I have, I trust, but to mention the motives, in order to satisfy the most orthodox scruples of my readers, from whom in the meantime, I beg leave for once and for ever to withdraw.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 276 line 4, for *while* read *wile*.

" 365 " 9, for *vivid* read *ivied*.

" 366 " 9, for *around* read *round*.

" 393 " 6 from the bottom, for *winds* read *wind*.

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24	Distrest Mother	Mr. Macready
25	Provoked Husband	Mr. Emery
26	Deaf and Dumb	Mrs. C. Kemble
27	Busy Body	Mr. Munden
28	Belle's Stratagem	Mrs. Edwin
29	Romeo and Juliet	Mr. C. Kemble
30	Recruiting Officer	Mrs. Mardyn
31	Bold Stroke for a Wife	Mr. Bannister
32	Road to Ruin	Mr. Mathews
33	Beaux Stratagem	Mr. Jones

34	As You Like It.....	Do	Mr. Fawcett
35	King John	Do	Mr. C. Kemble
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*40	Rosina	Do	Miss Carew
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